LIFE

The Year in PICTURES 1972

SPECIAL DOUBLE ISSUE

DECEMBER 29 • 1972 • 50¢

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LIFE's Last Issue: A message to our readers

This is the last issue of LIFE. In the brief time since we announced that Time Incorporated could not keep on publishing LIFE, thousands of you have written us wonderfully warm letters about what the magazine has meant to you. These letters fortify us in our conviction that LIFE is far from having "failed."

People took LIFE's closing very personally; some are already saying they will always remember just where they were when they heard the news. But of course people had always taken LIFE very personally.

Where to begin, in saying goodbye to LIFE? As a reader, I first met LIFE in England, an American student two years away from home, devouring everything that first issue showed me about the latest doings of Franklin Roosevelt (the editors thanked him for having such an expressive face), the new Fort Peck Dam in Montana and Saturday night at the nearby saloons, Helen Hayes and her new play, the NBC studios in Rockefeller Center, and a good-looking Kappa cheerleader at Northwestern. There was "local" picture news for me, too—Edward VIII opening Parliament, a dance aboard H.M.S. *Valiant*, Winston Churchill, caught by candid camera at some white-tie banquet, fingering a sore tooth. There was a Russian peasant taking a shower, Rio de Janeiro's beautiful harbor by night, Mussolini strutting, a Spanish militiawoman ready to fight.

A year later I might have claimed some distant professional kinship with LIFE, for I had become a newspaper reporter. But I was typing up stories about fires, shootings and civic meetings in the District of Columbia, and LIFE was now fully unfolding its dazzling mastery of photojournalism—as a way "to see life; to see the world; to eyewitness great events . . ." Those were the opening promises in Henry Luce's memorable prospectus for LIFE, and they have been memorably fulfilled.

There came a time when I could claim closer ties with LIFE. I went to work for its sister publication FORTUNE just after World War II. LIFE in those postwar years and on through the 1950s was probably the most famous and powerful magazine in the world. At least a little of LIFE's glamour rubbed off on all of us who worked anywhere in Time Incorporated, and LIFE's fresh look at the world around us, its immensely creative use of pictures influenced us all as journalists. In recent years I have had the privilege of writing a few articles and editorials for LIFE (I had become Editor-in-Chief of all the Time Inc. publications, which may have helped); once I almost got one of my pictures in (being Editor-in-Chief didn't help enough).

This issue of LIFE is the last of 1,864 issues, and over the years I think I must have seen all but a dozen or so. As readers, we all "saw" LIFE, or felt LIFE, or experienced LIFE, or were involved by LIFE, or sat down with LIFE as soon as it came into the house. There was no one sufficient word to describe what it was that went on between the reader and LIFE. But all of us who have worked for LIFE along with everything else we feel today, are also going to miss the magazine just as "readers."

So why must we stop? The painful fact is that LIFE's costs have been steadily outrunning our income. This has been a very expensive magazine to create, produce and distribute, and we would not compromise on quality. We have had millions of devoted readers and hundreds of loyal advertisers, but in the end they were not generating quite enough revenue—and at LIFE's scale of operation "not quite enough" translates into many millions of dollars. LIFE has been losing money for four years. We have persevered as long as we could see any realistic prospect, within a reasonable time span, of a turnaround in LIFE's economy. We no longer see such a prospect. We believe we were right to keep on publishing LIFE as long as we did, that it was in the interest of LIFE's readers and advertisers, our staff, and the stockholders of Time Inc. to give LIFE every possible chance to continue. But to go on with LIFE beyond 1972, it is now clear, could begin to be a burden on the other magazines and activities of Time Incorporated and on the long-term health and growth of our company.

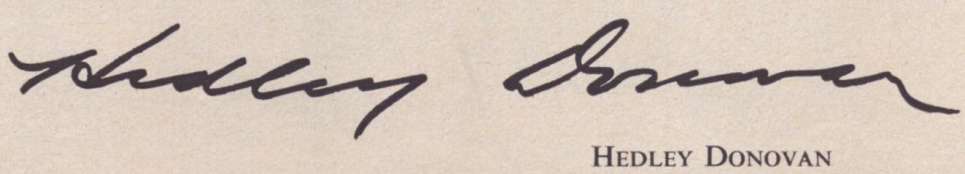
Our company, as you know, continues to publish TIME, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and FORTUNE, and I am glad to say these magazines have all been prospering this year. We have just launched a new monthly called MONEY, and we hope to start two or three more new monthlies in 1973 and 1974. The influence of LIFE lives on in all these magazines and plans. We continue to publish Time-Life books, and produce Time-Life records and films. Our headquarters in New York keeps its proud name: the Time & Life Building. Likewise our buildings in Chicago and abroad. We still own the name LIFE, of course, and it is not impossible that the familiar red-and-white logotype will reappear someday on a new kind of Time Inc. magazine.

Then, perhaps, but not until then, this magazine that you hold in your hand may come to be called "the old LIFE." For now, this Dec. 29, 1972 issue of LIFE and all the 1,863 issues that went before it are still simply LIFE, creator of so much of the visual vitality that is all around us in this world. In part because of LIFE, we live in an age of pictures. Magazines all over the world are different because of LIFE; so is the pictorial make-up of newspapers, the look of advertising, even some of the technique of TV. LIFE remains one of the great journalistic pioneers.

LIFE has made other things happen, too. LIFE achieved almost at once, and kept through 36 years, an important voice in American affairs. We believe the magazine has spoken responsibly, and with vision and compassion.

To all of you who have read, seen and felt LIFE, our deepest thanks for being such a demanding and responsive audience.

And if readers will permit me on this page a kind of inter-office memo: to LIFE's magnificent staff, past and present, thank you for being LIFE.



HEDLEY DONOVAN
Editor-in-Chief

December 29, 1972
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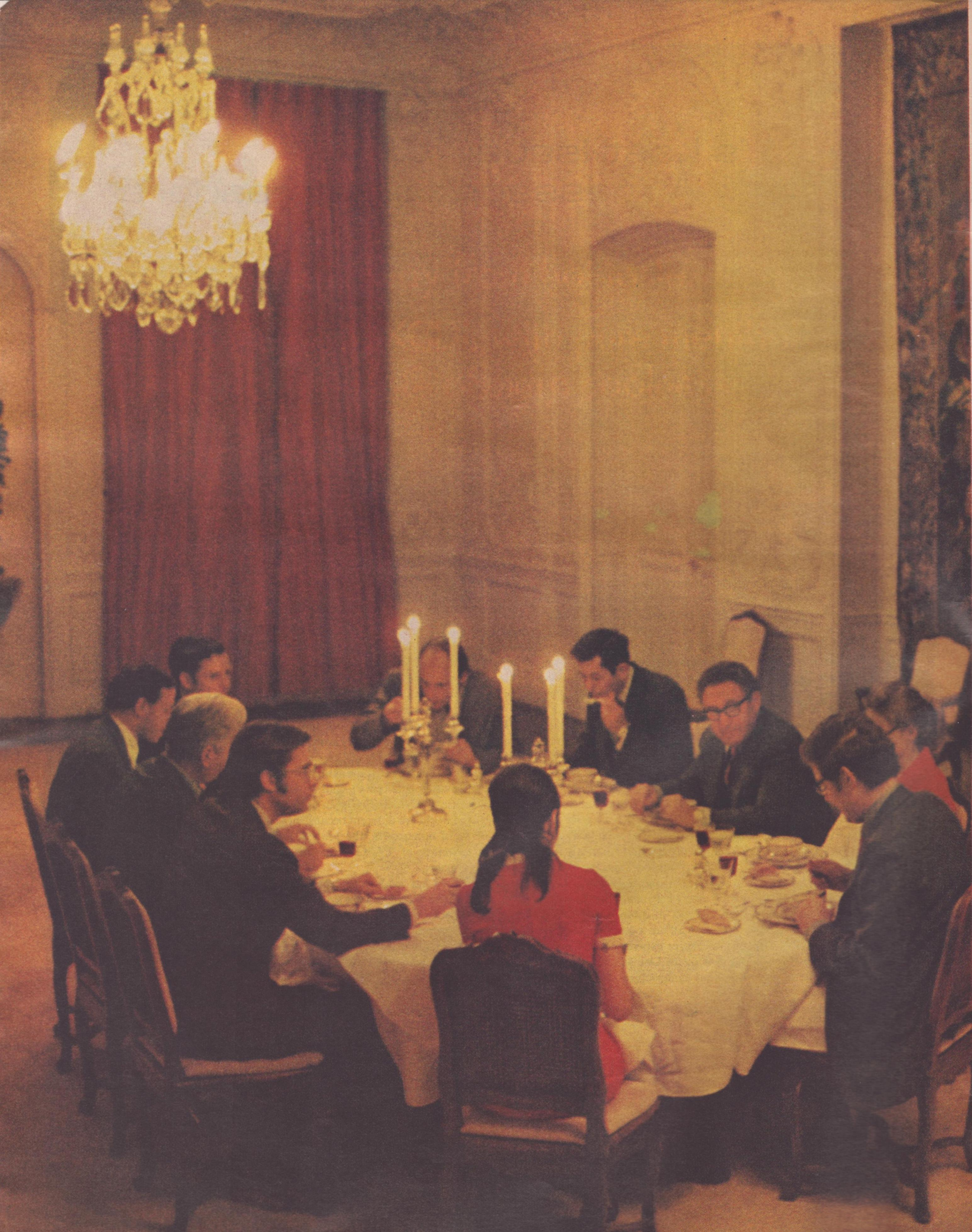


The year in pictures

Vietnam Negotiations

The peace that soured

Just two weeks before the U.S. election, Henry Kissinger had returned from secret negotiations in the elegant salons and sheltered hideaways of Paris to make his dramatic announcement: "Peace is at hand," he told the American people, and a draft agreement with Hanoi was all but ready for signing. In the will-o'-the-wisp glow of optimism, it appeared that an end to the killing might actually be near, that POWs might reach home in time for Christmas. But almost imperceptibly it developed that substantive matters which Kissinger had declared settled in October had not been settled at all. By December, the negotiations had crumbled, and both delegations returned home to issue self-serving accusations of bad faith. President Nixon's reaction was to order the heaviest bombardments of the war on Hanoi and Haiphong. The generals were back in business.

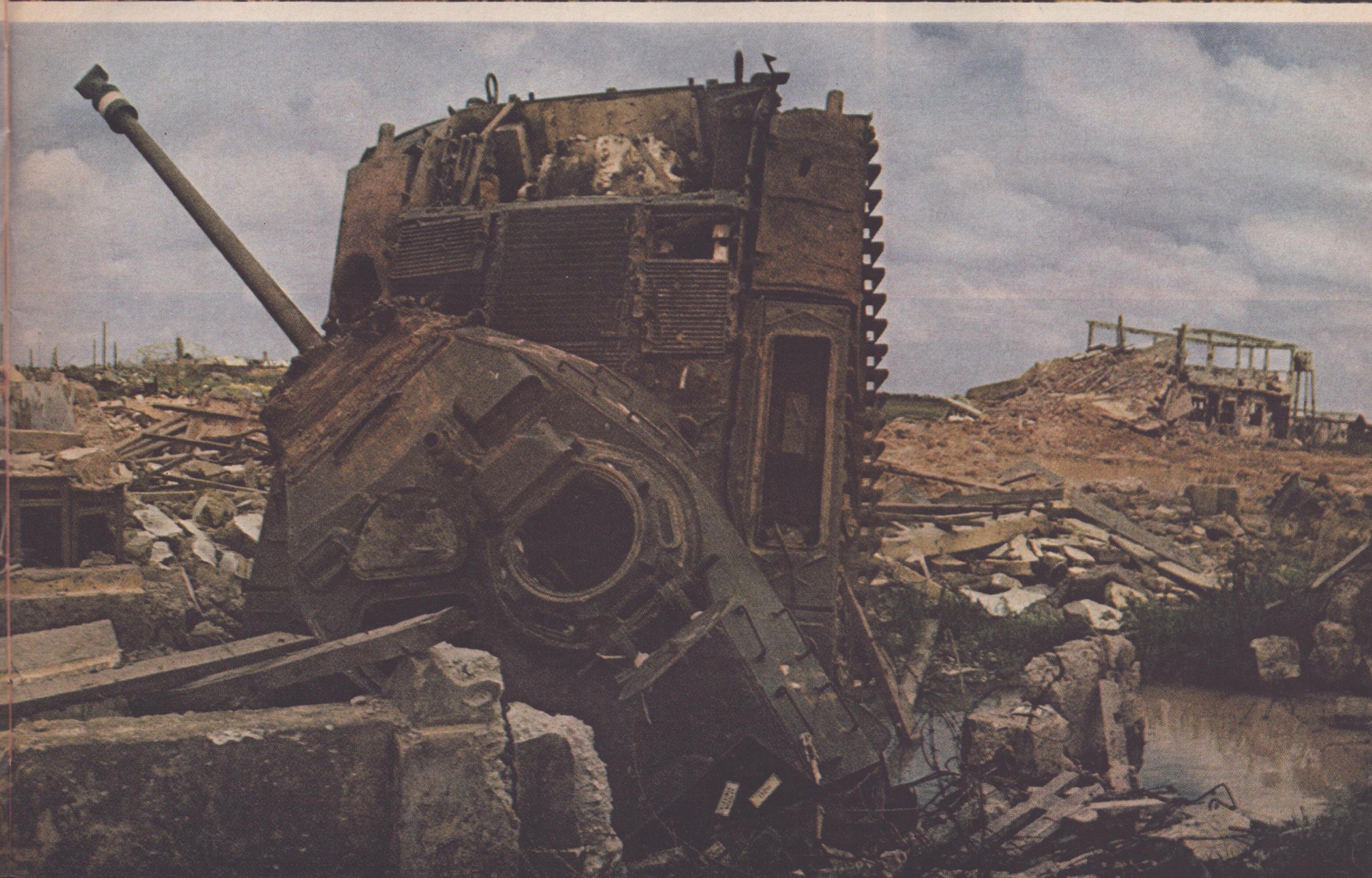
At left, in an exclusive picture by photographer Harry Benson, Kissinger (third from right) dines with members of his staff at the U.S. ambassador's residence before negotiations failed. Above, a U.S. adviser, one of 24,900 U.S. troops left in Vietnam, sits it out in a Mekong Delta outpost.

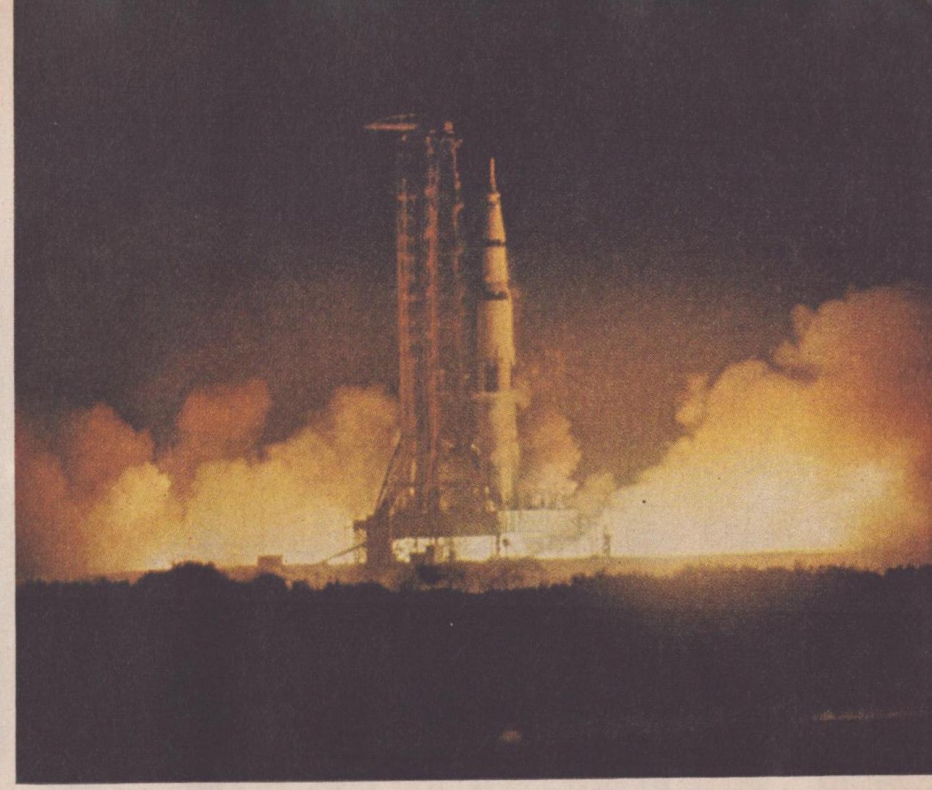
The Waste of War

THE NORTH

THE SOUTH

Whenever an end finally does come to the Indochina war, it will be amid scenes such as these that the people of the North and the South will have to begin to grapple with the notion of peace. Since last April, parts of the port city of Haiphong (above) have been shattered by U.S. air raids. To the south, the months of fighting around Quangtri between the North Vietnamese and Saigon ground troops supported by U.S. and ARVN aircraft have resulted in the total obliteration of the city (right).





The year in pictures

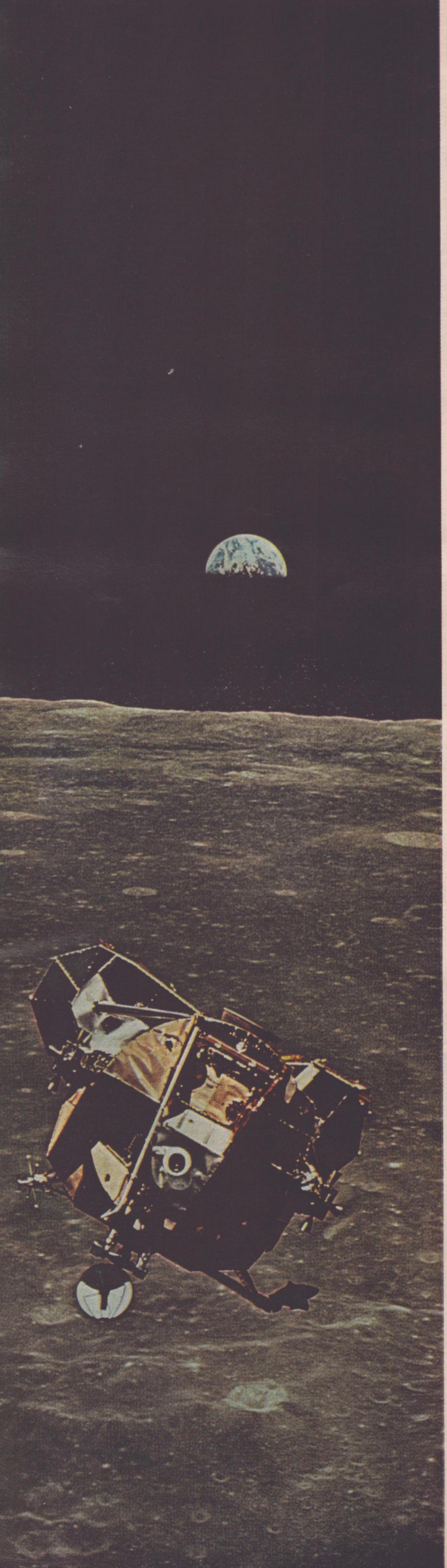
Space

Off on the final run to the moon

One last fiery hurrah for Apollo

In 1961, when President Kennedy launched a national effort to send a man to the moon, the goal seemed incredibly far away. But 11 years and $26 billion later, the last chapter of man's spectacular first venture into space began in a blaze of glory as Apollo 17 left the earth and rose through the Florida night like a roaring beacon, lighting up the sky for hundreds of miles around. Over the years of Apollo, a dozen men landed on the lunar surface and returned safely to earth, and with such efficiency that moon travel had come to seem almost routine. Each mission added to scientific knowledge, and Apollo 17 turned out to be the most fruitful of all, with a professional geologist aboard for the first time and a homebound payload that will keep the experts busy for years. With the ending of the Apollo program, the moon will be left undisturbed for the next decades—at least by Americans. Apollo 17's splashdown prompted again an old question: Had the whole stupendous undertaking been merely an expensive digression from more pressing terrestrial concerns? Or was it justified by technologies learned, by knowledge gained and—as important—by man's inspiring urge, in Tennyson's words, "to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield"?

In a sequence of night photographs, Apollo 17 with its Saturn rocket climbs through an inferno of fire and thunder to begin man's final journey to the moon in this century.



We'll miss the dream—the

by DORA JANE HAMBLIN

It was like going to a class reunion after somebody had decided to take down the schoolhouse and recycle the victory bell. There at the cape were all the familiar faces, the hugs and kisses of greeting. Yet even as cheek brushed cheek, restless eyes wandered off to record the scene forever For the last time.

Nothing had changed physically. Same muggy heat, wide skies, soaring birds. Same eerie beauty of the slim white rocket poised far away on its pad, looking like a fluorescent Eversharp pencil. Same execrable taste in the cape's burgeoning hotel-motel-entertainment industry. Ranch-style raunchy: a place where "night" is always spelled "nite" and even shoeshine parlors are advertised as "topless." How odd that technological sophistication never seems to breed its social counterpart.

The crowds were huge, but the mood of launch night was subdued. People stood or sat with the same tenacious impassivity I remember from royal events in London, waiting almost leadenly to see something they could describe, later, as a historic moment. Hours of boredom for a few seconds of near-unbearable exhilaration.

During the waiting I kept thinking of two men. One was my grandfather, who died long before anyone had the temerity to suggest such an outlandish idea as men walking around on the moon. It was Grandpa who always led me out into the damp, dark grass to show me Venus rising, and I remember the exultant wonder in his voice as he said, "There she comes."

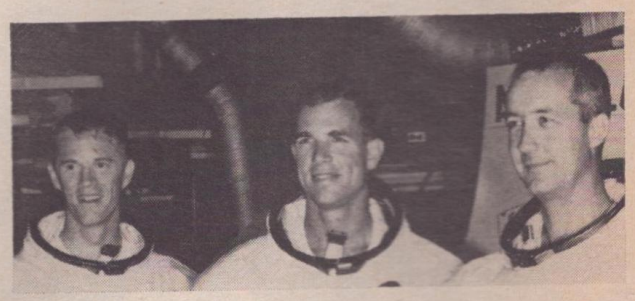
The other was Jon Eisele, the astronaut's son. On the night of July 20-21, 1969, 4-year-old Jon woke up to watch the first moon walk on TV. He complained about the quality of the picture and then, exasperated, he walked outdoors and peered up at the moon "to see it better." Still frustrated, he

The Apollo crews for the twelve historic missions

APOLLO 1 ended in catastrophe when the craft caught fire on Jan. 27, 1967, three weeks before launch, killing the astronauts. The doomed men were Virgil Grissom, Ed White, Roger Chaffee.

APOLLO 7 in October 1968 was the first manned mission after Apollo 1. Walter Schirra, Walter Cunningham and Donn Eisele orbited the earth 163 times in 11 days to test their craft.

APOLLO 8 was man's first voyage to the moon. During Christmas 1968 Frank Borman, William Anders and James Lovell circled the moon without landing, then returned to earth.



APOLLO 9 in March of 1969 was another test run around the earth. Russell Schweickart, David Scott and James McDivitt practiced docking the lunar lander with the command module.

great dream that we could do it all

came back in and requested a flashlight.

Jon needed Grandpa. The old man, who would have credited neither his eyes nor his ears that night, would have peopled the moon with his imagination, and Jon, not at all surprised that men were up there, would have at last been able to see them.

I live somewhere between Jon's moon and Grandpa's, somewhere between "oh pshaw" and "natch." At the very beginning, I leaned toward "oh pshaw." Then the Soviets really put things up there, and I set my alarm to watch the thin wink of Sputnik, the new Venus in the sky.

Finally, we had Apollo going and, for me, the single most thrilling event of the program: Apollo 8. No man had ever, until then, ridden Saturn 5, "the once and future rocket." No man had ventured more than 250 miles from earth. On Christmas Eve, 1968, I sat in the kitchen at Frank Borman's house and watched the fingers of his wife Sue turn white as she clenched and unclenched them during the endless minutes when the spacecraft was out of touch behind the moon 250,000 miles away.

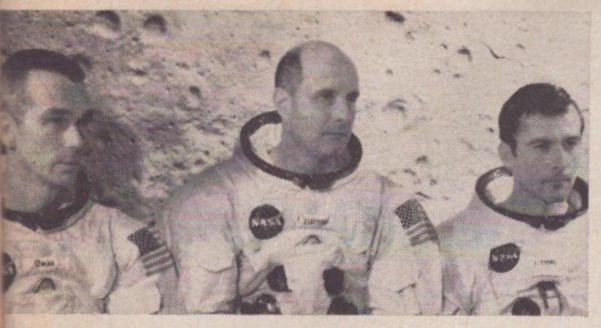
Then Frank and Jim Lovell and Bill Anders soared out from silence and Frank sent us that message: "God bless all of you, all you on the *good* earth."

There was something about the way he said it, about his emphasis, that marked one of those great shifts in the direction of the human experience. Long ago scientists had figured out that the earth wasn't flat, and that it wasn't even the center of the universe. Then Frank Borman turned around and made it the center of the universe. Earth seen for the first time from the moon turned out to be a little blue-and-green-and-white ball, the only spot of color in all that blackness. How tiny, and how precious. Spacecraft Earth, pop. 3.5 billion, flight plan uncertain, crew restless. Now, never again in my lifetime will men walk on the moon. It costs too much. Or we are bored with it. If Lindbergh had flown to Paris six times running, we might have yawned even in 1927.

It isn't so much watching moon walks that I'll miss. I'll miss the dream, the great exuberant optimistic dream that we could do it at all. By their very nature dreams are doomed. They either don't come true, which is painful, or else they do, and that is fatal: mission accomplished, end of dream.

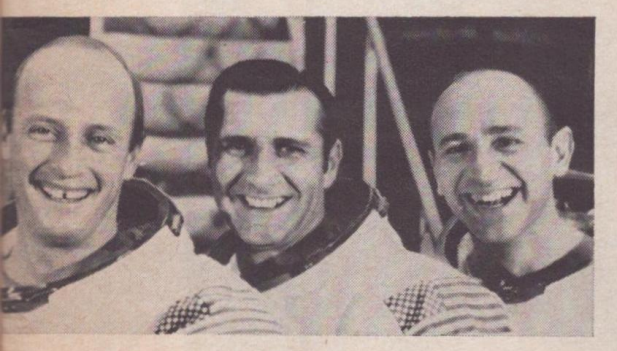
Quality is inarticulate except in performance, and the dream of going to the stars found quality, and tapped it, in hundreds of thousands of Americans. It took them all to make the miracle, a voyage to the unexplored—peaceful, unarmed, dedicated only to knowledge. Conceived and executed with trust, candor and near-incredible skill.

Now we know that that quality exists in the nation, and now we know the uniqueness of Spacecraft Earth. If we truly apply one to preserve and protect the other, it will be the space program's finest contribution to the nation it made proud.



APOLLO 10 in May of 1969 was the second voyage to the moon. The moon lander descended to within nine miles of the surface before returning to the command ship. The Apollo 10 crew: Eugene Cernan, Thomas Stafford and John Young.

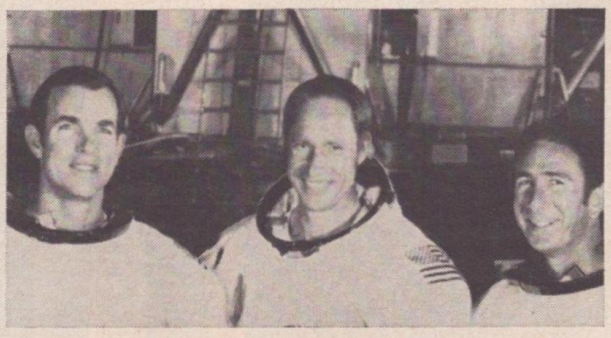
APOLLO 11 on July 20, 1969 landed Neil Armstrong (left) and Edwin Aldrin (right) as the first men on the moon. They remained there for 21 hours, collecting rocks and planting instruments, and then rejoined Michael Collins overhead in the command ship, *Columbia*.



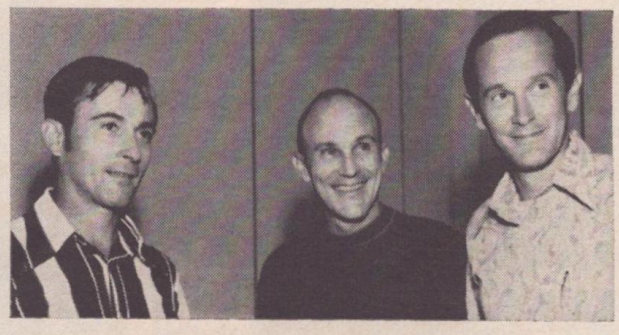
APOLLO 12, launched in a thunderstorm, November 1969, carried Charles Conrad (left) and Alan Bean (right) to the second moon landing. Richard Gordon manned the command ship. The men ventured five times farther from their craft than the Apollo 11 team.

APOLLO 13 nearly came to grief in April 1970, when an oxygen tank in the command ship exploded en route to the moon. The crew—James Lovell, John Swigert and Fred Haise—stayed alive by using oxygen from the lunar module. But the moon landing was canceled.

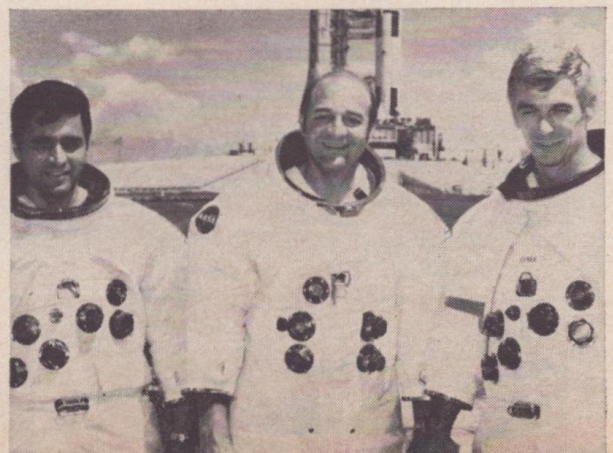
APOLLO 14 in February 1971 placed men on the moon for the third time. Alan Shepard (center) and Edgar Mitchell (left) landed. Stuart Roosa stayed aloft. During the voyage through space, Mitchell tried to communicate with the earth by means of mental telepathy.



APOLLO 15, launched July 26, 1971, was the first mission to use the lunar rover. After their return to earth, astronauts David Scott, Alfred Worden and James Irwin got into trouble over smuggling postage stamps to the moon for a German dealer.



APOLLO 16 in April 1972 was the first to land in the lunar highlands, where the oldest rocks were thought to exist. Astronauts John Young, Thomas Mattingly and Charles Duke took home a record 214 pounds of rock, some of it belonging to the moon's ancient crust.

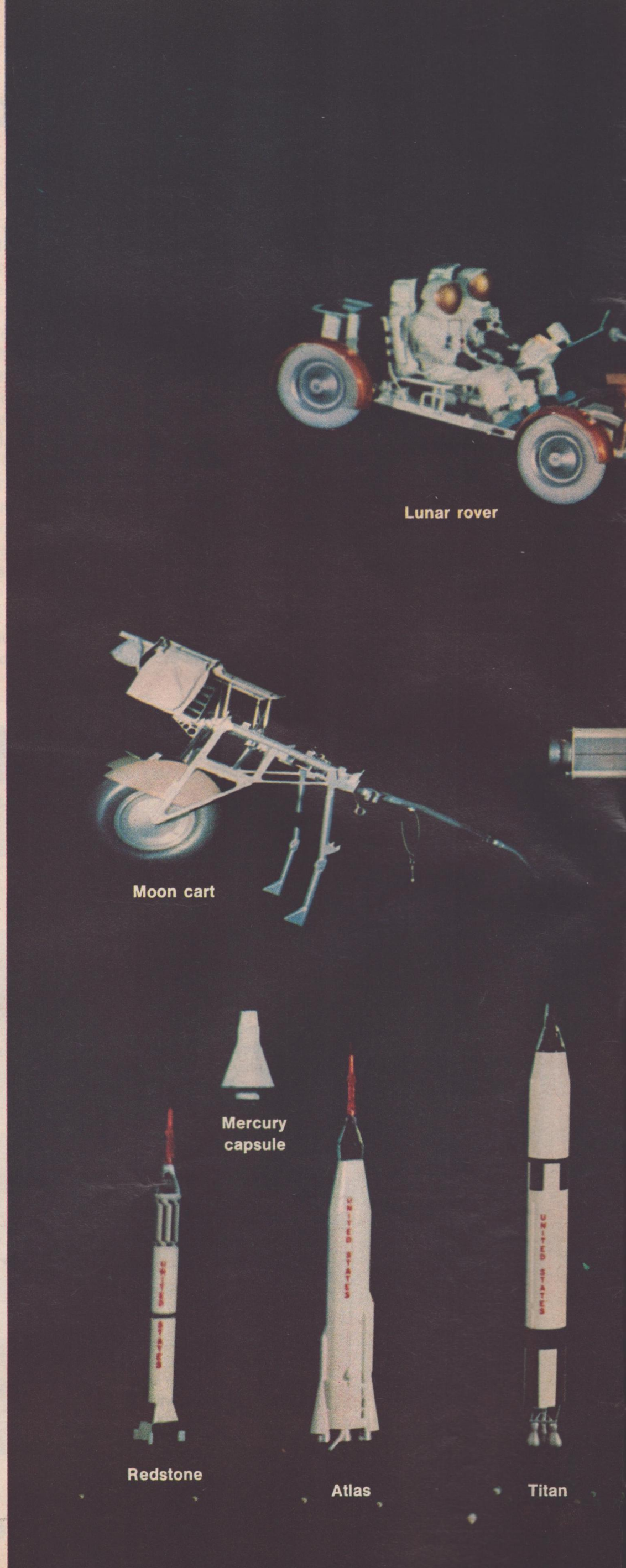


APOLLO 17, launched in December as the last Apollo mission, had as its crew Harrison Schmitt, a civilian geologist, Ronald Evans and Eugene Cernan. Their most exciting find was bright orange soil which may settle the question about volcanic activity on the moon.

This historic footprint was impressed onto the moon's ancient landscape by one of the Apollo 11 astronauts in July 1969.

The hardware it took to put a footprint on the moon

The hardware that carried American astronauts into space and to the moon is shown here in a multiple exposure by LIFE photographer Ralph Morse against a background of the night launch of Apollo 17. During 1961, the 70-foot Redstone rocket at left, with 78,000 pounds of thrust, twice sent one-man Mercury capsules on suborbital flights. The next year, the more powerful Atlas launched John Glenn into earth orbit on the first of four Mercury flights. In 1965 and 1966, the 90-foot Titans orbited ten two-man Gemini capsules. On five of the missions astronauts practiced docking with an Agena target vehicle launched separately by an Atlas-Agena rocket. After the 21-month setback due to the Apollo 1 fire, the 224-foot Saturn 1B sent a three-man Apollo capsule into earth orbit in October 1968. Two months later, at Christmastime 1968, the gigantic Saturn V rocket sped Apollo 8 off into man's first orbit of the moon. The lunar module carried by Apollo 11 in July 1969 put the first men on the moon's surface. On Apollo 14 the astronauts lugged their rock samples around in a ricksha-like "moon cart." On the last three visits they used a special moon vehicle called Rover to tour the lunar landscape.



Multiple exposure
of the Apollo 17 launch

Agena
docking target

Gemini capsule

Atlas-Agena

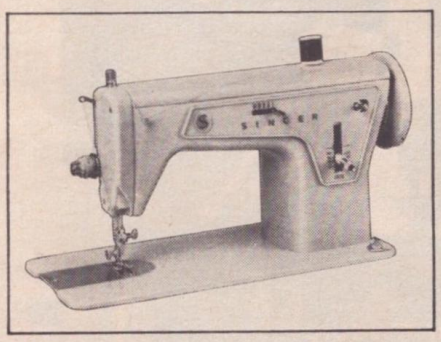
Apollo capsule

Lunar module

Saturn 1B

Saturn 5

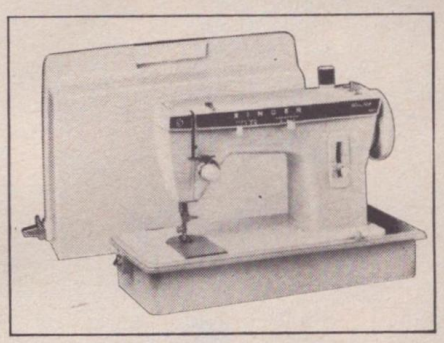
WOW! I can't believe it, 3 Singer* sewing machines each on sale for under $100



SINGER zig-zag sewing machine. Ideal for the beginner. Zig-zag, straight forward and reverse stitches. Hinged presser foot for sewing over heavy seams. Calibrated seam guidelines. Model 177. Base included.

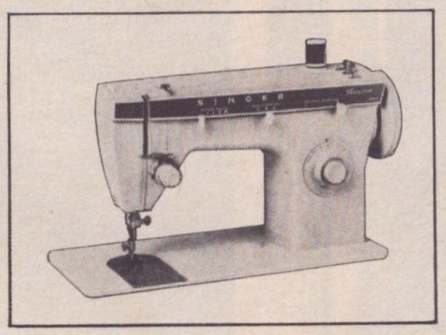
SALE $58

Carrying case extra.



FASHION MATE zig-zag sewing machine with carrying case. Has exclusive Singer front drop-in bobbin for easy insertion. Sews forward and reverse, straight stitches and zig-zag. With zoned presser bar control. Model 257/575.

SALE $79



FASHION MATE* zig-zag sewing machine; a versatile model. Has exclusive Singer front drop-in bobbin for fumble-free insertion. Sews straight and zig-zag stitches. With built-in blindstitch, too. Model 252. Base included.

SALE $89

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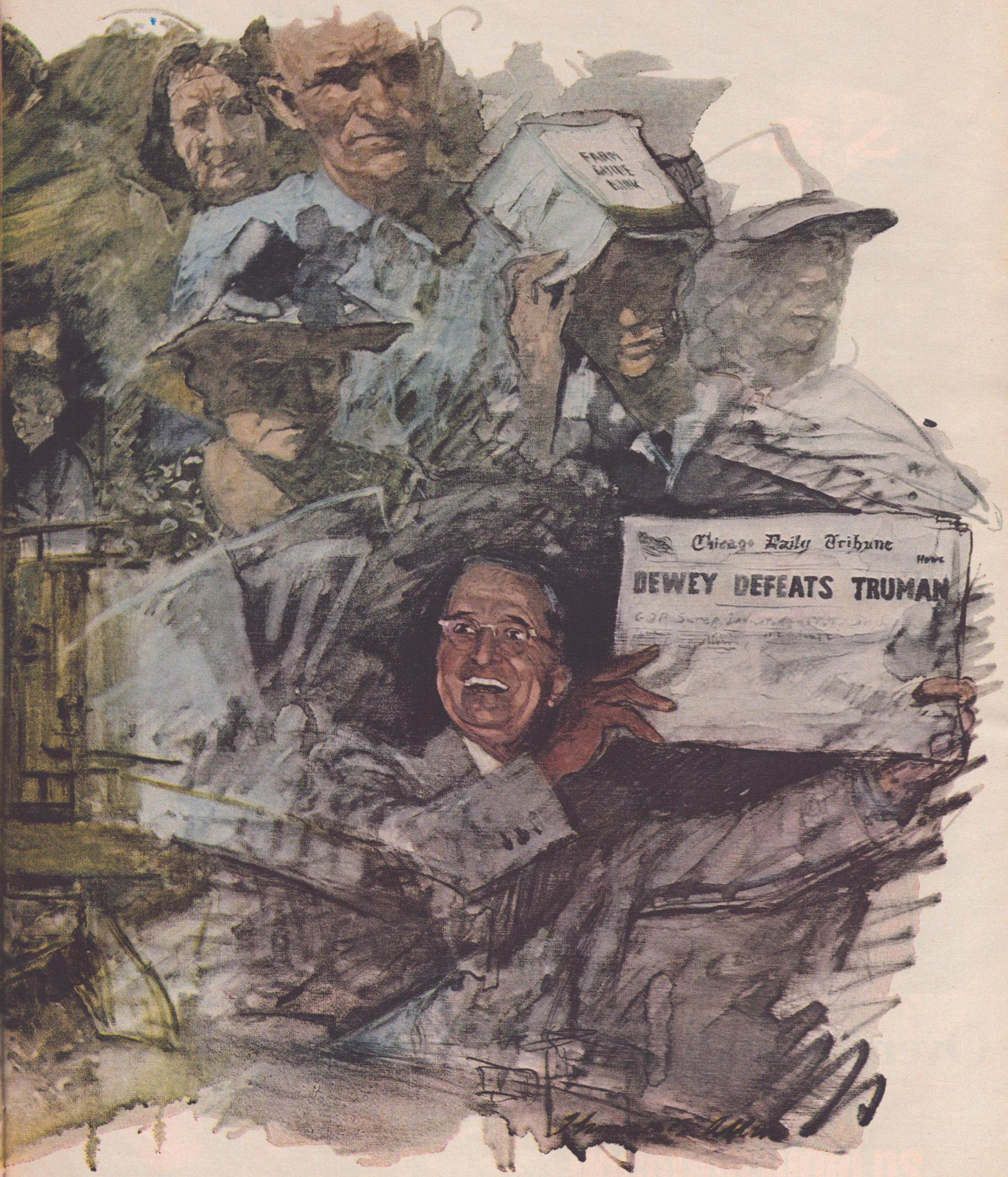
For those occasional sleepless nights, consider this safe, reliable medication that millions of people use with confidence, consider Nytol.

Nytol. Safe, restful sleep.

A man of Independence—and grit

Harry Truman fought for his life the way he fought for everything —hard. And as the sign on his desk made clear (above), he was not afraid to make decisions. At the outset of his presidency (1945-53), he made possibly his biggest, the decision to drop the first nuclear bombs on Japan. In 1951, when General Douglas MacArthur (below) publicly differed with him about the conduct of the Korean war, the President fired him. Truman's happiest political moment came (right) in 1948 when he beat the favored Thomas E. Dewey after a combative whistle-stop tour of the country.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Over the years, better light bulbs in your life.

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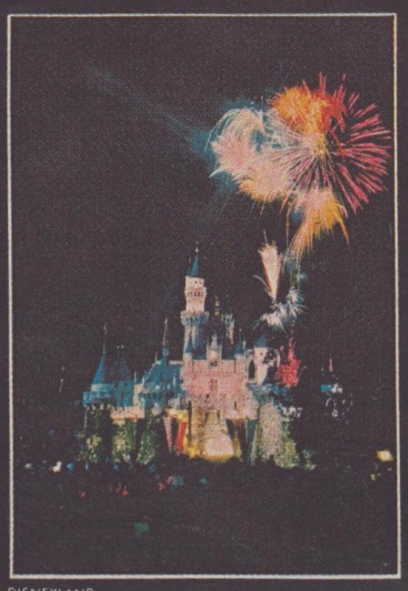
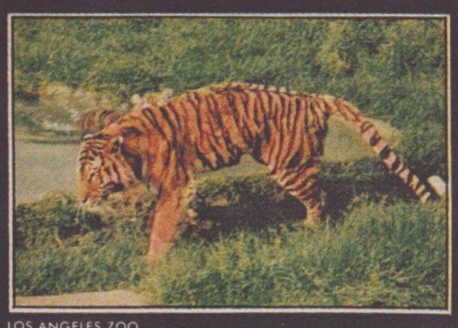
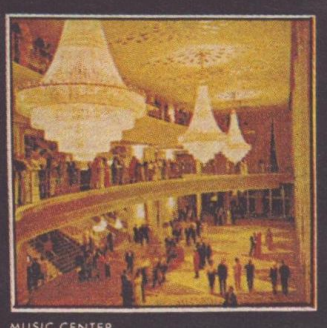


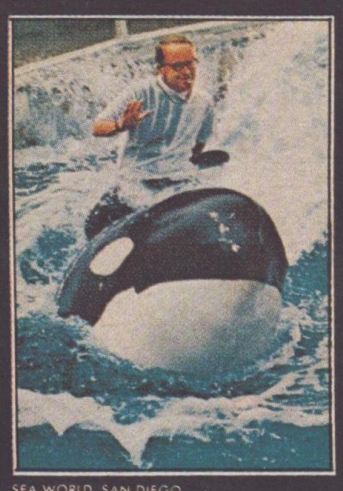
DISNEYLAND



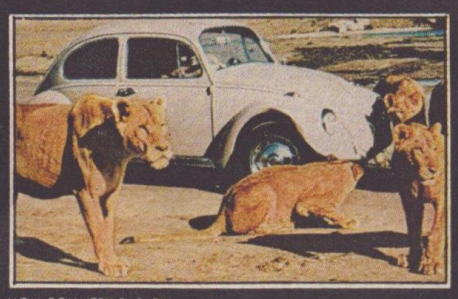
LOS ANGELES ZOO



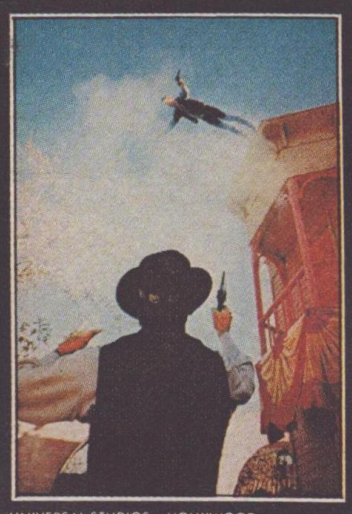
MUSIC CENTER



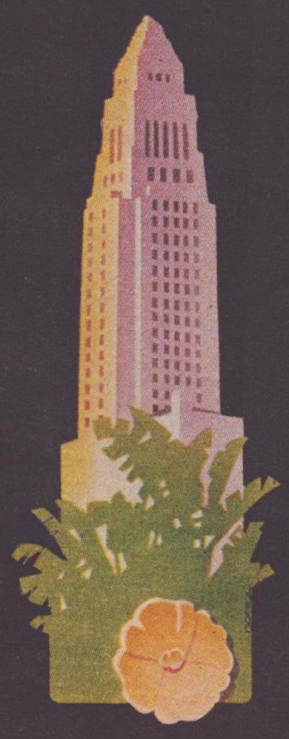
SEA WORLD, SAN DIEGO

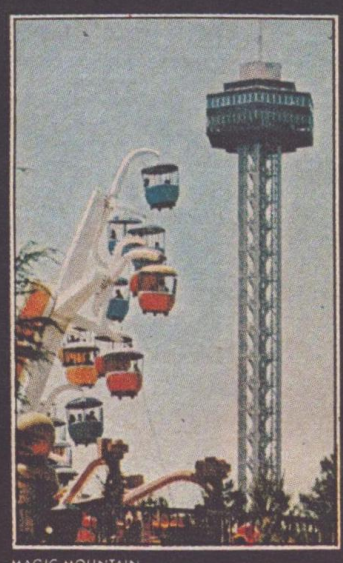


LION COUNTRY SAFARI



UNIVERSAL STUDIOS – HOLLYWOOD





MAGIC MOUNTAIN

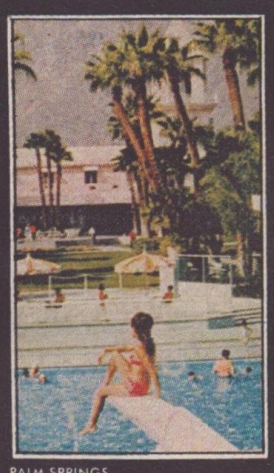
SAN DIEGO ZOO

TIJUANA, MEXICO

JAPANESE VILLAGE

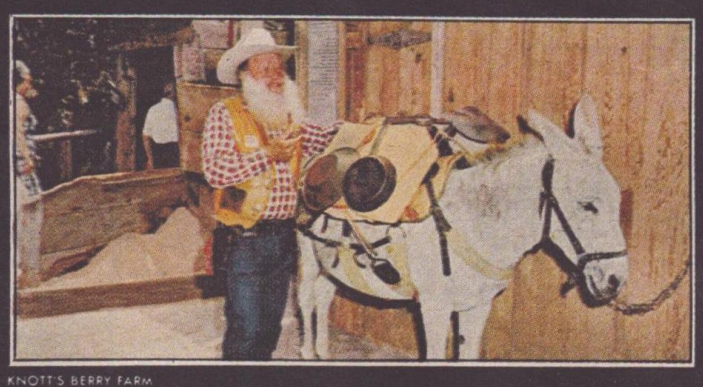
QUEEN MARY, LONG BEACH

CATALINA ISLAND



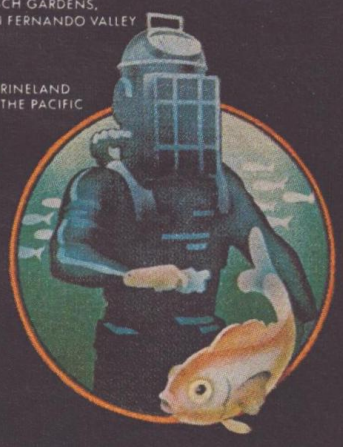
PALM SPRINGS

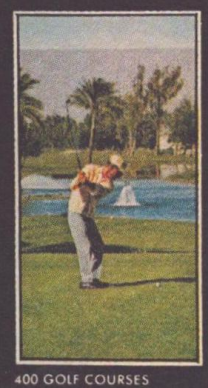
BUSCH GARDENS, SAN FERNANDO VALLEY



KNOTT'S BERRY FARM

MARINELAND OF THE PACIFIC





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PACIFIC OCEAN FUN

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Nixon tries a new course

in China

Puzzled perhaps by an exotic morsel of Chinese cuisine but triumphant that he had it firmly secured between his chopsticks, President Nixon sat down to dinner in Hangchow with Premier Chou En-lai. Nixon's February journey to China was the most vivid of all his forays in international diplomacy—and it certainly helped him at home in November in his enormous victory over George McGovern.

He hobnobs in Russia with the party boss

Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev and President Nixon, neither of them known for an exuberant disposition, warmed up to each other in Moscow last May after they had signed the strategic nuclear arms limitation agreement. Although Nixon had already visited Russia's great rival, China, and had ordered the mining of North Vietnam's harbors only weeks before, the summit proceeded cordially, marking a new recognition among the superpowers that common interests were more fundamental than regional disputes.

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TIME LIFE BOOKS *publisher of* PHOTOGRAPHY YEAR, *will now sponsor the*

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This contest is officially recognized by the American Revolution Bicentennial Commission.

Since LIFE is suspending publication of its magazine with this issue, TIME-LIFE BOOKS is now sponsoring this contest, and is extending the deadline for entries until midnight... July 4, 1973.

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4th Prize	1000

(There will be prizes for both amateurs *and* professionals in the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Prize categories.)

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Pictures should reflect—in a broad, general way—any or all of the following themes:

- Americans' dependence on one another.
- Relationships within families, with neighbors, friends, strangers, or between races and countries.
- Our dependence on the environment.
- Love of the land, or of our history.
- Sharing with and caring for each other.

Present or former employees of Time Inc., the staff of the Bicentennial Commission and their families are not eligible. All contestants must be U.S. citizens or residents of the United States.

Please do *not* write in to inquire about your entry. Your photographs may be held for some months beyond the close of the contest: midnight, July 4, 1973. However, every effort will be made to return as soon as possible all those submissions which are not being held for final judging.

All entries are to be submitted with the understanding that neither Time Inc. nor any of its employees or agents will be responsible or liable in any way for any loss or damage to contestants' photographs.

Upon request, all entrants must be able to supply a "release for publication" for all recognizable individuals appearing prominently in their photographs.

Contestants will own their photographs. Time Inc. shall have the right to publish any and all prize-winning pictures in *Photography Year*, in books and publications featuring the contest, in displays and exhibits; and in advertising and promotion relating to TIME-LIFE BOOKS. In addition, *Photography Year* will make the prize-winning pictures available to the American Revolution Bicentennial Commission for its exhibit and publications.

The decisions of the TIME-LIFE BOOKS panel of judges will be final.

This competition is subject to all local, state and federal regulations.

PRIZE-WINNING PHOTOGRAPHS WILL APPEAR IN PHOTOGRAPHY YEAR/1974!

INSTRUCTIONS AND RULES

Number and size of entries. You may submit up to 12 photographs, as few as 3. All may be color, all black-and-white, or mixed. Only 1 portfolio per contestant is allowed. Enlargements may not exceed 8 x 10; if smaller, they must be *mounted* on 8 x 10 single-weight mounting boards. Full 8 x10 enlargements need not be mounted. Color photos may be prints or transparencies. Color transparencies may not be larger than 8 x 10.

Labeling, mounting. Each print or transparency must carry both your name and address plus the initial "A" for "Amateur" or "P" for "Professional." All 35 mm. color slides must be placed in multiple-compartment glassine mounts. Larger color transparencies must be placed in single glassine holders.

Packaging for mailing. Use two 11 x 14 manila clasp envelopes. On one, print your *own* return address and affix proper postage. Fold it in half. Into the second envelope put the following:

- **The completed Official Entry Form below.**
- **The contest photographs you are submitting.**
- **Your folded self-addressed return envelope.**
- **Cardboard backing to protect the pictures.**

Address the package to:

THE LIFE BICENTENNIAL PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST
P.O. Box 645, Radio City Station
New York, N. Y. 10019

In the lower left-hand corner of your package please print the word AMATEUR or PROFESSIONAL.

Please note new extended deadline! All entries must be received by midnight, July 4, 1973.

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Total number of photographs entered_____

check one: ☐ Amateur ☐ Professional

I have read and agreed to the Official Rules of the LIFE Bicentennial Photography Contest.

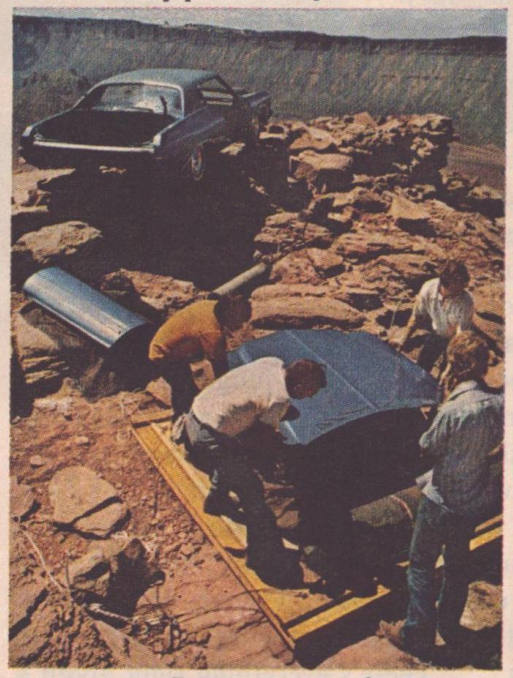
_____
your signature date

Chevrolet returns to Castle Rock.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

On the way up, minus a few key parts to lighten the load.

The rest of the car arrives.



Putting it together again.

Doug Mahoney helps model Deidre Daniels into the helicopter.

Nine years ago, Chevrolet gingerly airlifted one new Impala and one pretty girl some 2000 feet to the top of majestic Castle Rock near Moab, Utah, and made a TV commercial people still talk about.

Last July we did it again.

New girl, new car, same old rock.

Chances are you've seen the commercial on television. Perhaps you've wondered how we did it, and why.

The accompanying photos show you how.

As for why, well — we wanted to point out that while Castle Rock still towers unchanged over an unchanged Utah landscape, Chevrolet has changed a great deal since that first commercial was filmed.

Today's Impala, for example, is a quieter, more comfortable, smoother riding and safer automobile than the 1964 model that passed this way nine years ago.

Today's Impala is better equipped. Power steering, power brakes and automatic transmission are all standard now.

Today's Impala is better built. It has steel side-guard beams in its doors, a steel cargo guard in its trunk, and not one but two layers of steel in its roof.

Today's Impala has a long list of safety features not found in the 1964 car.

Today's Impala runs cleaner. For example, exhaust emissions of hydrocarbons, carbon monoxide and oxides of nitrogen have been substantially reduced.

We're getting there.

But we're not stopping here.

We plan to keep right on building "better ways" into each year's new Chevrolets.

That's our approach, and always has been.

That's one reason why Impala is traditionally worth more money at trade-in time.

That's why our Impala remains "The Great American Value" year after year.

That's why today's Impala has at least one notable thing in common with the 1964 Impala:

Being on top.

1973 Chevrolet.
Building a better way to see the U.S.A.

Chevrolet

Take a second to buckle up. It could save a lifetime.

◀ The 1973 Chevrolet Impala.

BY HUGH SIDEY

One more call to reason together

Lyndon Johnson savors each day for its meaning and joy, his battered heart frequently sending out signals of pain to let him know that it can't keep up. In the past year he has finally adjusted to this twilight world, melting off about 20 pounds, carrying a pouch full of nitroglycerin tablets and holding that restless soul of his in check. Well, almost in check.

Several months ago, when Johnson and his staff began planning symposiums for the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library at the University of Texas, it was Johnson himself who insisted on a session dealing with civil rights.

So a fortnight ago they came by jet and auto and bus through an ice storm to be in Austin with "the President" again, one of the few times in the last four years that the men and women who carried the civil rights banner for two decades had assembled. There were some new faces among them, but the focus was on men like Hubert Humphrey, Roy Wilkins, Clarence Mitchell and former Chief Justice Earl Warren. They showed up with more wrinkles than they used to have, more gray hair and a lot more discouragement. From the beginning of the two-day meeting it was plain that civil rights no longer had a clear national leader. Nor could anyone perceive any sympathy for the cause in the White House.

L.B.J. put on his tan rancher's twill and his cowboy boots and came in from the country, sitting silently through the first day's meetings, the fatigue growing on him. That night he went to the reception for the 1,000 guests. The strain took its toll. For Johnson the rest of the night was filled with pain and restlessness. His doctors suggested, pleaded, ordered him to give up his scheduled address the next day. He ignored them. He put on his dark-blue presidential suit and those flawlessly polished oxfords and came back the next morning.

He didn't take a seat in the auditorium but, with a worried Lady Bird at his side, watched the first two hours' proceedings on closed-circuit TV in an anteroom. Near noon he walked slowly to the podium. In a low but steady voice he talked eloquently for 20 minutes. "Until we overcome unequal history, we cannot overcome unequal opportunity," he said. "But to be black in a white society is not to stand on equal and level ground. While the races may stand side by side, whites stand on history's mountain and blacks stand in history's hollow. . . . So I think it's time to leave aside the legalisms and euphemisms and eloquent evasions. It's time we get down to the business of trying to stand black and white on level ground." Even in that short plea there was pain, and Johnson reached for one of his pills, munching in front of everybody. It was something he rarely does.

When he was done he acknowledged the applause and stepped off the stage to take a seat in the auditorium. Then squabbling broke out among the black factions, and one of the participants read an indictment of Richard Nixon and his administration.

Lyndon Johnson sat for a few minutes in the midst of it. Then, just as if he were back in Washington, he moved. The fatigue of the night before seemed to drop away, the old adrenalin machine pumping back into action. Going to the microphone, with his hands molding the air, he delivered one of his sermons on brotherhood and reason, flavoring it with one of those marvelous stories about a backwoods judge and the town drunk, reminiscences of when he arrived in Hoover's Washington and the bonus marchers were driven down Pennsylvania Avenue.

"Now, what I want you to do is go back, all of you counsel together," he said, "that soft, kind way, just cool and push off wrath, indulge, tolerate, and finally come out with a program with objectives. . . . There's everything right about a group saying, 'Mr. President, we would like for you to set aside an hour to let us talk,' and you don't need to start off by saying he's terrible, because he doesn't think he's terrible. . . . While I can't provide much go-go at this period of my life, I can provide a lot of hope and dream and encouragement, and I'll sell a few wormy calves now and then and contribute."

When all that human juice clattered out over the wire, the memories began to rise, of the lean, youngish Lyndon Johnson in 1957 leading the United States Senate to pass the first Civil Rights Act in 82 years. It was near midnight, and the tension was so thick you could slice it, but the majority leader just stood there on the floor, calmly counting his votes.

Then there were those later nights, when L.B.J. was President. He would talk about how he ceased to be just a man from the South and had become a leader for all of America. The old tales would roll out—about what it was to be a black and never sure as you traveled if you could find a decent place to eat or go to the bathroom; or how he knew what it was like to be a Mexican-American child in the Depression, rummaging in the garbage cans for food.

Another night: it was in New Orleans during the 1964 campaign when Johnson stood on a street corner in the harsh neon glare, white Louisiana state officials clustered around him, and shouted out his message of hope and equality to the blacks who stood below him. And then in his 1965 civil rights address to Congress, in the place he loved most, among the men he liked best, he sounded the most poignant refrain of the time: "We shall overcome."

No wonder his heart is scarred today. It has been a long and anguished journey, with a long way left to go.

In the auditorium in Austin, the ovation that followed Johnson's appeal washed away the controversy, for a moment. People came to the stage and crowded around him as he tried to leave. They were all reaching for a bit of the old magic. But nobody got so much of it as Mr. Youngblood, a thin, aging black who used to wait on tables in Austin's ancient Driskill Hotel, where Johnson sweated out election night returns. The former President and the former waiter stood there for a few seconds gripping hands, and if any questions lingered about what Lyndon Johnson had tried to do for his country, they were answered right then.

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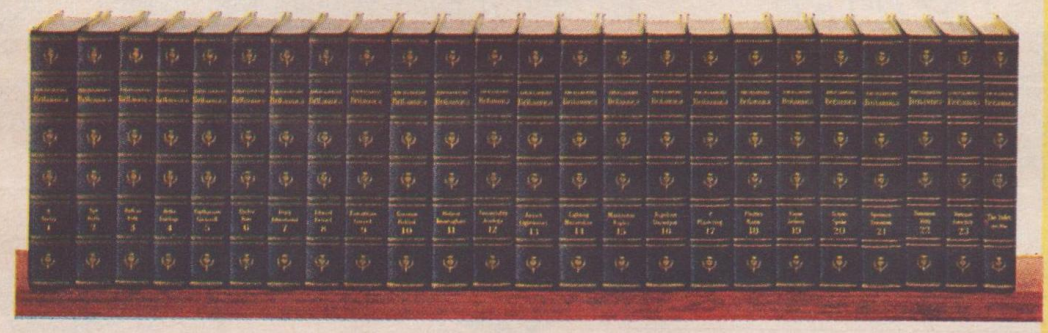

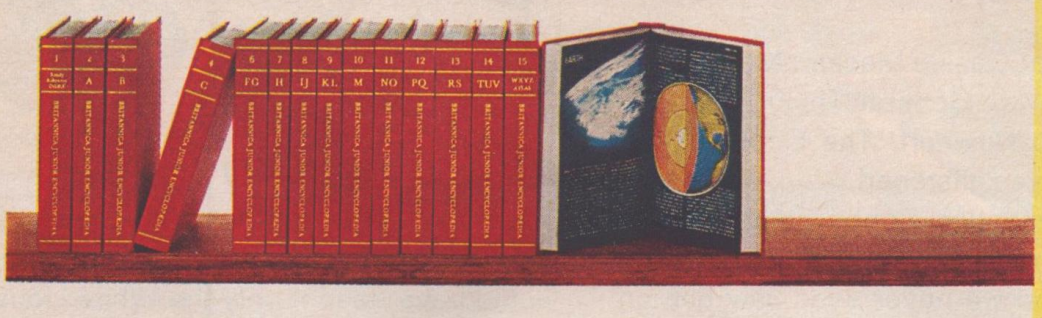

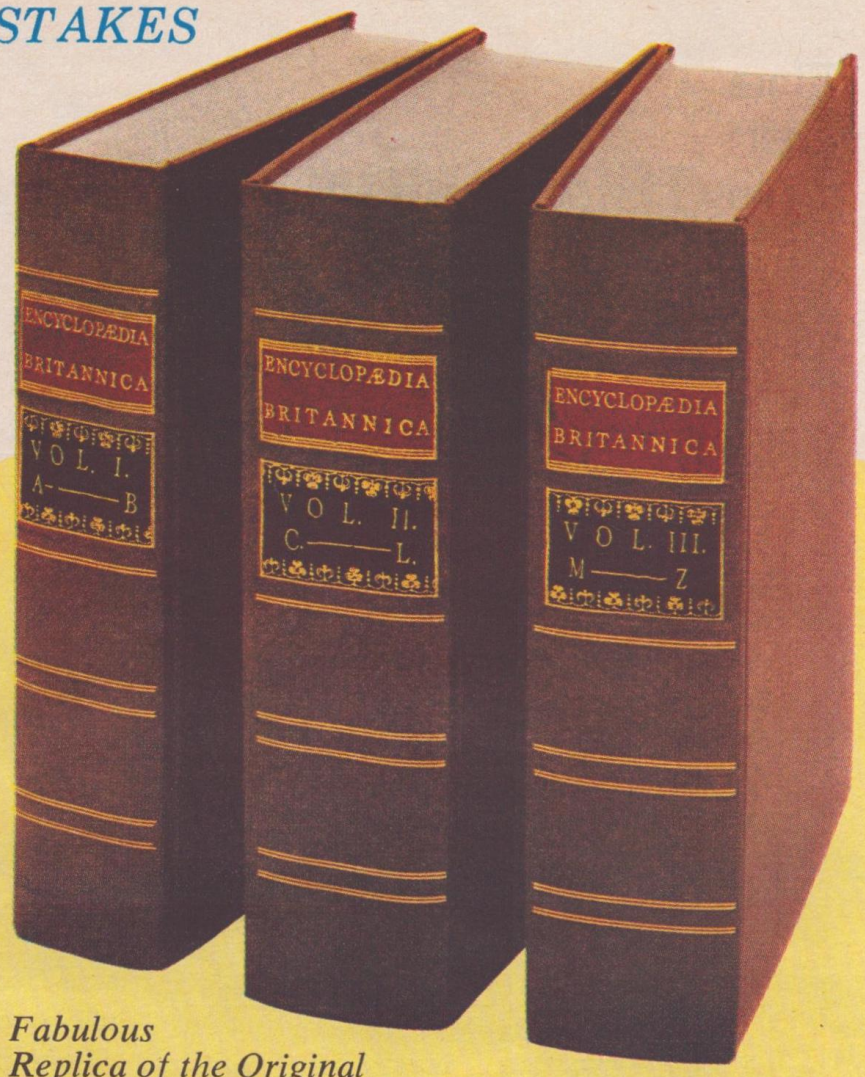

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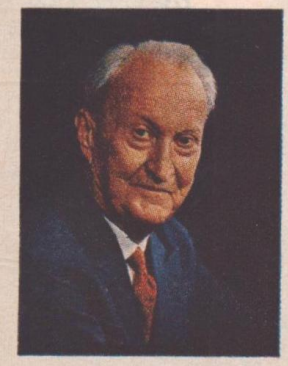

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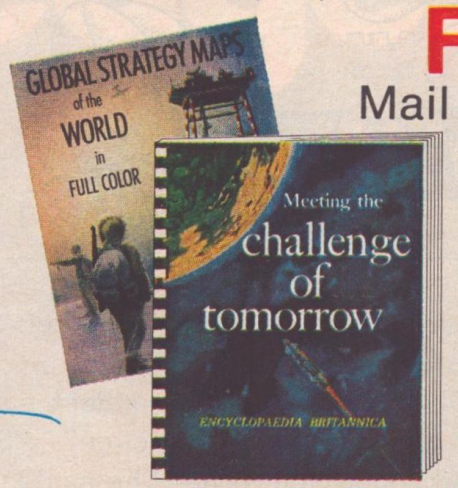
I believe the latest edition of the Britannica takes a giant step towards alleviating this difficulty and in making learning and knowledge available to more people everywhere.

In celebrating my 30th year as both Publisher and Chairman of the Board of Encyclopaedia Britannica, I would like to extend to you an invitation to learn more about Britannica and the world of information it can make available to you. Let me mail you the Preview Booklet.

I invite you to join in this occasion. Nothing would please me more than to give you the opportunity of showing you how Britannica can enrich the lives of you and your family.

Wm Benton



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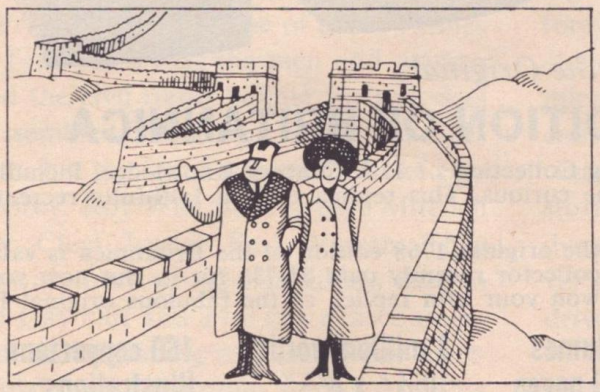
The year in **TELEVISION**

Strange incident at the Time of Counting

We were gathered around the magic box at curfew, obediently scooping our gruel from the skull-cups of Venusians who had been eliminated with extreme prejudice during the last Solar War. As always at the Time of Counting, we were apprehensive, and I suppose that is why the Old One decided to speak. We knew little about the Old One, except that he looked like a prune on stilts and that he belonged to the bygone Era of Dread Permissiveness.

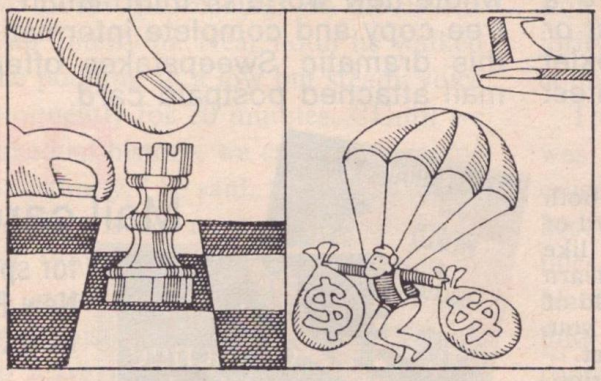
"I remember 1972," said the Old One,



"That was a good year for the magic box —a year of great programs and superstars."

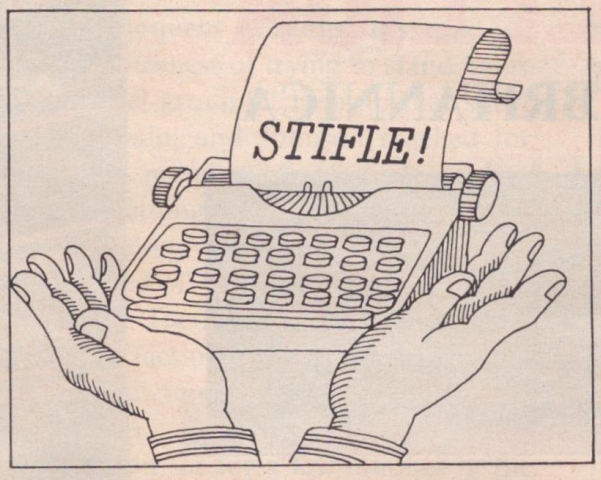
We did not need to ask what a "program" was, or a "superstar." We knew the Old One would tell us anyway.

"A program," he said, "was like *Dick and Pat Visit the Great Wall of China*. Or *Death at the Olympic Games*. Or *Charley O. Wins the World Series*. Or *George Gallup Wins the Presidential Election*. Or *Peace Is at Hand*. And a superstar: ah, 1972 was the year for superstars. Liza Minnelli! Henry Kissinger! Sammy Davis



Jr.! Billy Graham! Chris Schenkel! The biggies."

("Old One," asked my littlest sister, "what's a presidential election?" "Shut up and scoop your gruel," he said.) "Alistair Cooke! Cassie Mackin! Mark Spitz! Julie Andrews! General Thieu! Tom Eagleton! Bob Newhart! The Cookie Monster!" His eyes glistened.



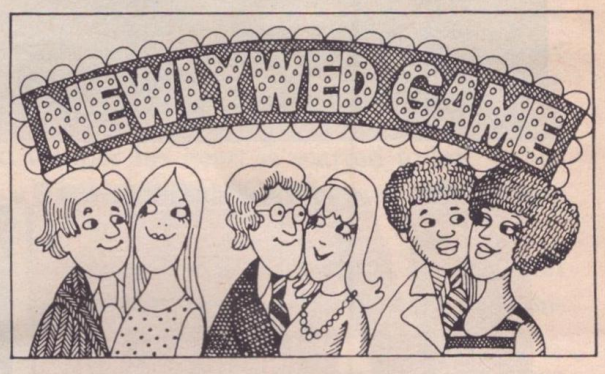
"Not to mention Bobby Fischer. Bobby Fischer was the greatest superstar of them all, and we never even *saw* him on the magic box. He played *chess*. That was Permissiveness for you."

"What do you mean, you never *saw* him?" asked my littlest sister. "Do you mean you actually *saw* the others?"

"Naturally," said the Old One. "Chess and skyjackings were the only things we didn't *see* in 1972. Plus, of course, the end of the war in Vietnam. Arab terrorists! Alka-Seltzer commercials! Yul Brynner! And the writers! My children, there has never been a year like 1972 for writers on the magic box."

"Old One," asked my littlest sister, "what's a writer?"

The Old One was about to tell my littlest sister what she could do with her incessant questions. But he thought better of it, and explained: "Writers wrote words for the programs. Writers told the superstars what to say. Writers wrote very good words for Carroll O'Connor on *All in the Family*, and Peter Falk on *Columbo*, and Alan Alda on *M*A*S*H*. Mary Tyler Moore! *The Waltons!* Carol Burnett! *The Dick Cavett Show!* Hubert Humphrey! Even William Makepeace Thackeray and Jean-Paul Sartre wrote words for the magic box in 1972. And Honoré de Balzac and Burt Bacharach! Think how



much more fun the Watergate program would have been if only the White House had had some good writers. I watched them all on the magic box in 1972, a vintage year."

"Old One," began my littlest sister but the magic box had started to hum.

"It's the Time of Counting," I said. "We must gather."

"But I don't understand," insisted my littlest sister. "These programs, these superstars, you *watched* them, Old One?"

"*The Newlywed Game!*" he cried. "*The Partridge Family!*"

"On the magic box?" she asked.

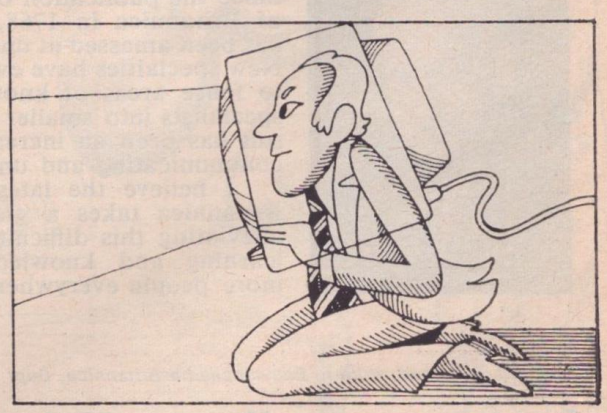
"Yes!" he shouted.

We are all now staring at the Old One. Permissiveness obviously rots the superior colliculus.

"But, Old One," said my littlest sister, "we don't watch the *magic box*. The magic box watches *us*."

The Old One burst into tears, and the Counting began.

by CYCLOPS



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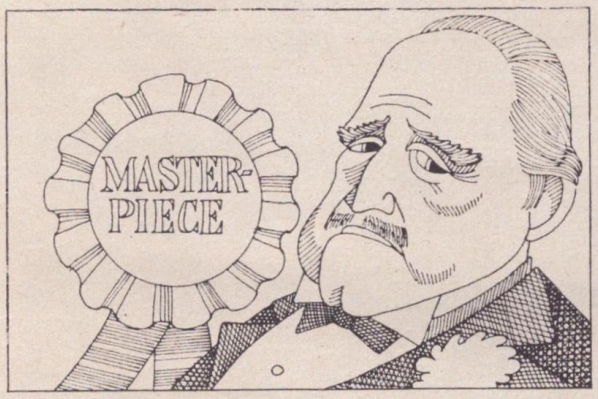
The year in **MOVIES**

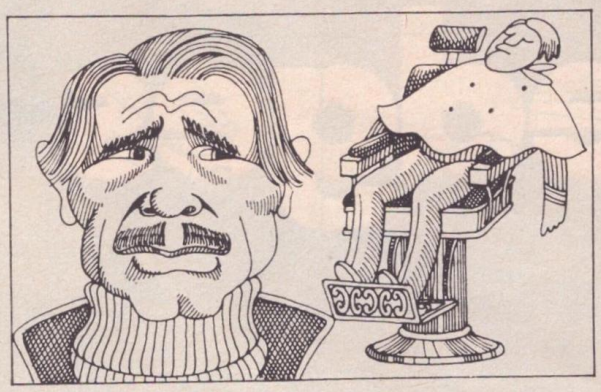
Masterpieces underrated and overlooked



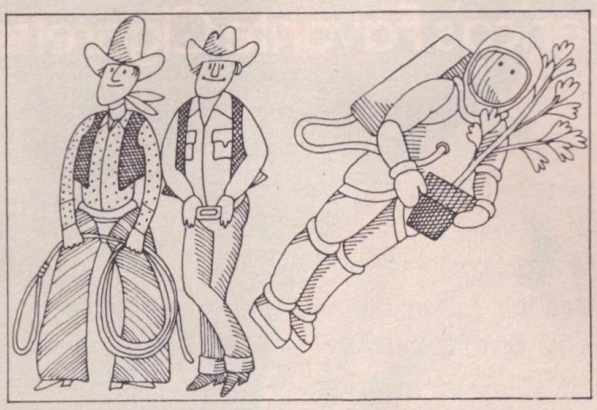
A friend of mine who runs an intellectual magazine was grousing about his movie critic, complaining that though the fellow had liked *The Godfather* (page 58), he had neglected to label it clearly as a masterpiece. "I don't care how you people squabble among yourselves," my friend said, "but one of the prime duties of a critic is to recognize a masterpiece when he sees one."

I myself am guilty of this oversight and I gladly rectify it: *The Godfather* is a masterpiece. The fact is that Francis Ford Coppola's movie was instantly recognized by most critics—this one included—as an extraordinarily fine movie, and before we were done talking the great public had rudely elbowed us aside in its rush to the theaters. The last time anybody asked, a dazed Paramount executive was saying that the film might gross a quarter of a billion dollars around the world, at least twice as much as any other film in history.

Beside such a phenomenon, all the other phenomena of the year pale. It's a one-picture trend if ever there was one. Like all such events, it is literally inimitable, but that isn't going to stop anyone from trying (*The Valachi Papers*, *The Mechanic*, a projected sequel to the original work itself). But the care and maintenance of movie cycles is something for distributors to worry about, not movie critics. We can but note that there is, pardon the cliché, good news and bad news in *The Godfather* success story.

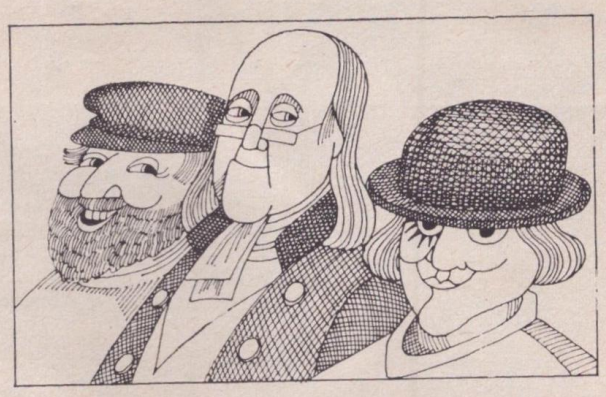


The good news is simply that, for once, quality was clearly and unambiguously rewarded in the marketplace. The film is not a *Love Story* or an *Airport*. Its people are not thin stereotypes, but richly developed characters firmly rooted in a lovingly detailed milieu. Its story is not a succession of desperate expedients designed for quick thrills, but a slowly unfolding, smoothly enveloping thing that draws us artfully out of our preoccupations and into a strange new world. And makes us feel at home there. Nor can the movie be called escapist in the usual sense. It makes us contemplate a pressing social issue, the rise and the influence of organized crime in our society. Nor can it be called, patronizingly, "a real old-fashioned movie-movie." It does not resemble classic gangster films either stylistically or morally. In short, while it may be the most popular movie in history, it is also a tricky and difficult work.



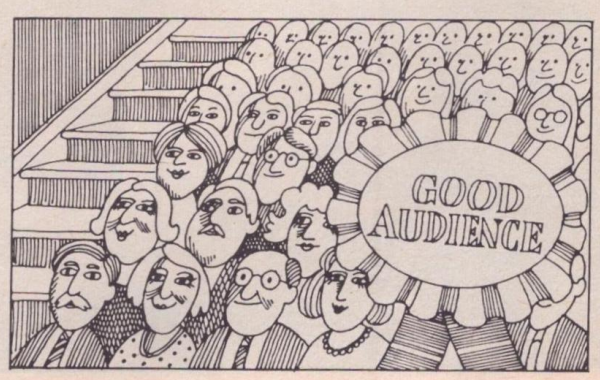
Only a few populists like me think that there is a correlation between quality and mass acceptance. This brings us to the bad news. There were, in 1972, at least a half-dozen American films comparable to *The Godfather* in the quality of their design and execution and in their relevance to either our present or historical condition. A lot of them were flat-out flops—the rodeo-as-metaphor movies *J. W. Coop* and *Junior Bonner*; the scary-charming, futuristic *Silent Running*; a closing-of-the-West western called *The Great Northfield Minnesota Raid* that may just be the best of its too common breed. A few of them are still hanging on out there, needing and deserving support. *Sounder* is one of the handful of movies that have ever attempted to deal realistically, nonfantastically, nonsensationally with black experience in America. *The Emigrants* is as lovely and as moving a film as any we had this year, and inspiring, too, about what the American Dream is really all about.

None of these films is more obscure or difficult than *The Godfather*; some, in fact, are more pleasurable at the simplest level. All are infinitely superior to such trashy high-flyers as *Fiddler on the Roof* or *1776* or *A Clockwork Orange*. It's easy to say that they were poorly promoted, badly handled by their distributors. Many were, but it's foolish to blame the businessmen. It's time the rest of us took some responsibility for these failures. We have got to become more venturesome, take more chances on films that aren't discussed on the Carson show or full-paged in the papers. We might even start demanding that theater managers at least give us a decent chance to see some of these films instead of whisking them away after two poor days.



D. W. Griffith, whose *Birth of a Nation* is one of the all-time box office champions, once paraphrased Walt Whitman: "To have great motion pictures we must have good audiences, too." In 1972 *The Godfather* thrust goodness upon us. But sadly it turned out to be a one-shot deal. We'll have to start doing better or there may be no more *Godfathers*, no more nothing—just that unblinking eye in the corner of the living room.

by RICHARD SCHICKEL



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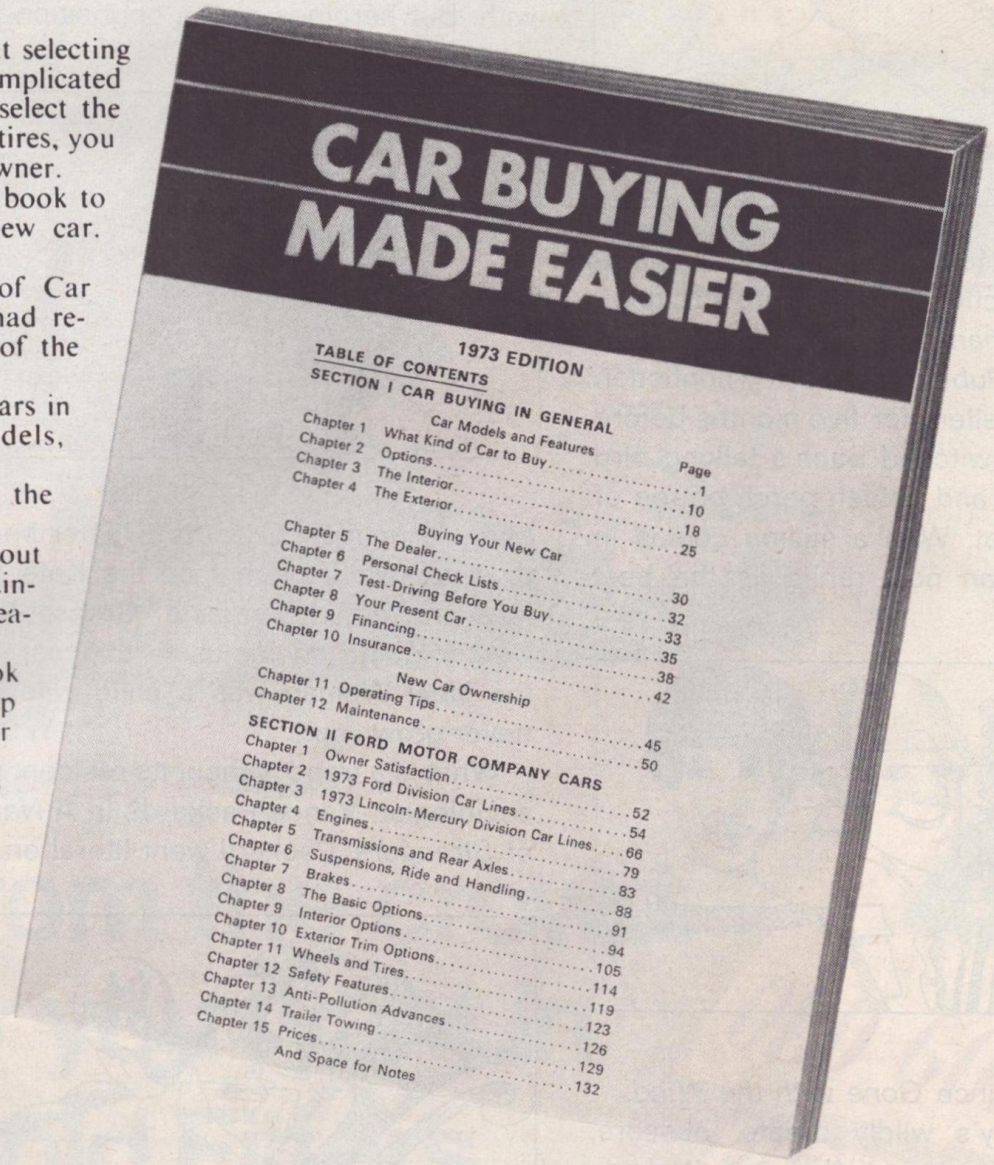

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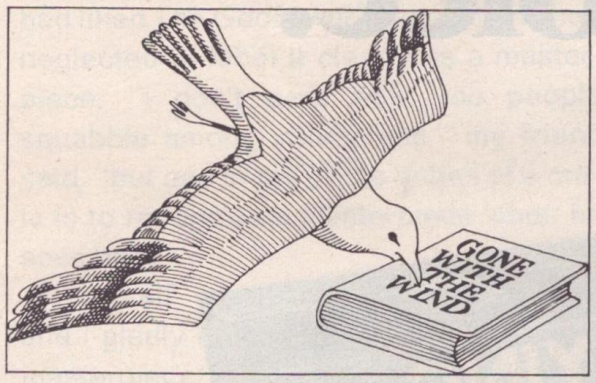
The year in BOOKS

A time for thinking Bach and waxing Roth

Once upon a time there was this seagull—this seagull named Jonathan. Are you with me? . . .

If your ordinary conscientious Lit. Chronicler had been told a year ago that a review of 1972 must begin more or less giddily thus, Lit. Chronicler would have done a double barrel roll and flipped out his quill feathers. But facts are facts, even if unsober, and 1972 has to go down as the year (Lord help us) that Richard Bach thought he was a seagull and Philip Roth thought he was a breast.



Nonfiction 1972 was scarcely less fantastic than fiction. Not by pure accident, surely, *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* commanded the *Publishers Weekly* nonfiction list of best-sellers for five months before the editors switched Bach's talking bird to its proper and golden perch on top of the fiction list. With a million copies in print, *Jonathan* now ranks as the best

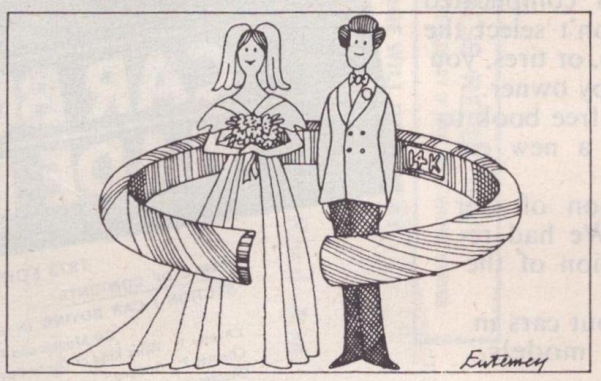
best-seller since *Gone with the Wind*.

"Yesterday's wildly ornate, obscure, poetic prophecies evolve into today's calm statements of fact," Joyce Carol Oates proclaimed as the year drew near its end, and her words might serve as the carved inscription for a 1972 bookcase. Arthur Koestler's generally hopeful report on ESP (*The Roots of Coincidence*), Theodore Roszak's optimistic, wildly brilliant forecast of a permanent counterculture (*Where the Wasteland Ends*), even George Leonard's future-schlocky *The Transformation*—all bear witness that speculation about change has become a literary industry.

In 1972 the rhetoric of the prophet rang through the land. Pick your subject. Politics? In *A Populist Manifesto* Jack Newfield wrote headily, if not always convincingly, about a new world acoming in which the blacks, the hardhats and the students would get it all together.

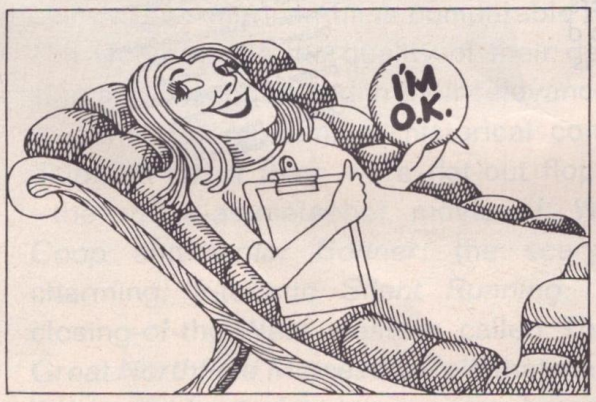
What about sex? *Open Marriage*, the best-seller by Nina and George O'Neill, glibly played the new-life-styles game with the most disparaged of 1972 institutions, the nuclear family.

Inevitably crystal ball bumped crystal ball. So women's liberation rolled on, still something for all futurologists to reckon with. But heroines of the opposition like



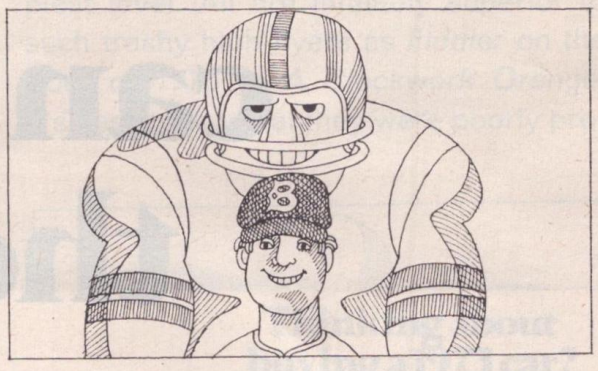
Midge (*The New Chastity*) Decter began to serve white papers on the Kate Milletts and the Germaine Greers—Miss Decter going so far as to suggest that the New Woman was a child who had never grown up.

What is a trend without its resident pop sociologist, Vance Packard? In *A Nation of Strangers*, Packard went literal on the



subject of change, extensively (if not profoundly) examining ours as a society of nomadic house-and-job-swappers.

And what year would be complete without its inspirational book? Dr. Thomas A. Harris, described as "Middle America's psychiatrist," was present at the couchside of all the changelings with *I'm O.K., You're O.K.* Dr. Harris's simplifying recipe for self-esteem, published with no noise in 1969, sold a half-million copies in 1972.



As always, most books Americans read in 1972 could be neither easily categorized nor easily anticipated. For instance, the books for the jocks that became the books for almost everybody: *The Boys of Summer*, Roger Kahn's sadly lyrical reunion with the Brooklyn Dodgers of Jackie, Roy and Pee Wee; and in fiction, *Semi-Tough*, Dan Jenkins's heavy-cleated comedy about the old boys' world of pro football.

Here are a few nominations in a few other random categories:

The book least finished in 1972: Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's World War I saga, *August 1914*, which in this respect at least bore its comparison with *War and Peace*.

The most predictable best-seller of 1972: *Supermoney* by Adam Smith—or *The Money Game*, Part II.

The most unlikely (and perhaps most deserving) best-seller of 1972: *Fire in the Lake*, Frances FitzGerald's masterful long view of Vietnam.

1972's most distinguished literary category: British biographies, including *Queen Victoria* by Cecil Woodham-Smith; *Virginia Woolf* by Quentin Bell, the novelist-critic's nephew; *The Unknown Orwell*, first volume of a biography of the author of *1984* by Peter Stansky and William Abrahams.

1972's most conspicuously missing kind of book: humor. There was, though, the small classic in trivia, *How to Do Things Right*. As all the voices spoke from all the whirlwinds, L. Rust Hills turned his back to explain the right way to eat an ice cream cone.

by MELVIN MADDOCKS

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TIME LIFE BOOKS

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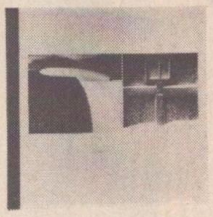

Special Problems. What does the photographer do when, on a cold day, the shutter freezes instead of the action? Or when he is not certain his strobe lights are synchronized with the shutter? Or he has daylight film in the camera and he sees an unforgettable scene lit artificially? This volume offers ways to turn the unexpected obstacle into a triumph through blurring, changing colors with exposure techniques, using lenses to distort and dozens of other tricks.

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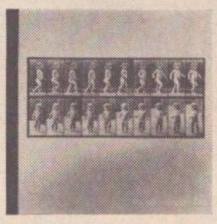
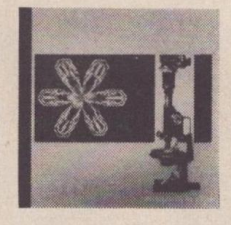


Photographing Children. This book tells how to take advantage of the rich photographic opportunities with which childhood abounds: portraits, action pictures, shots of the child aware and unaware of the camera, pictures that will provide a more meaningful record of growth and personality development. Plus a striking portfolio with the work of 10 leading photographers.

Photography as a Tool. Science and technology are prime users of photographic tools, but a surprising range of exploration is well within the reach of the amateur. How extension bellows and tubes, modern lenses and high-speed light units, telescope and microscope adapters can help you enjoy this side of photography.



Documentary Photography. These are the photographs that show what the human eye *sees*—but doesn't always *notice*. The range is wide—from the literal reporting of the 1800s (which titillated Victorian England) through the social criticism of the early 20th Century. A large portfolio is devoted to today's photographer who, seeking to communicate the psychological dilemmas of the individual, adds a fascinating dimension to documentary photography.

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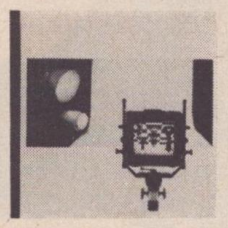

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The year in MUSIC

Jazz—out in front again with all the old sidemen

Walking up Fifth Avenue at midnight on July 3, 1972, I beheld my two-year-old prediction come true. For the first time in a generation, a jazz event had wrapped a line around a New York theater. Some six thousand jazz fans, most of them college age, stood that night in a block-round queue, waiting to enter Radio City Music Hall for a giant jam session that was one of 27 events in the nine-day Newport-New York Jazz Festival. The comeback of jazz is clearly the top American music story of 1972.

In addition to the success of this year's Newport Festival, there were many other signs that the old 4/4 was back in favor. Every other jazz festival during the summer was a hit, and as fall commenced it was evident that jazz would continue to prosper during the winter in its traditional and ideal setting: the intimate and congenial late-night cabaret. New York recently opened a jazz museum, not far from the legendary 52nd Street, with an initial showing of Louis Armstrong memorabilia and a fascinating schedule of jazz movies from earlier eras. A screen biography of jazz's greatest singer, the late Billie Holiday, is now playing all over the country. A bumper crop of new issues and old classics is on records and tapes, including lots of historically important material that even collectors long despaired of acquiring. You can now go into a store and buy practically any recording ever made by Billie Holiday, Bessie Smith, Louis Armstrong or Charlie Parker. One company is now bringing out the entire catalog of the once-famous Prestige label.

As jazz looms into view like a risen Atlantis, the literature of jazz plays down upon it like a bright sun. The forthcoming biography of jazz's greatest genius, Charlie Parker, written by the eminent jazz critic and scholar Ross Russell, is typical of the quality this literature has achieved in recent times. The story of Parker is an American legend far more fascinating and meaningful than the history of any modern politician or celebrity; yet never before has it been told in a full-scale, exhaustively researched, finely written biography. Like much else in the present world of jazz, this book is appearing at exactly the right moment.

With jazz being revitalized from so many sources, it seems possible that we are standing on the brink of another great era in the history of this apparently inexhaustible art. Alas, the sad fact is that the revival of interest in jazz has not yet been accompanied by an upswelling of creative energy. Like a nation devastated by a 20-year war, jazz has lost an entire generation of young players. They were forced out of the business long ago when it became obvious that soon there would be barely enough work to sustain even the greatest heroes of the art. Now, even the youngest jazz hero is a

middle-aged man playing, in most cases, substantially the same music he was playing 15 or 25 years ago. Without a swift influx of accomplished and innovative younger men in touch with current sensibility, jazz is doomed to dry up and fade into the nostalgic mists that already envelop ragtime, blues, gospel and even early rock.

Perhaps massive infusions of love and money will revitalize jazz. Perhaps some new creative wave is already gathering far out on the ocean of popular consciousness. No moment in the recent history of American music is so baffling to the trend spotter. It would be naïve, however, to assume that just because the fickle public is ready once again to listen to those golden horns they will suddenly become cornucopias and pour forth fresh fruits of imagination. Withdraw public interest long enough from a pop art and it is pretty hard to imagine it ever being pop art again.

by ALBERT GOLDMAN

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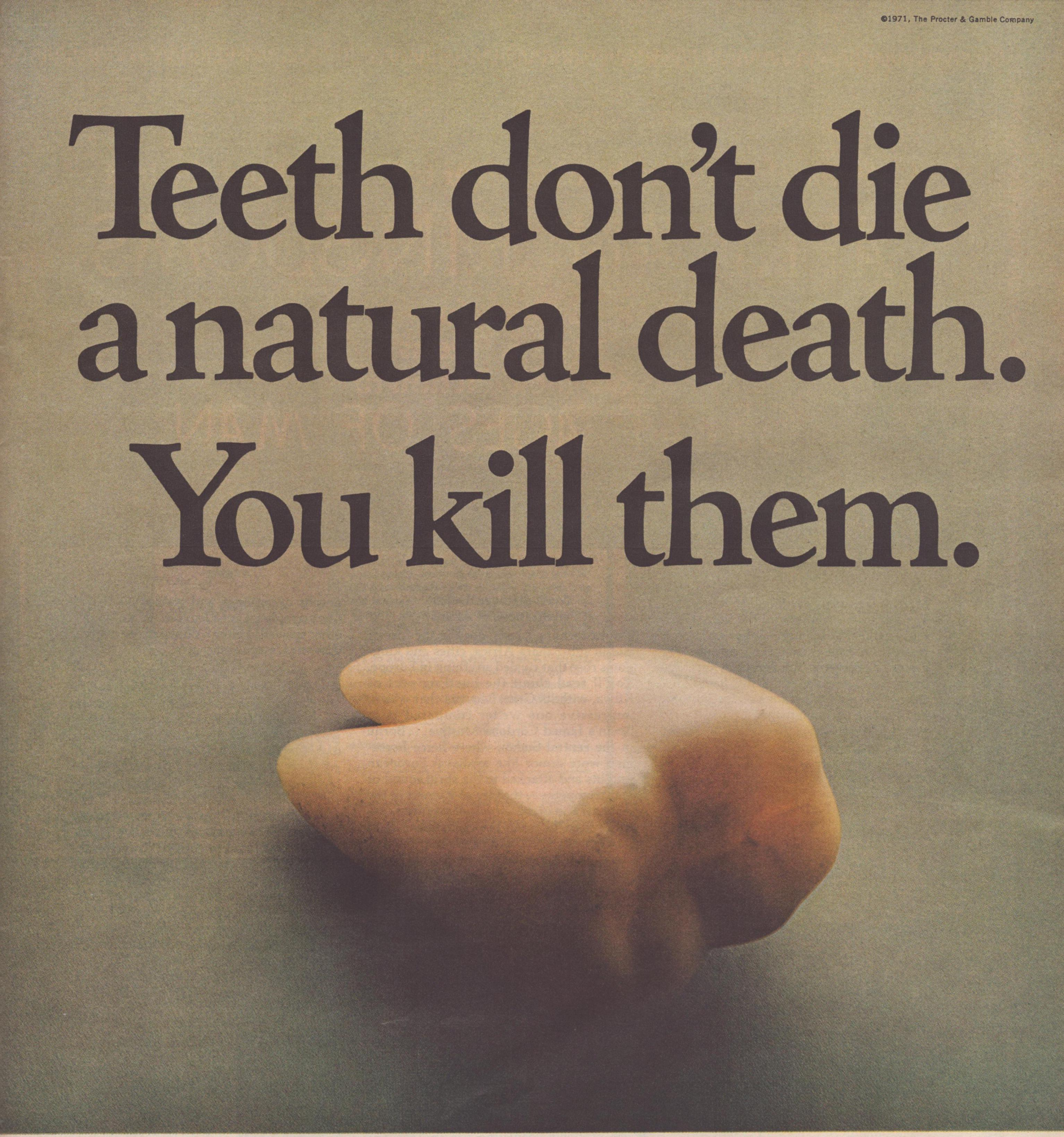
Teeth don't die a natural death. You kill them.



Chances are, when you lose a tooth, it's because you killed it with neglect. By not eating the right foods, or seeing the dentist often enough, or brushing properly.

Such neglect can lead to cavities, and cavities can lead to tooth loss. In fact, the average person loses 6 to 9 teeth in a lifetime *simply* due to cavities.

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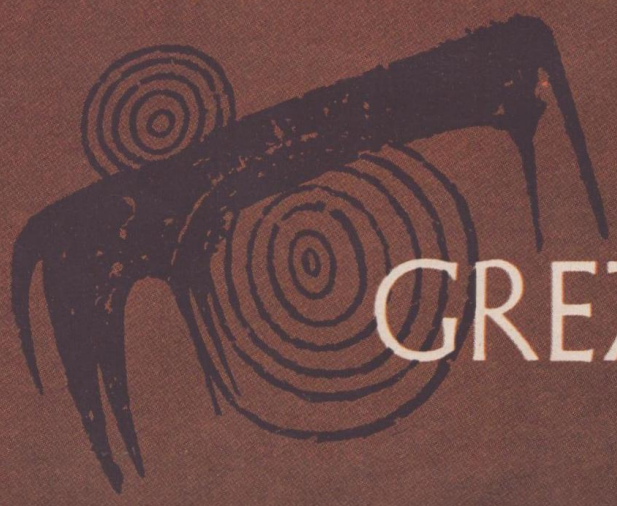
AFRICAN KINGDOMS



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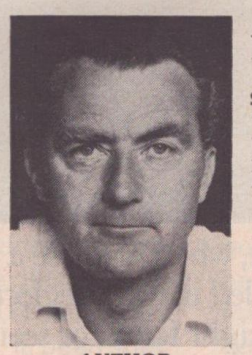

AUTHOR
BASIL DAVIDSON

African Kingdoms is written by Basil Davidson, a distinguished English author and Africanist. His books include *The Lost Cities of Africa, Black Mother, The African Past, The African Awakening* and *Which Way Africa?*

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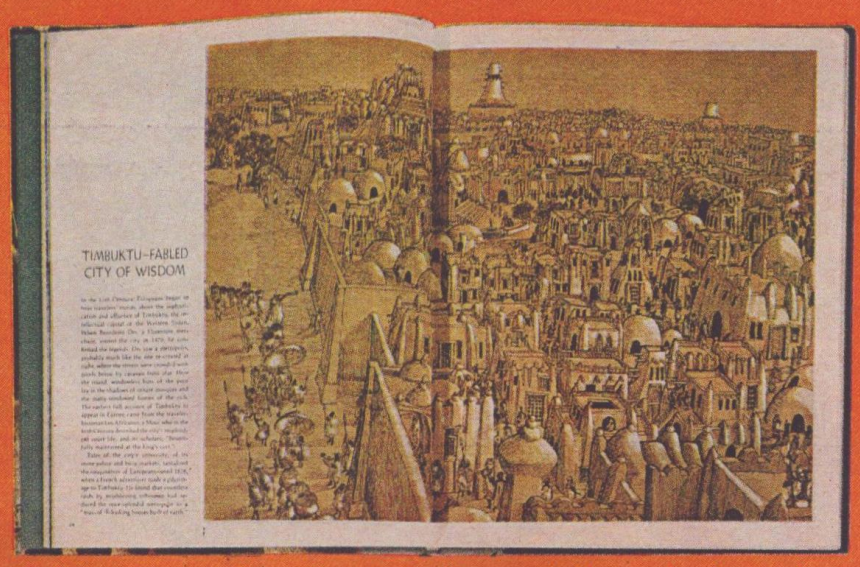

Timbuktu—the name lingers hauntingly, like some half-remembered story from childhood. But Timbuktu was not a fiction. It was a fabulous African reality—a center for the gold trade of the medieval empire of Songhai in the western Sudan. In its well-endowed university, scholars taught and wrote about history and religion, law and philosophy. In fact, Timbuktu's thriving book trade was more profitable than any other commerce—even gold. *African Kingdoms* contains a special portfolio of drawings that re-create the astonishing cities of Africa. Timbuktu is shown above from the descriptions of Florentine merchant Benedetto Dei who visited the city in 1470.

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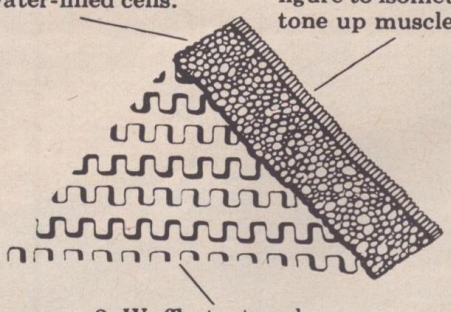

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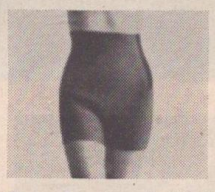

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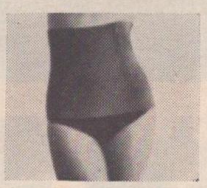

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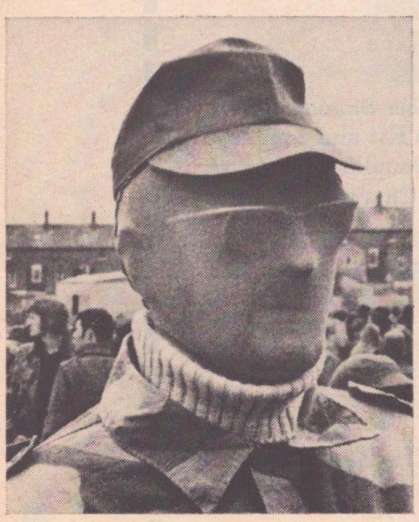
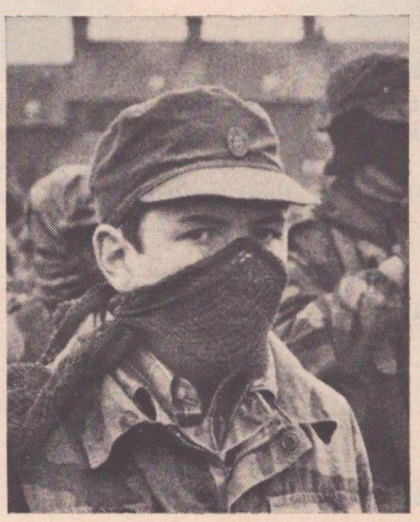
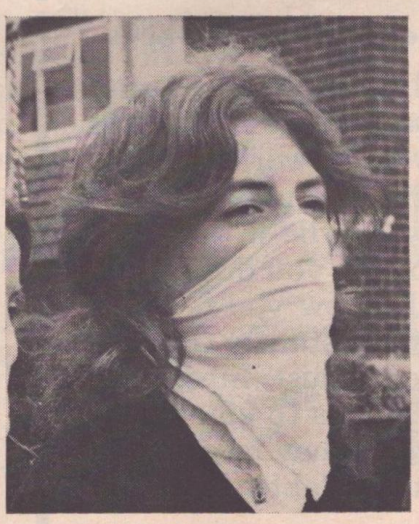
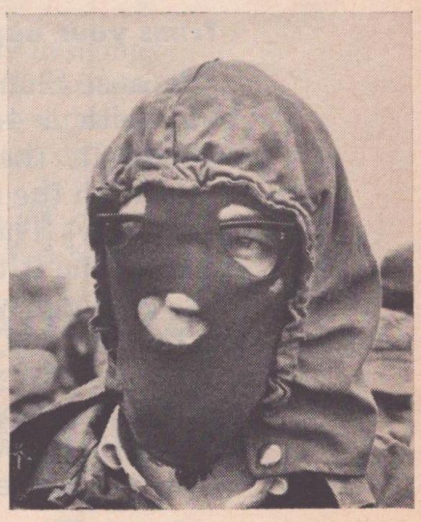








A bloody spiral of unyielding fury

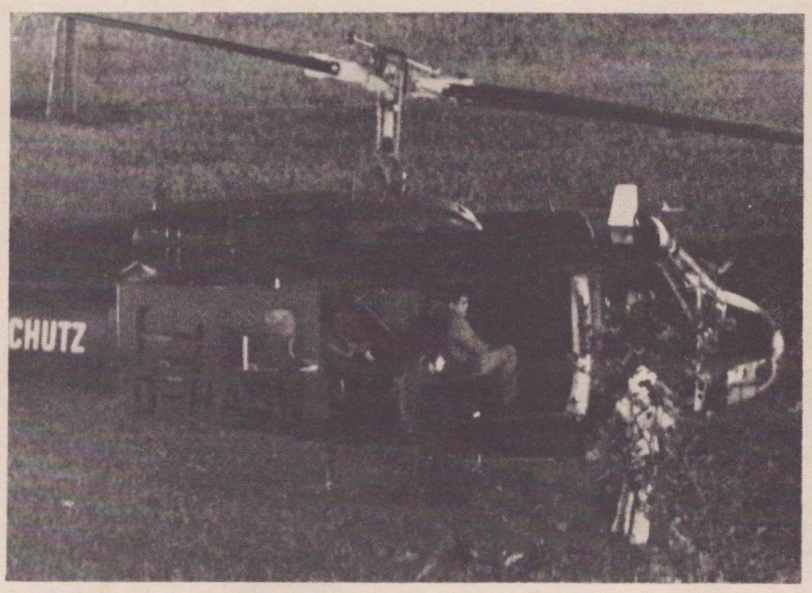
In Londonderry, a Catholic youngster hurled a rock at a speeding British armored car—hurled it with all the unyielding fury and hatred that made 1972 Northern Ireland's bloodiest year. In 12 months of terror, the death toll mounted from 202 to about 650 as the IRA stepped up its campaign of violence, and militant Protestants launched a widespread bombing and assassination campaign of their own, parading through the streets in masks and uniforms (left). In response, the British invaded the Catholic "no-go" areas (to placate the Protestants), halted the policy of internment (to placate the Catholics) and announced plans for the creation of a new provincial government. The scheme seemed likely to provoke the Protestants, and maybe the Catholics too, into new storms of protest and violence.

Liz and Liza: blossoming, still blooming

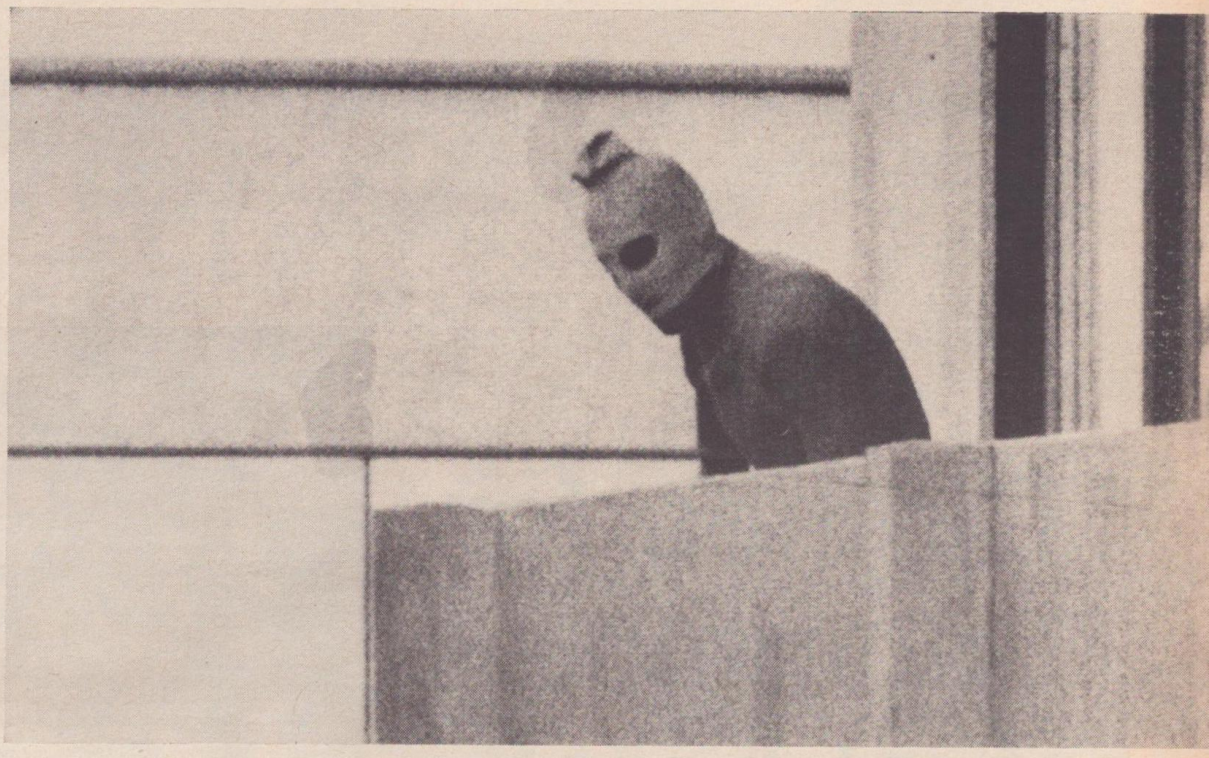
Is it really quite fair to speak of them as new talent and old beauty? Liza Minnelli emerged during the year as the long-legged girl with the flashing eyes and the green fingernails in *Cabaret*—an outlandishly engaging performer. As for Elizabeth Taylor, one of the great authentic beauties, who last year became a grandmother, she turned 40 in February and celebrated the event with a splashy, weekend-long party in Budapest. Husband Richard Burton eased the rites of passage with a $100,000 heart-shaped diamond.

The message was no peace in our time

A United Nations and a Camelot: that is how we liked to think of the Olympics. But the dream ended in Munich when eight members of an Arab group invaded the Israeli team's quarters, killing two Israelis and capturing nine others. The drama ended 20 hours later with all hostages, one policeman and five commandos dead and the Olympics in a dispirited shambles. Three Arabs were caught, but in October some terrorist comrades hijacked a Lufthansa plane and forced the German government to release the prisoners. The Arabs' precise motives remained murky, but the havoc they wrought was as clear as the image of a burnt-out helicopter on a Munich airstrip, caught—like the Olympics—in a hopeless cross fire.



Helicopters carried the Israeli hostages and their captors from the Olympic Village to a Munich airport where a plane the Arabs had demanded waited to fly them all out of the country. When the helicopters landed (right) a hostage could be seen sitting erect by a window in one of them. Then police opened fire and, helpless in the exchange, all the hostages died —the man in the seat is now slumped over (below). Five terrorists also died, as did a policeman.



On a morning that appalled the world, a commando paced back and forth on the balcony (above) of the Israeli team headquarters. Already two Israelis were dead and nine had been made hostages. The macabre scene took place in front of police, spectators and a world-wide television audience.

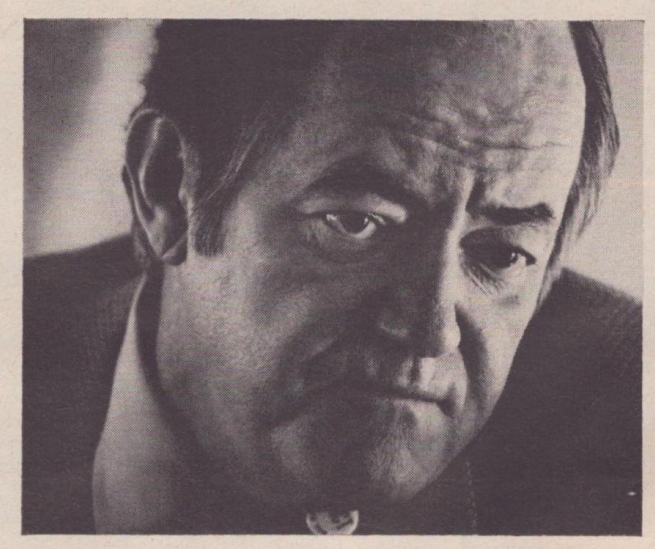
After the shoot-out, a seat in one of the helicopters where the hostages died (left) was shredded, bloody testimony to the carnage at the airport. Trying to reconstruct exactly what had happened, German authorities pored over the outside of the chopper (below) and used string (right) to gauge the trajectories of the fatal bullets.

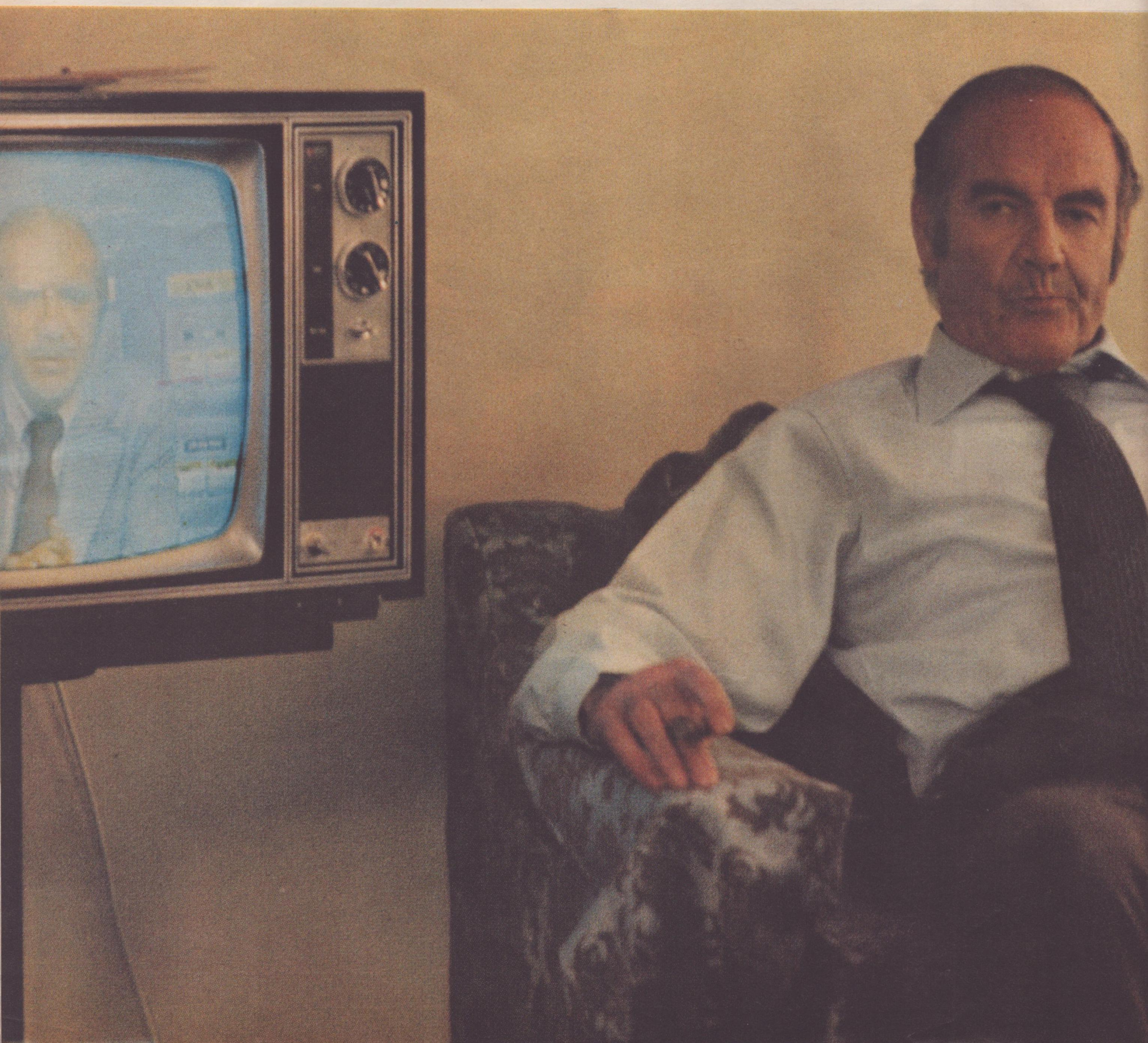
Clothes for summer— just barely

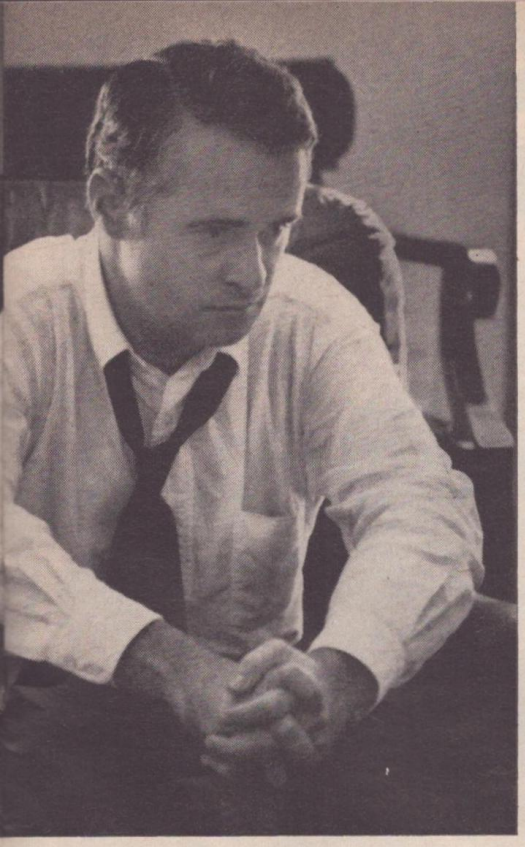
In fashion, unlike politics, the least coverage wins the greatest exposure. In the hot summer of '72 women all over the country got the "bare look" message. At Yellowfinger's restaurant in New York (pictures above) the fashion fare was halters and tank tops. But at a Puerto Rican rock festival (right) one couple got by with nothing more than some well-placed leaves.

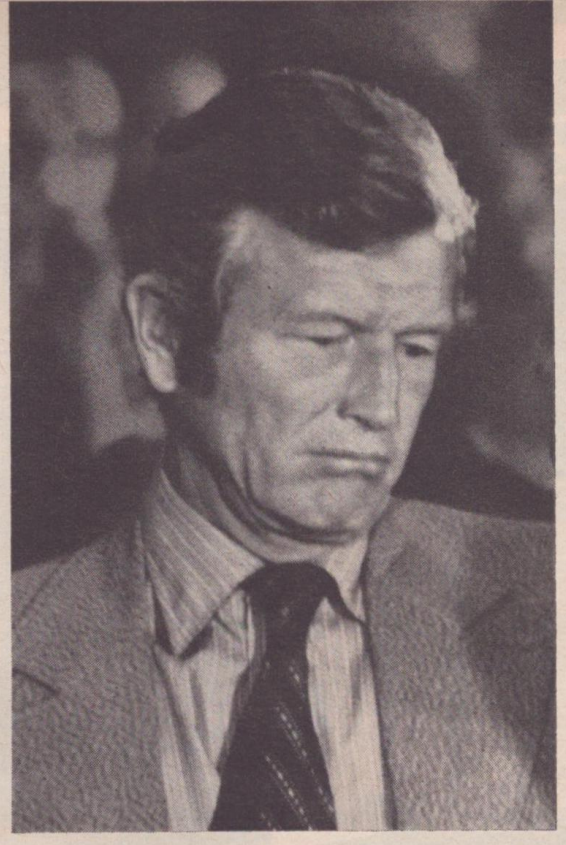
Glum, glum, glum

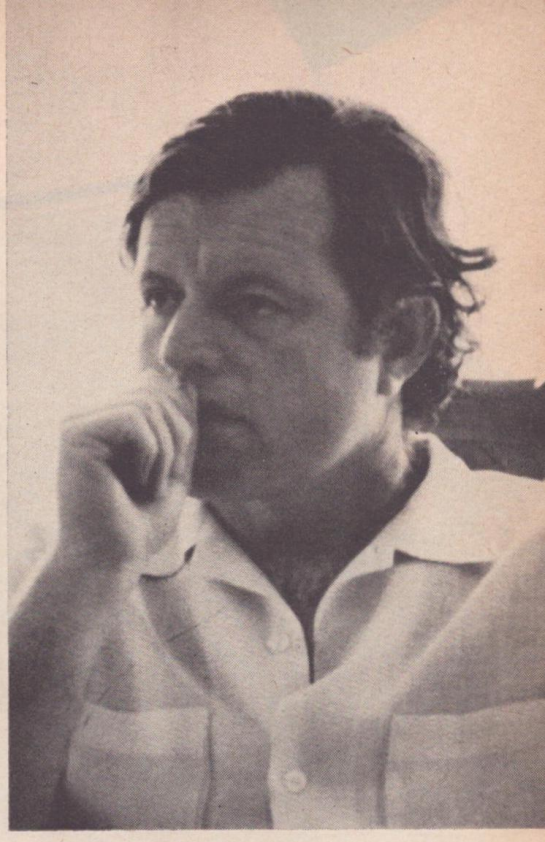
Democratic presidential hopefuls were not hard to find, but smiles among them were rare. First they eliminated each other in the most crowded primary season ever. Then the survivor, Senator George McGovern (below), suffered the worst shellacking a Democratic candidate for President ever took, leaving the party divided and bickering over its own future. McGovern blamed his defeat on a "wedding" of Republicans and defecting pro-Wallace Democrats. Other Democratic candidates, however, managed to retain control of Congress and even add one governorship.

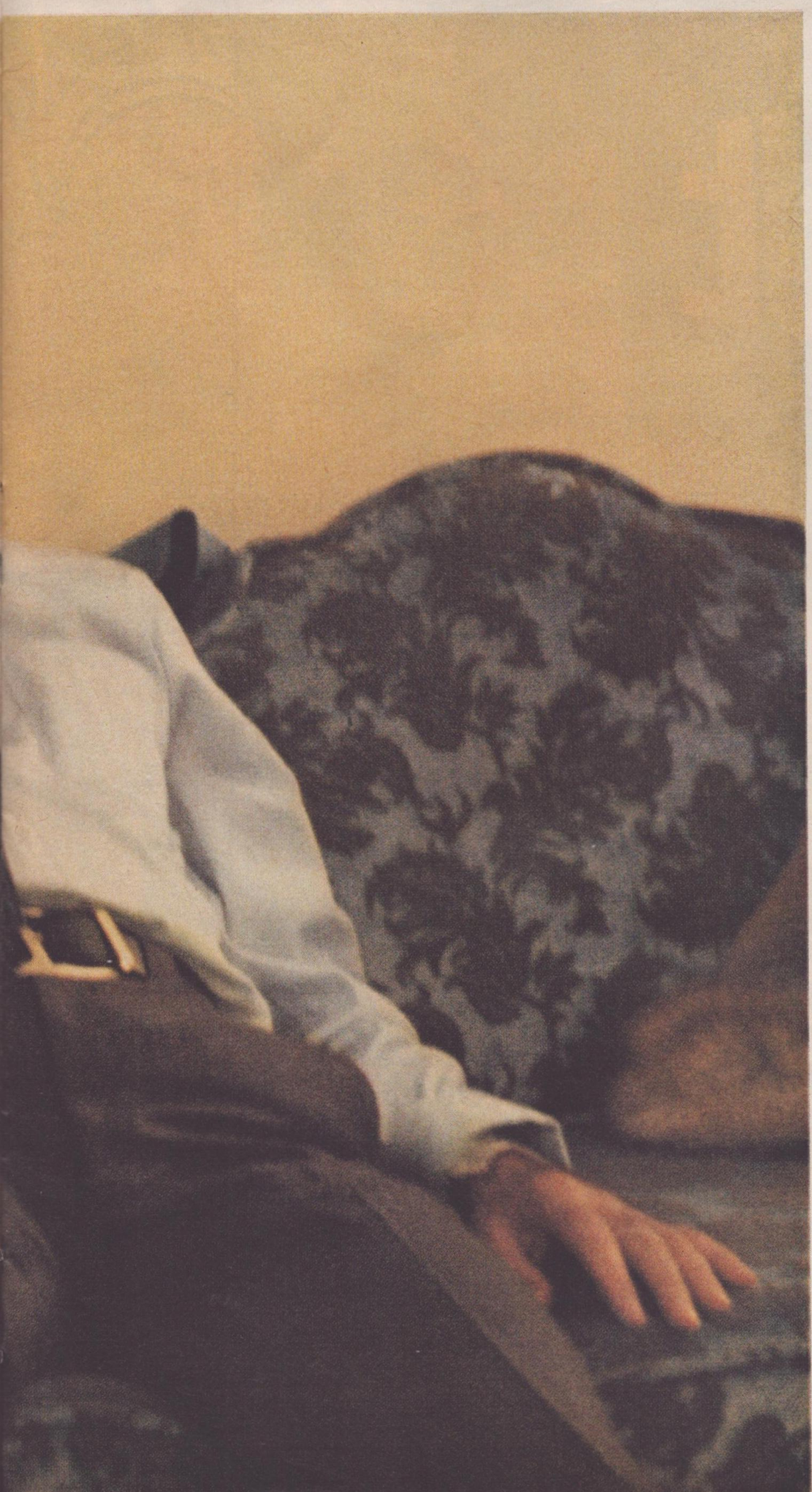


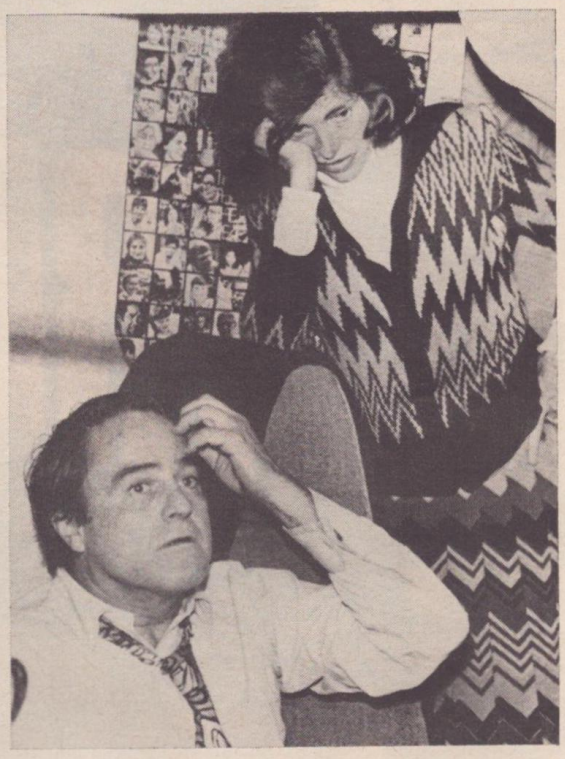




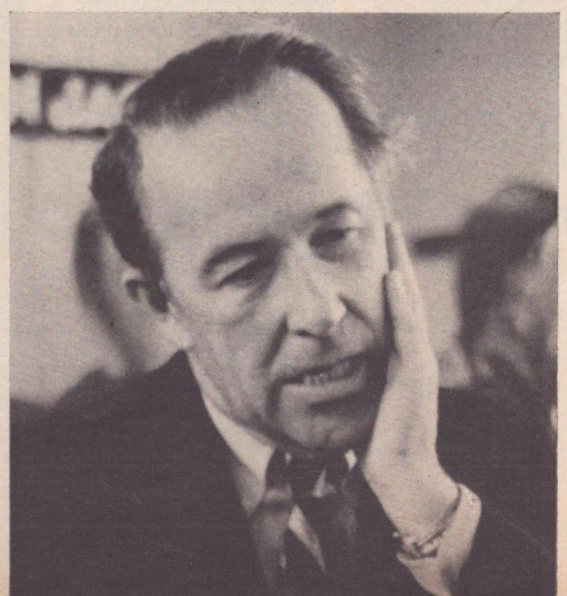




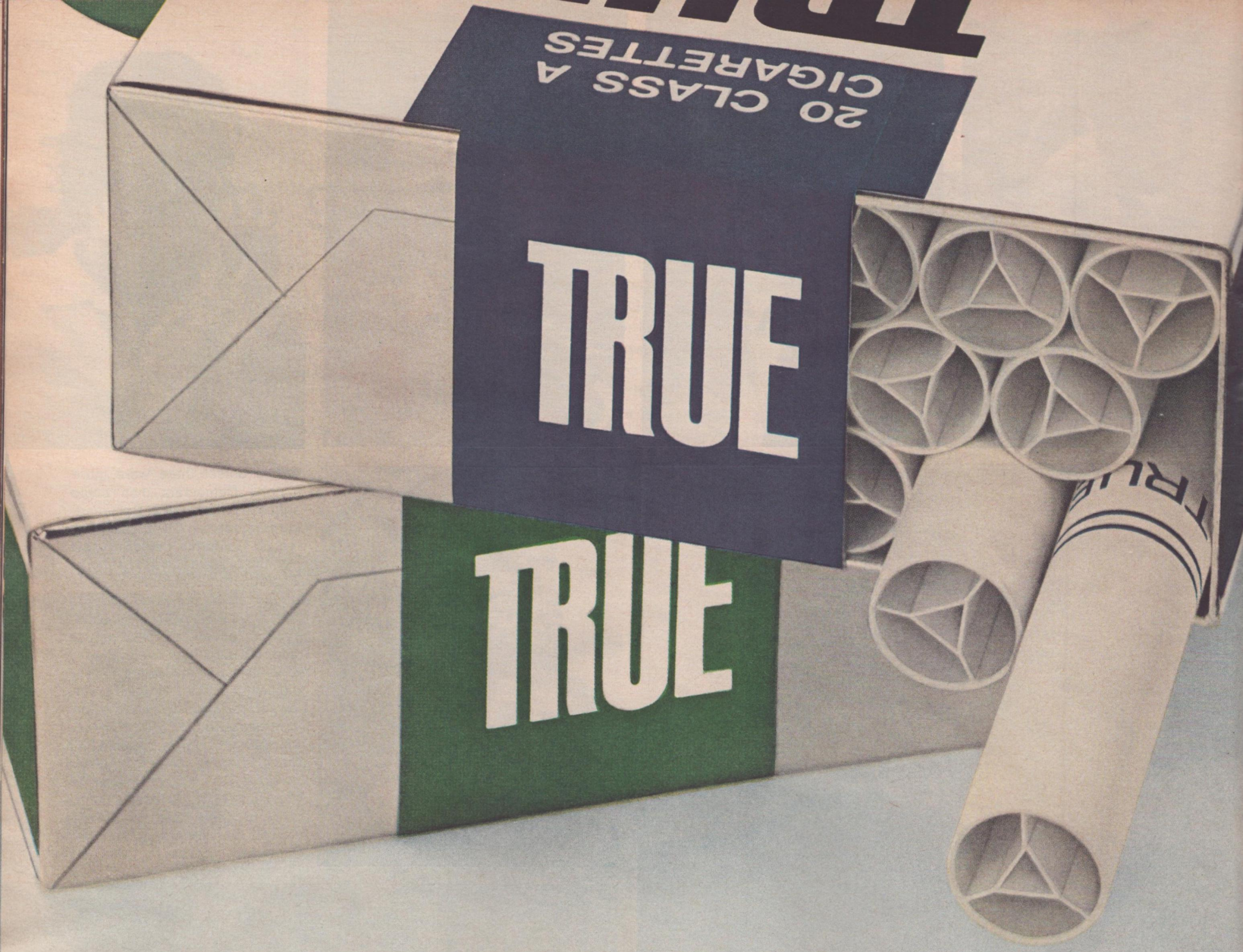




At the outset there were more hopeful Democrats than could squeeze onto a ballot. But—reading from top far left—primary defeat in California denied Hubert Humphrey the second chance he wanted. Tom Eagleton's chances on the ticket were wrecked in the uproar over his psychiatric history. John Lindsay switched parties and ran, but it didn't help. Shirley Chisholm got few votes for the nomination, but in November she swept her Brooklyn congressional race with 87%. Ted Kennedy chose not to run—a decision he'll have to make, or not, over and over again. His brother-in-law Sargent Shriver (with wife Eunice at left) tried hard to become No. 2, even though he was only seventh choice for the job.



The most disappointed Democrat of all may have been Ed Muskie, whose front-running campaign went adrift (above) in New Hampshire. Both Muskie and Scoop Jackson (left) eventually endorsed McGovern, their Senate colleague, but it wasn't enough to stem the Nixon avalanche.



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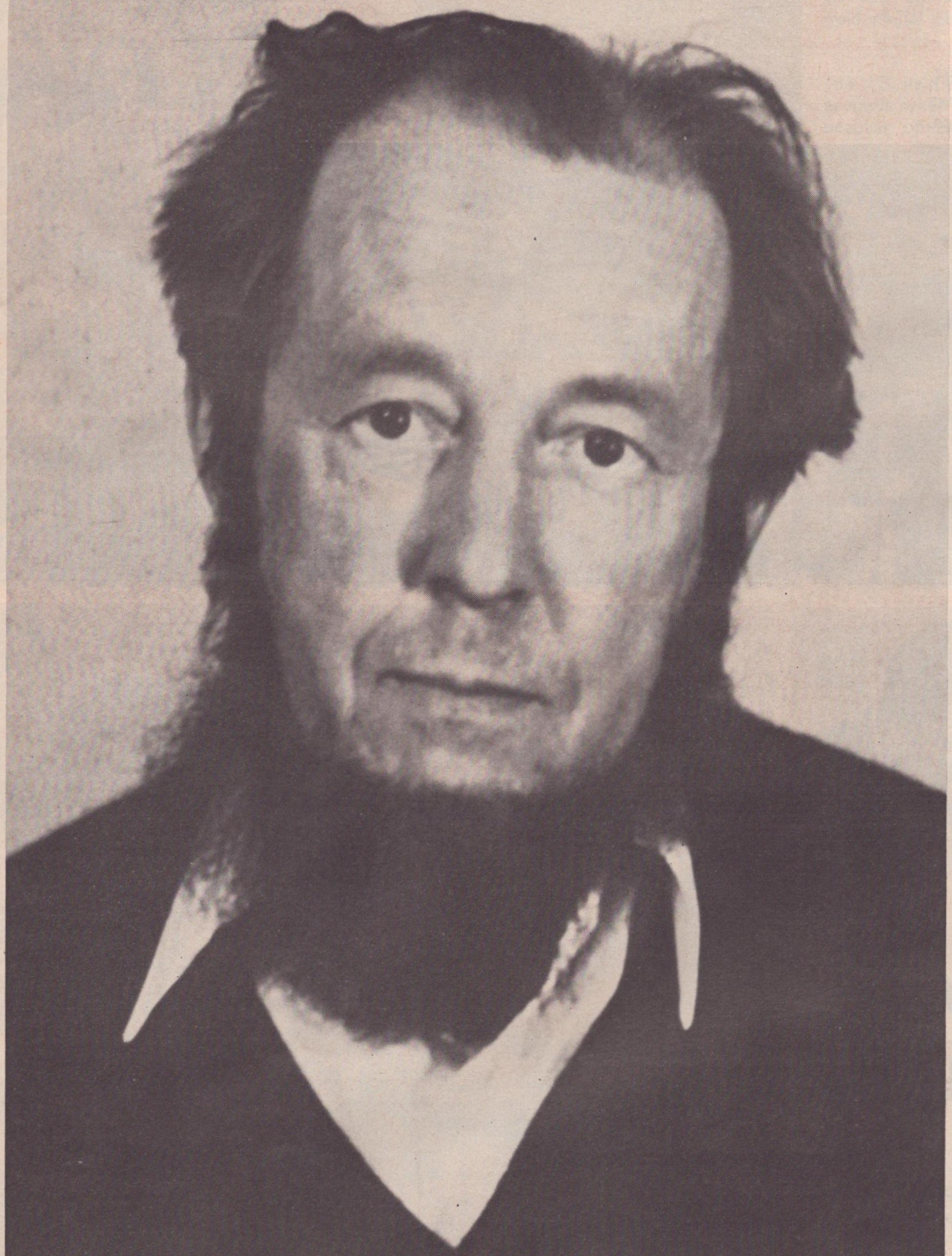
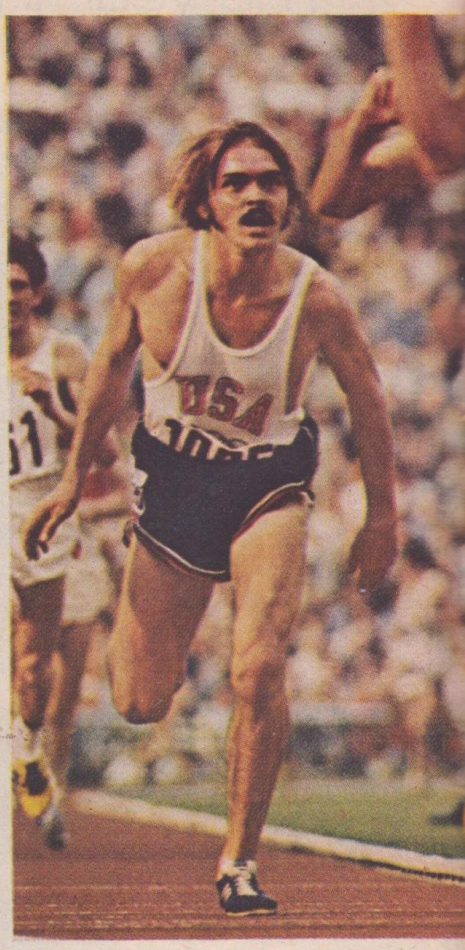


Under heavy attack, the writer stands firm

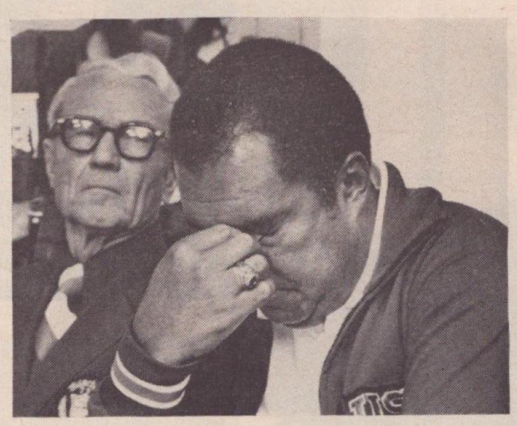
Continuing his one-man struggle against Soviet repression, Russian Nobel Prize winner Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn smuggled the manuscript of his latest work, *August 1914*, out of Russia, and the book was published this year in over half a dozen foreign languages. The novel, the first of a series that will trace the roots of the Russian Revolution, provoked an ominous upsurge in propaganda against him. In response, Solzhenitsyn invited Western newsmen to his Moscow home, posed with his wife, Natalya, and his 15-month-old son Yermolai (right), and denounced the Soviet accusations against him.

Their nonchalance in victory tarnished a one-two finish in the 400-meter run and barred Vince Matthews (right) and Wayne Collett from future Olympics.

On his way to a pro career, heavyweight Duane Bobick was stopped cold: not by Frazier, not by Ali, but by a hammer-fisted Cuban named Stevenson.

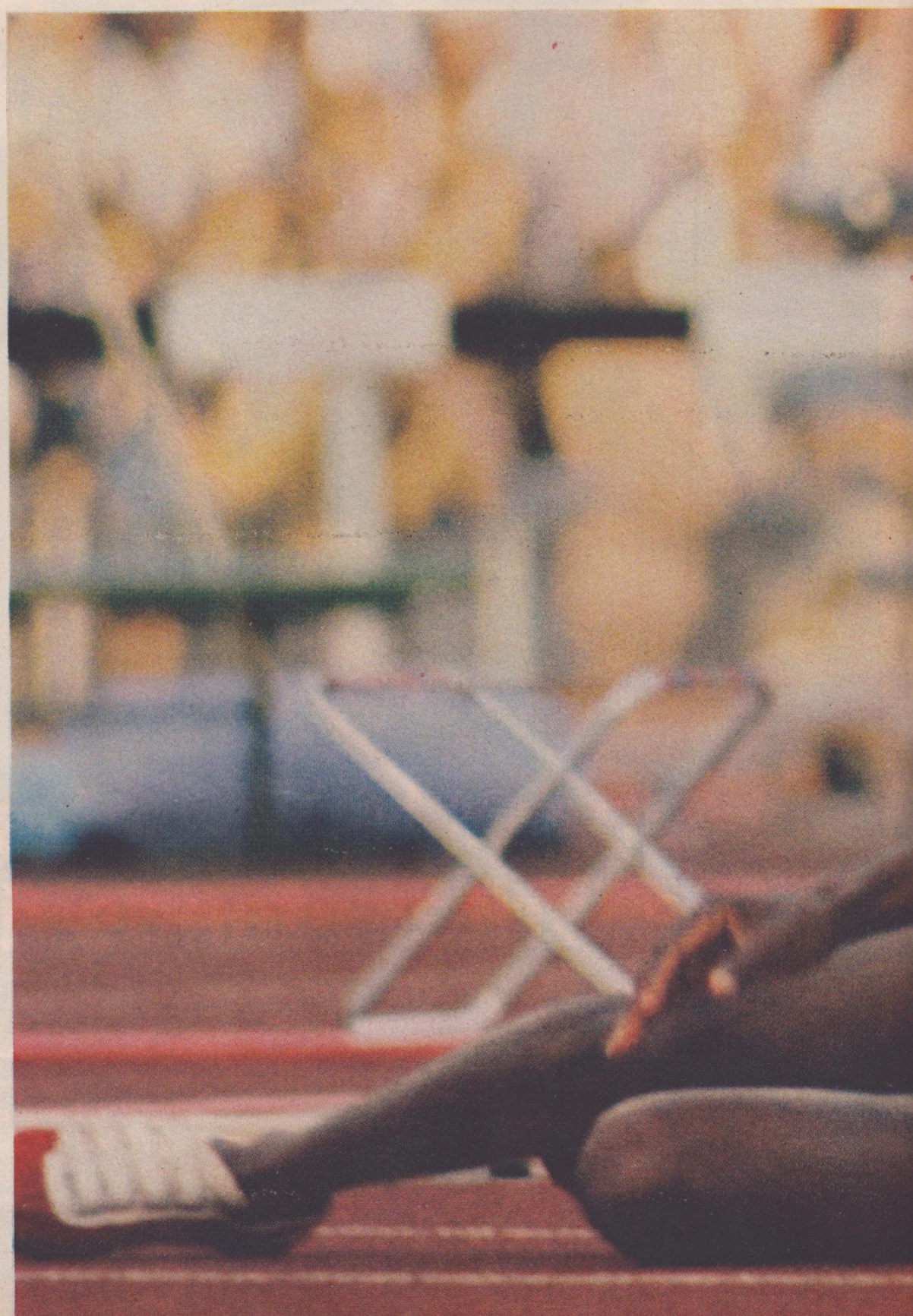


Sprinters Eddie Hart and Rey Robinson were considered likely medalists in the 100-meter dash, but U.S. team officials misread the Olympic track schedules, leaving the runners on the sidelines and their erring coach, Stan Wright, in tears.



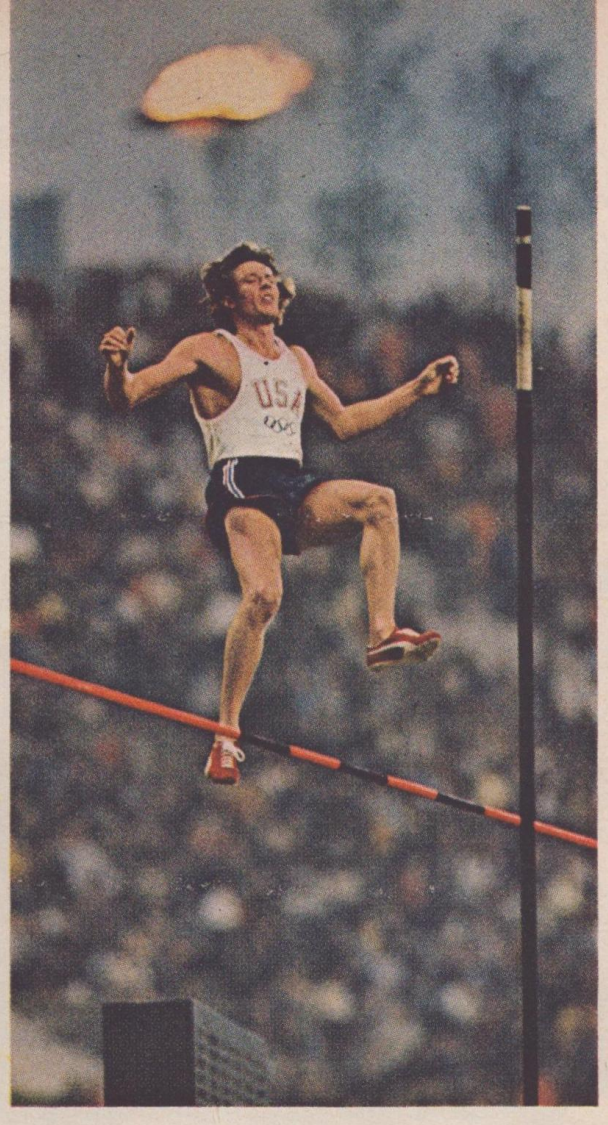
A gallery of foul-ups

Except for the colossal individual performance by Mark Spitz (page 62), '72 was not a good year for U.S. pride in the Olympics. There was miler Jim Ryun stumbling and losing the race he had waited for four years to run (right). There were athletes who took illegal drugs unknowingly—and knowingly; athletes not showing up on time; athletes who lost because of bad coaching—and their own bad performances—or bad officiating; athletes who sullied their victories with displays of anger, indifference or greed. Underlying all the foul-ups and failures was growing doubt about the future Olympics. Could an event which began with the exclusion of Rhodesians and ended with the slaughter of Israelis be continued? No answer yet, but on Election Day, Colorado voters issued an ominous warning for future Games by refusing to fund the 1976 Winter Olympics. Defeats on the field and horror off it left uncertain whether in America, or in all the world, there was still room enough, and time, for future Games. Do we still need Olympic Games?



Young Steve Prefontaine was the man to beat in 5,000-meter run. Three athletes did just that.

Rick DeMont's swimming win turned into tears. He hadn't been told his asthma drug was illegal.



Officials forced defending champion Bob Seagren to use an unfamiliar pole. Seagren lost his gold medal chances, his match and his temper.

The U.S. held onto basketball supremacy until final seconds, when determined Russians, aided by some peculiar officiating, produced a stunning upset.

Victorian relic in a sea of change

Change is an American axiom, and the statistics detailing our new loves, our new life-styles, new jobs and new homes proliferate without end. The fellow who built the Victorian Gothic house at right, in Oceano, Calif. in 1884, knew something about change. He put up the permanent-looking array of towers and turrets (with black walnut staircases inside) because he saw change coming to the area, and he thought he might as well be comfortably established when it got there. He was both right and wrong. He was sure that the railroad was going to lay money-producing tracks in front of his door. It never did. But Highway One eventually arrived to shake things up, and after nearly 90 years, the old house now serves as a symbolic centerpiece to a trailer park.

The year in pictures

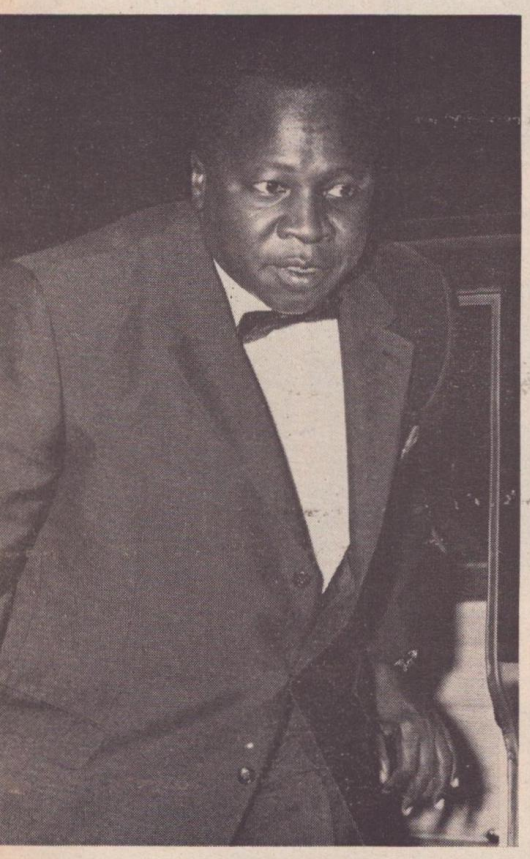
Uganda

Shortly after announcing that he intended to force 50,000 Asians out of his country, General Amin of Uganda made jokes at a luncheon with an uneasy guest, British High Commissioner Richard Slater, left. Britain accepted many of the émigrés and helped arrange resettlement for others. At right, Amin, in most circumstances fond of elaborate costumes, relaxes.

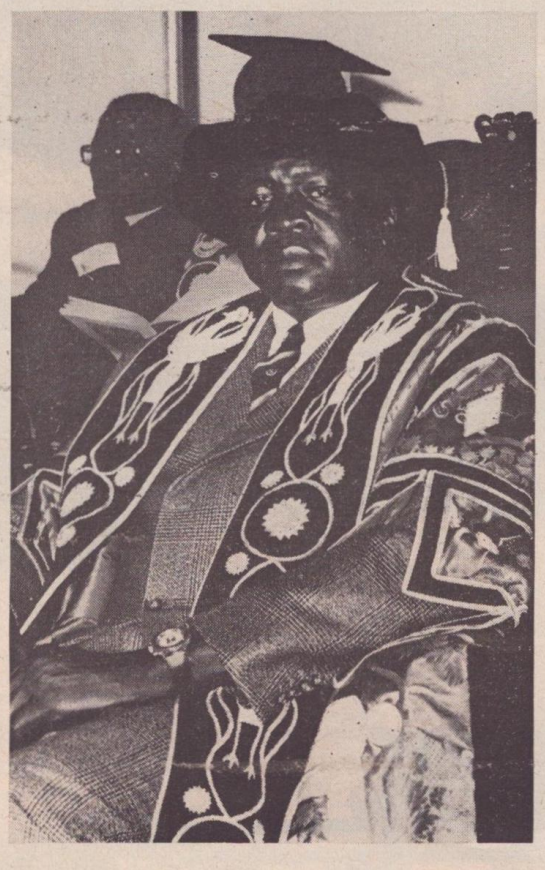
'Big Daddy' Amin rules a country in big trouble

For a while after the coup that brought him to power, General Idi Amin looked like the leader Uganda needed. "Big Daddy" began by disbanding the secret police and speaking benevolently and often to his people. But soon Amin's wild spending, mostly on the army, and his even wilder public statements suggested a different image for the onetime military boxer and British colonial officer. His earthy language turned menacing. He talked of invading South Africa, made threats against Israel and even suggested, in a horrifying public remark, that Hitler was right. Finally, last August he told 50,000 Asians, practically the entire Ugandan middle class, that they must leave the country. But in the end the refugees were not the only victims. When they had gone, Uganda was in disarray: shops and businesses were closed, the economy stagnated. Reports of terrorism against Uganda's intellectuals, foreign journalists and hapless citizens continued to pour out of the troubled country.

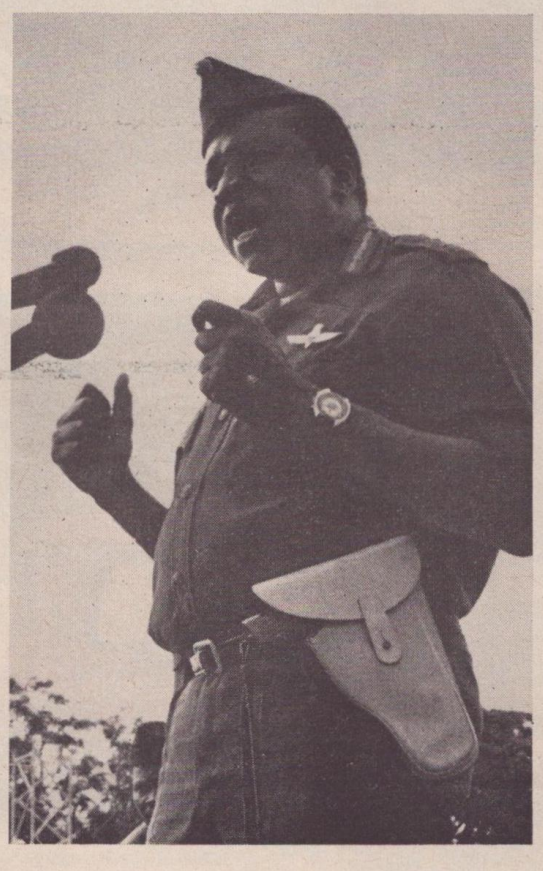
Dinner-jacketed Amin met in London with Prime Minister Heath shortly after he took over.



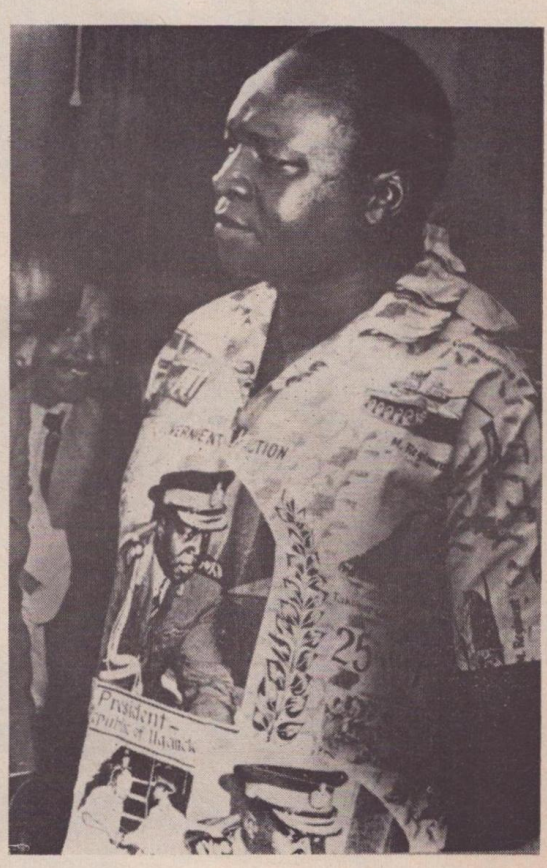
In academic robes, the general presided over honor ceremonies at Makerere University.

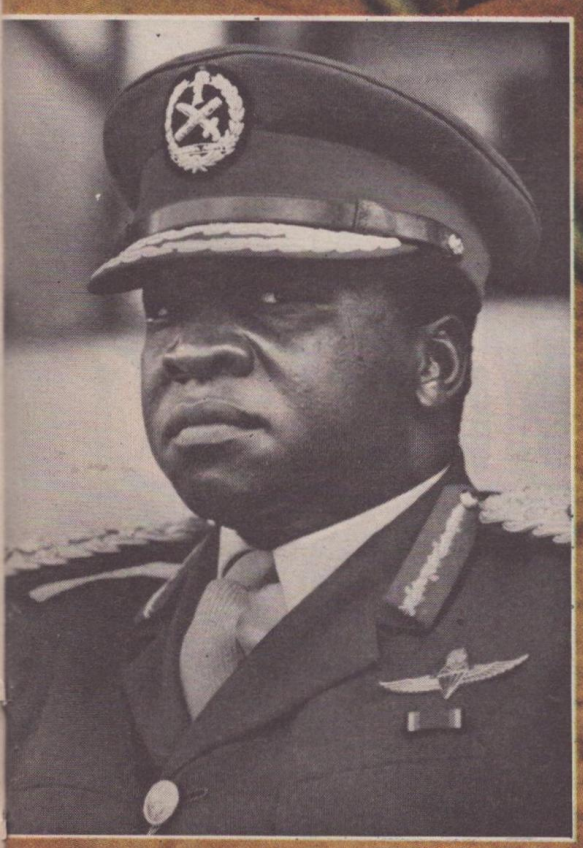


Wearing an outsized pistol, Amin defended his policies before a crowd at Kampala, the capital.



Amin is the flamboyant egotist in a "self-portrait" shirt (below), the perfect soldier (below right).





Come to

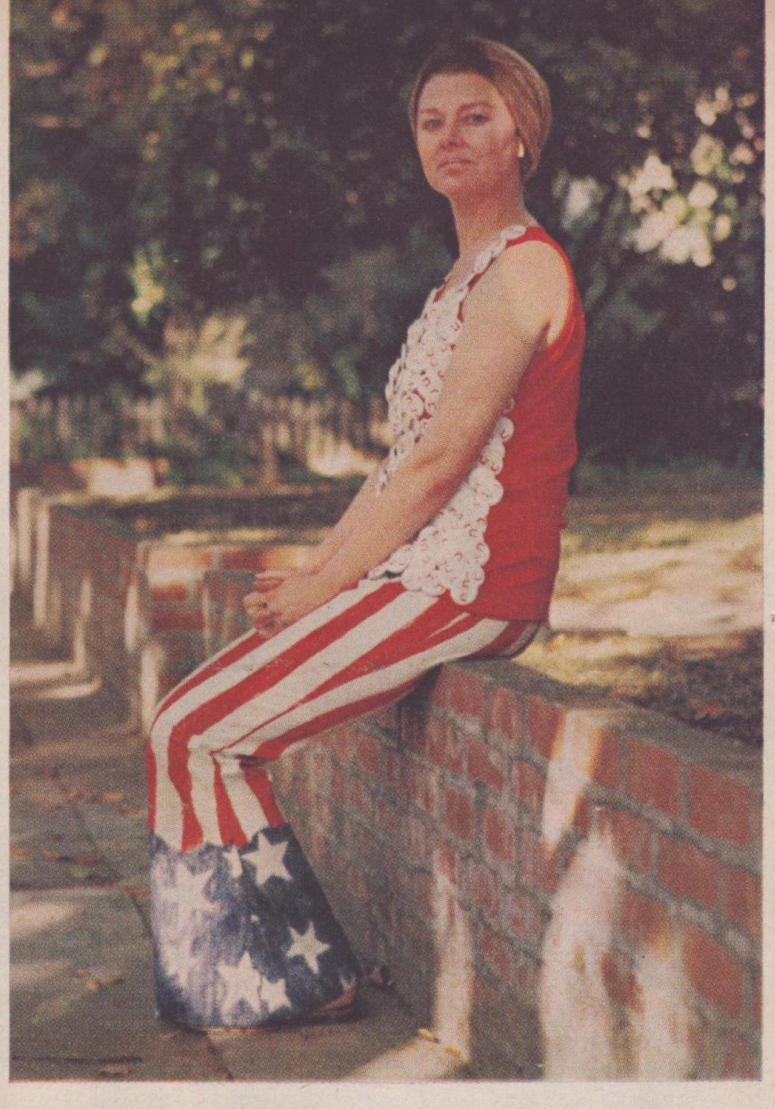
Kings: 18 mg."tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine—
100's: 19 mg."tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'72

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Marlboro Country.

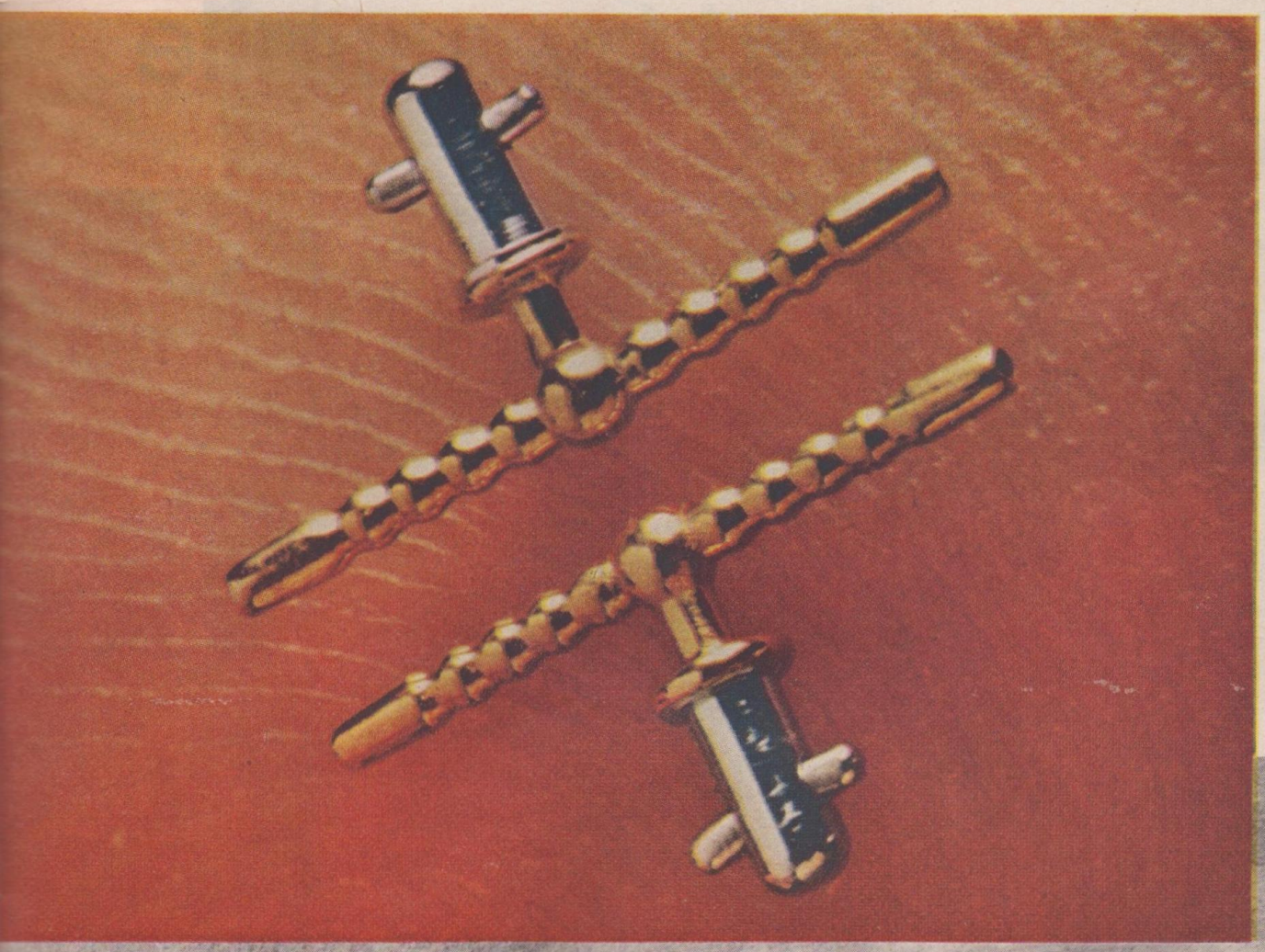
**Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.**

The bottom drops out of the baby boom



The baby girl at left was on the cover of a LIFE issue that took up the mathematics of population control. Some birth-control proponents, like Shirley Radl of the National Organization for Non-Parents (the blouse she is wearing above is festooned with NON buttons), urged couples to consider not having children.

The number of men having vasectomies continued to rise this year. But since the operation is generally irreversible, scientists developed an alternative, the gold microvalves shown below enlarged 11 times. The devices, which are still under test, fit inside the sperm ducts. By twisting the knobs, a urologist can shut off a man's sperm flow or restore it at will.



Crowds like the one of more than 30,000 that carpeted Central Park for a rock concert (below) may still evoke the specter of an overpeopled planet, but 1972 was a heartening year for population control advocates. The country's birth rate—cooled off by the Pill, relaxed abortion laws, a dragging economy and more working wives—dropped sharply to its lowest level ever. Parents were averaging only 2.1 children per couple, a rate that will bring "Zero Population Growth" if kept up until the year 2045 A.D. In March, a presidential commission strongly urged that such a stabilized population become a national policy goal. Meanwhile, helpful scientists were testing many new contraceptives, like these tiny gold sperm valves at left.

The war and Kim Phuc—memories masked by a smile

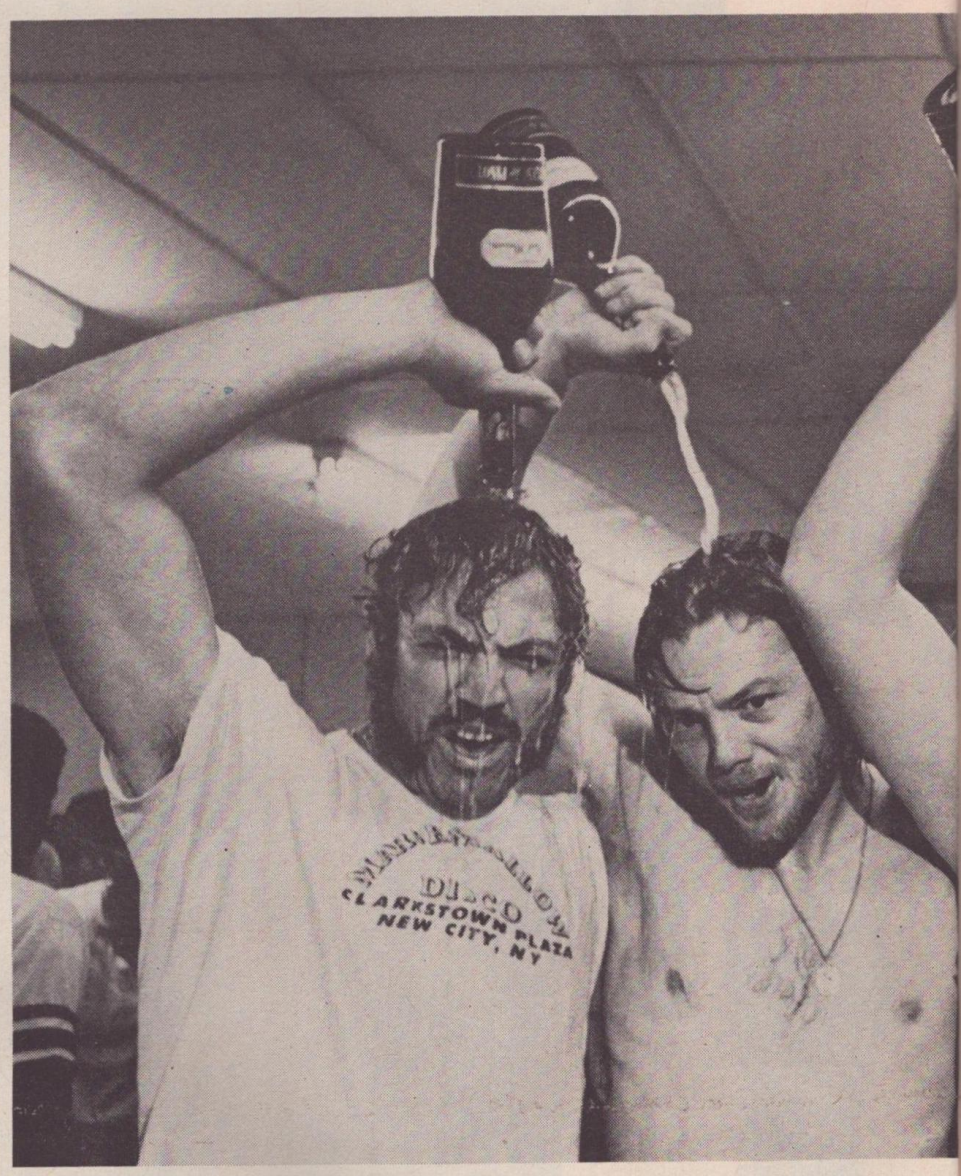
This searing photograph of children fleeing after an accidental South Vietnamese napalm strike appeared around the world last June. It seemed to speak for every one of the millions of civilians who have fled down Vietnam's highways in search of haven from the hounds of war. Severely burned, 9-year-old Phan Thi Kim Phuc underwent 15 weeks of skin grafts and physical therapy in a Saigon hospital, then was taken back to her village.

But the war was not yet done with the little girl. Incredibly, South Vietnamese planes struck again last November—this time demolishing Kim Phuc's home in an effort to drive out North Vietnamese troops who had temporarily occupied the town. Kim Phuc returned again to her home, which has now been partially rebuilt. Her scars are healed, and she is going to school again. Her memories lie hidden behind an easy, cheerful smile.

Up, down and around—the dice roll for '72

Angela Davis

There was a recent time when she was thought to be dangerous enough a fugitive to be on the FBI's "Ten Most Wanted" list, sought for the part she allegedly played in the 1970 shoot-out at the Marin County, Calif. courthouse. She was caught and imprisoned for 15 months. Her trial attracted worldwide attention. A jury deliberated 13 hours, then returned a verdict of "not guilty." For Angela Davis, black activist, Communist, philosophy instructor, June 4, 1972, the last day of the trial, was understandably "the happiest day of my life."



The Oakland Athletics

In the beginning, the long-haired, mustachioed, gaudy-uniformed Oakland Athletics were down: Vida Blue, their ace pitcher, was not performing. But they squeaked through the playoffs, beating the Detroit Tigers but losing their best hitter. Against the Cincinnati Reds in the World Series, the A's were underdogs. Yet, in seven games, Oakland won and (from left to right) Athletics Mike Epstein, Dave Duncan, Joe Rudi and Sal Bando took the traditional champagne victory shower.

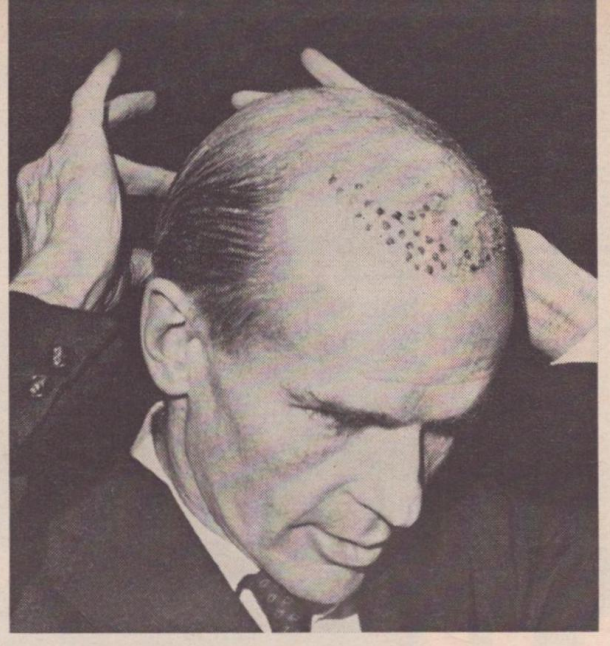
Bella Abzug

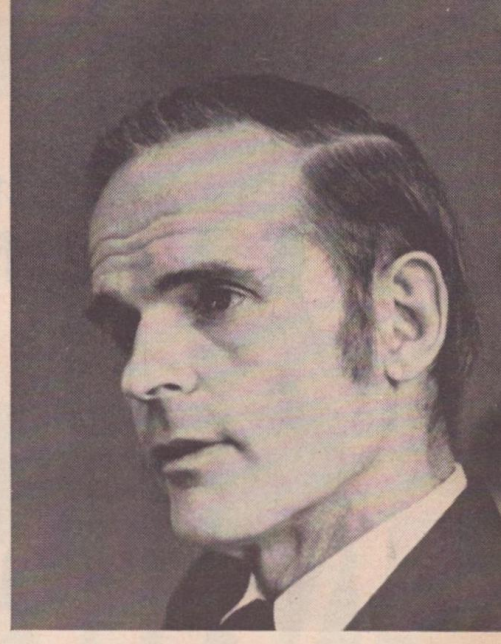
With the familiar flop in her hats and the rasp in her voice, women's rights advocate Bella Abzug had soared to prominence in her first term in Congress. Abruptly, in a reapportionment shuffle, her 19th congressional district in New York City was whisked right out from under her. Then, in a bitter primary struggle, she took yet another political trouncing from her fellow reform Democrat William Ryan. But when the ailing Ryan died before the election, the redoubtable Ms. Abzug bounded back into contention, pitted this time against Ryan's widow, whom she beat by a two-to-one margin in the November election.

Bobby Hull

Momentarily jubilant over the outlandishly large bonus check he got for jumping to the new World Hockey Association, hockey superstar Bobby Hull quickly found himself tangled in a maze of lawsuits and unable to play anywhere. Finally, after several seesaw months —now off, now on the ice—the onetime pride of the NHL's Chicago Black Hawks was allowed to settle down to straight hockey with his new team, the Winnipeg Jets of Canada.

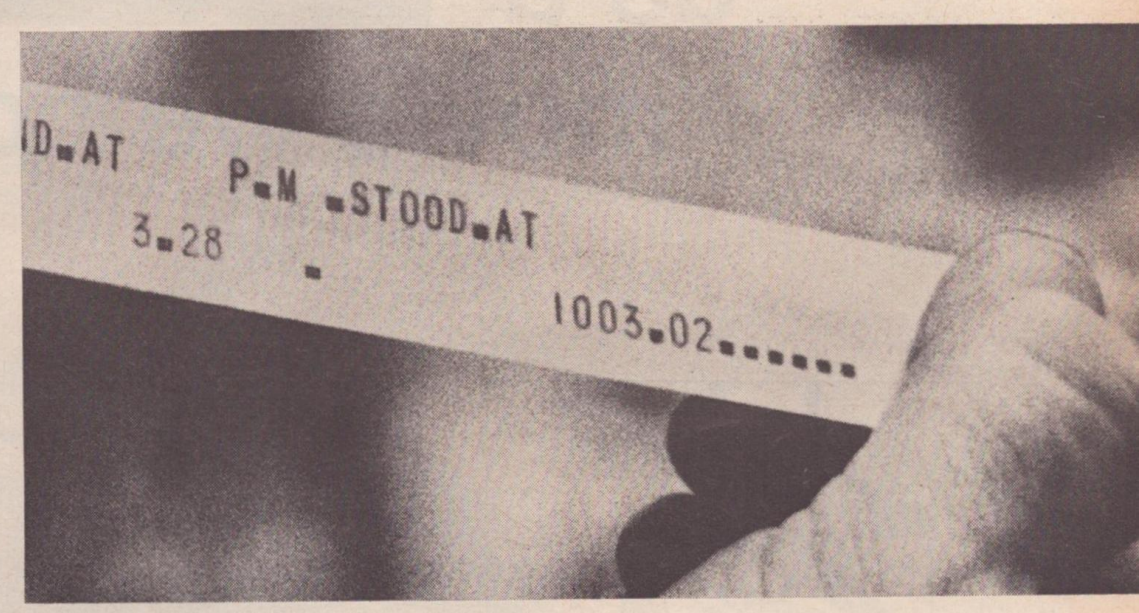
"How fate loves a jest!" a French poet once remarked. Truly destiny in 1972 toyed with all those pictured on these pages. From one improbable moment to another, they were seesawed from pit to pinnacle (or vice versa), confronted with the various prospects of losing (or regaining) their reputations, their money, their trophies, their hair. Somehow, they all survived.





William Proxmire

In game pursuit of a long-since-receded hairline, Senator William Proxmire, 57, underwent a hair transplant that installed 164 plugs of hair atop his balding pate. Months later, he was "still a semi-baldy, but a little more semi and a little less baldy."



The Dow-Jones Average

In all its years of fluctuations, the New York Stock Exchange ticker showing the Dow-Jones industrial averages had never ever closed higher than 1000. But on Nov. 14, 1972, the D-J averages did it, finishing up the day just over the 1000 mark.

Olga Korbut

Tiny Soviet gymnast Olga Korbut wept unashamedly at the Munich Olympics after she did poorly in one event. But her next night's performance restored her to grace and glory. In the end she won two gold medals and one silver. But after the Olympics, her fortunes took another plunge: a slipped disk has sidelined her from regular competition.

Jack Anderson

With one sensational disclosure after another—notably the ITT affair—columnist Jack Anderson was having a bonanza year—that is, until August. Then, having wrongly charged Tom Eagleton with a record of drunken and reckless driving, the celebrated muckraker was obliged to publicly back down and apologize personally to the vice-presidential nominee for his undue haste "to score a scoop."

Charlie Chaplin

Barred from the U.S. in 1952 for moral turpitude and dangerous political affiliations, Charlie Chaplin—actor, producer, director and all-around movie legend—returned in April to be forgiven and to be acclaimed for "the incalculable effect he has had in making motion pictures the art form of this century."

They made us a movie we couldn't refuse

In Paris (above), he's called *le Parrain*; in Madrid, he's *el Padrino*. Whether he's *Kummisetä* (Finland), *ó Novós* (Greece), *Gudfadern* (Sweden) *or il Padrino* (Italy), *The Godfather* is the biggest moneymaking U.S. film ever. But while audiences wallow in the chronicle of the movie Mafia, it's business as usual for real-life Mafia. The blood feud following mobster Joey Gallo's murder in New York cost eight lives. And after a two-year crime wave, 800 Sicilian Mafiosi were exiled to lonely Mediterranean islands.

Film *Godfather* Don Corleone, played by Marlon Brando, watches his grandson chase flies with a spray gun. In the inset, Genco Russo, a real-life old-time Mafioso, relaxes in Sicily with his niece.

Salem refreshes naturally!

Natural Menthol™ Blend
(means naturally fresh taste)

Salem's unique blend features natural menthol, not the kind made in laboratories. Like our superb tobaccos, our menthol is naturally grown. You'll get a taste that's not harsh or hot...a taste as naturally cool and fresh as Springtime.

King or Super King.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

KING, SUPER KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '72.

The year in pictures **The Wallace Shooting**

Once again, violence to haunt the political stage

In Laurel, Md., Wallace wades into the crowd, greeting his supporters

Below, a hand holding a gun snakes toward

In the remarkable sequence by CBS cameraman Laurens Pierce, puffs of gunsmoke appear as Bremer fires a third and fourth time

A Secret Service agent tries gamely to thwart the assassin by throwing his coat

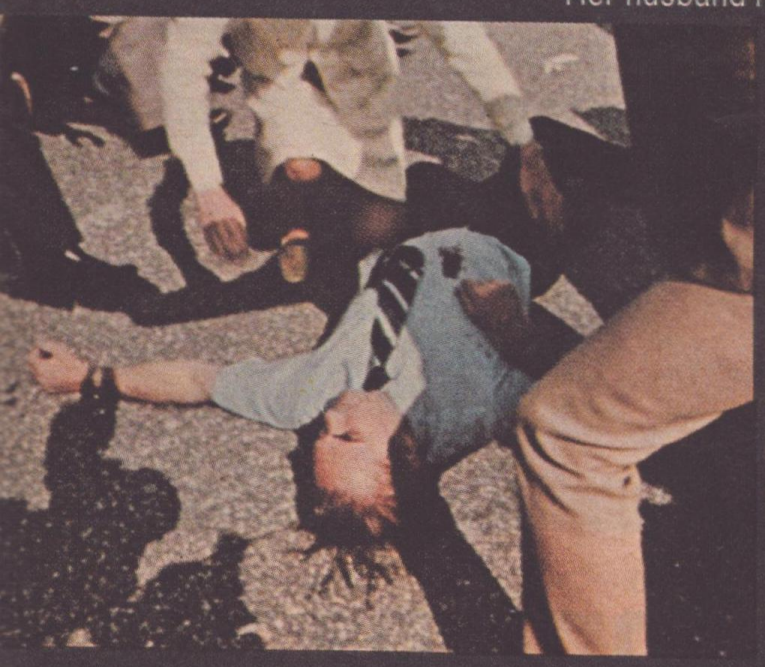
On that day in May when Arthur Bremer poked his .38-caliber pistol through the crowd at a Maryland shopping center and gunned down George Wallace, it was as much an assault on the democratic process as it was an attack upon the life of one man. In an election year, the assassination attempt did two things: it removed a major candidate from the electoral scene—and in the end contributed to the size of Nixon's victory. It also resurrected all the chilling, familiar uncertainties that most Americans preferred to think had been buried with the violent decade of the '60s and the murders of John F. Kennedy, his brother Robert and Dr. Martin Luther King.

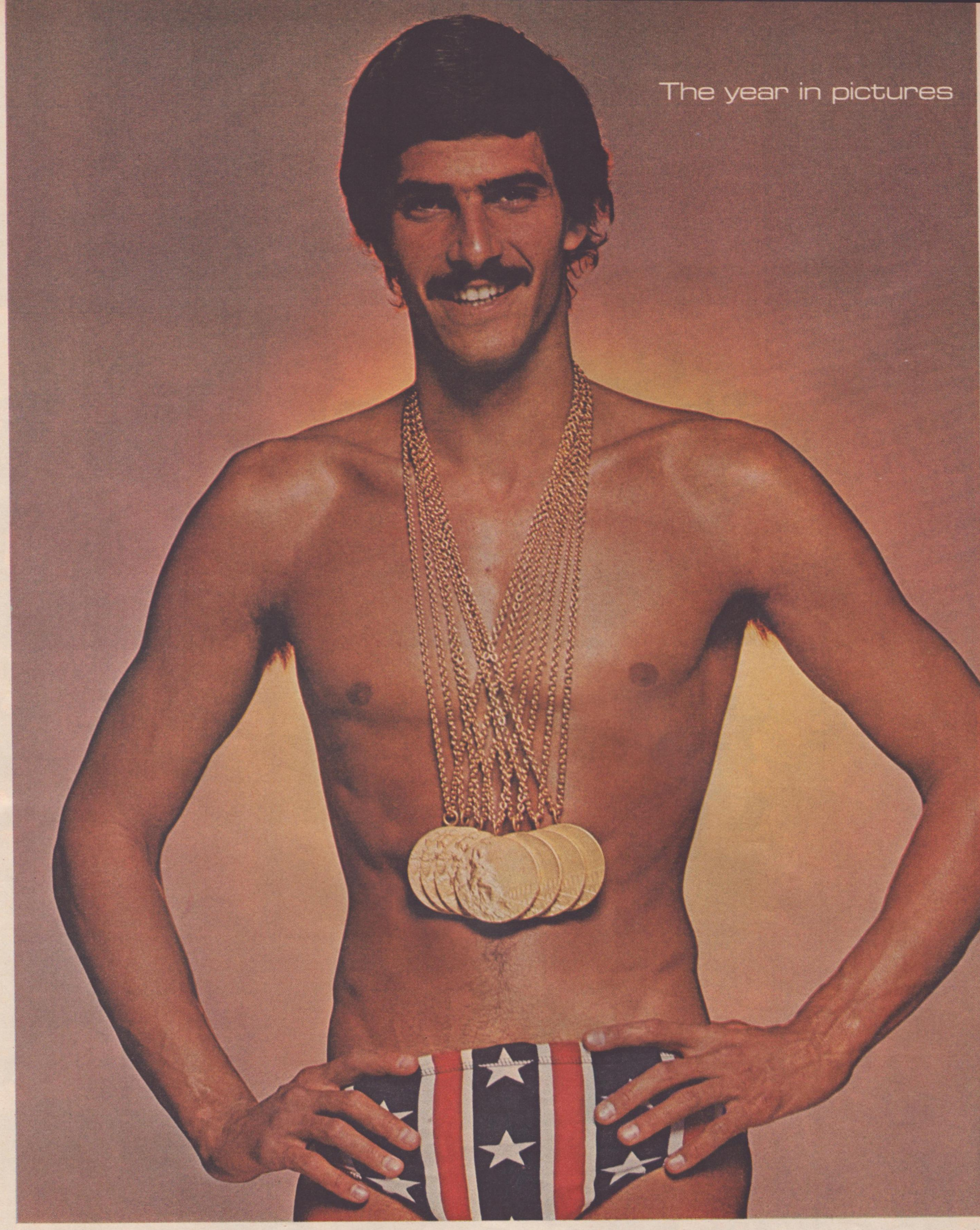
Wallace from the second rank of well-wishers

Arthur Bremer, in dark glasses, can be seen. He aims and fires

Aware at last of what has been happening, bystanders grapple with Bremer

Her husband has fallen to the ground, and Cornelia Wallace lunges to protect him





The certain smile of champions

Mighty deeds: when he finally got out of the pool in Munich, Mark Spitz was dripping more gold medals—seven—than anyone had ever won in a single Olympics. And Bobby Fischer, once he decided to sit down and play, became the first American to win the world chess championship. As he demolished Boris Spassky, he went to a Reykjavik tailor and bought himself a three-piece suit.

A deadly tumult of high water

No storm in U.S. history ever caused such devastation as Hurricane Agnes, which swept up the East Coast last June. It left 118 dead and hundreds of thousands homeless, turned 206 counties and 27 cities into official disaster areas, and caused $3 billion worth of property damage. Two other storms, smaller but even more deadly, struck earlier in the year. In Buffalo Creek, W.Va., 125 died when a dam collapsed after heavy February rains. And in Rapid City, S. Dak., a flash flood in early June killed 237. To ease the intense emotional impact of the disasters, relief efforts included funds for door-to-door counseling in all three disaster areas.

Above, Jerry Collins and his daughter Marlene—two survivors of the Buffalo Creek flood—find haven in a local high school gymnasium. Some 2,000 flood victims are still waiting, almost a year after the disaster, for the completion of a new water and sewage system so they can return to their valley homesites. At right, a Rapid City woman tearfully hugs her son, whom she believed had been swept away, along with her house, by the flood the night before.

On the day that Agnes swept through Pennsylvania's Wyoming Valley, buildings (left) burn out of control in the flooded downtown section of Wilkes-Barre. At year's end, 40% of Wilkes-Barre's downtown businesses had not yet reopened, and 7,000 valley families were still living in mobile homes or trailers.

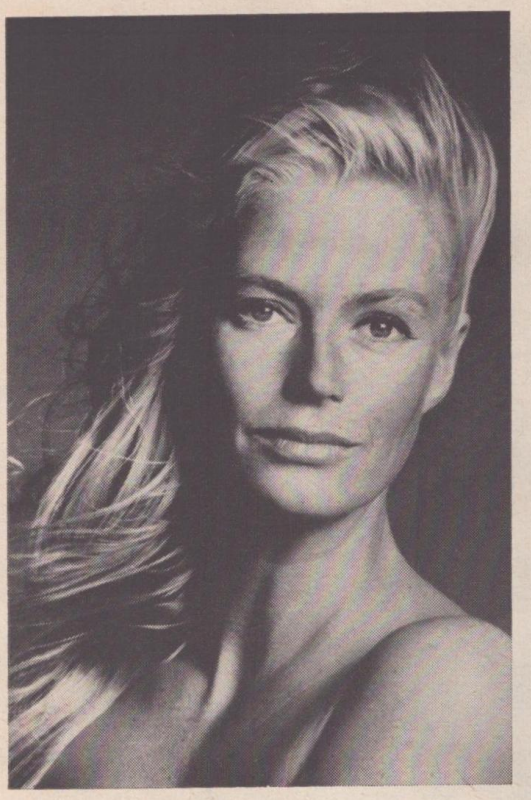
Using descriptions provided by Irving, David Walsh, an artist friend on Ibiza, created these illustrations of Irving's far-flung "secret meetings" with Hughes in a Florida motel, atop a Mexican ruin, inside a car in Puerto Rico. They show a haggard, hypnotic—and totally imaginary—Hughes.

The autobiography that wasn't

What does Howard Hughes really look like today? We still don't know and neither does author Clifford Irving (below). But Irving did shrewdly suspect that the world's curiosity about Hughes could earn him a bundle—and in the process set off the most titillating literary scandal in decades. From the island of Ibiza he invented a convincing Hughes autobiography, complete with the illustrations shown here of his various meetings with Hughes—none of which ever happened. McGraw-Hill publishers paid $750,000 for the book and LIFE prepared to run excerpts from it. Then, just before publication, an investigation inspired by Hughes's denials showed it all to be a grand sham. Irving and his wife, Edith, went successively to prison for relatively short terms. Hughes himself remained the world's most unrelenting recluse.

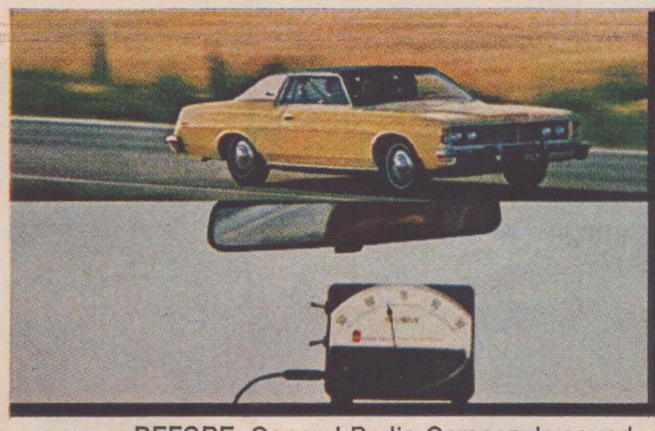
The year
in pictures

Nina

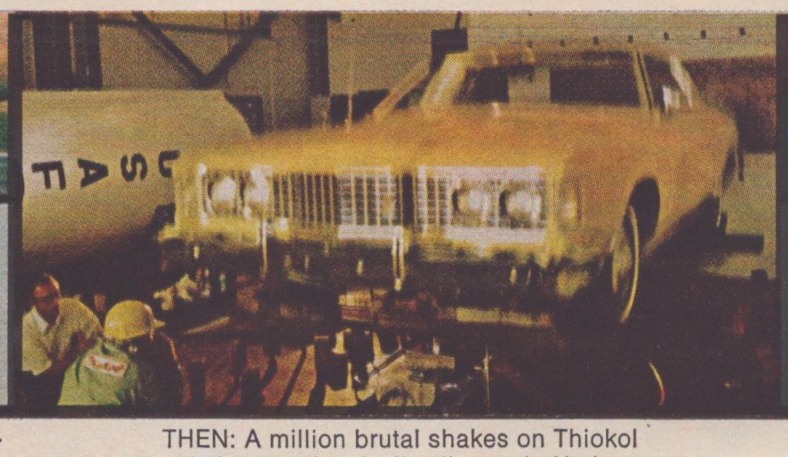


One singing swinging winner

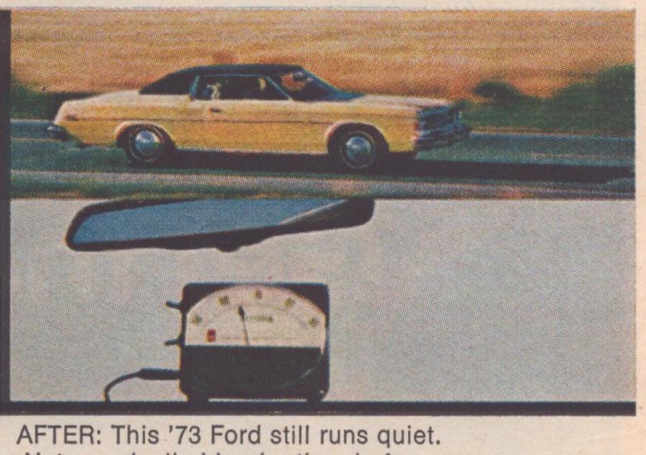
The only successful figure in the Hughes affair was lissome Nina van Pallandt. A Danish-born cabaret singer and baroness by marriage, Nina admitted to having an intercontinental affair with Irving. But she contributed to his downfall by insisting that on their trip to Mexico he never left her side long enough to have met with Hughes as he had claimed. Irving said he was "hurt" that Nina would travel and tell. Nina was unabashed. Her singing career took a sensational turn for the better and before the year was out she was in the movies too.



BEFORE: General Radio Company's sound-level meter proves the '73 Ford runs quiet.



THEN: A million brutal shakes on Thiokol Laboratory's missile vibrator in Utah.



AFTER: This '73 Ford still runs quiet. Not one decibel louder than before.

After more than one million bumps and shakes on these missile vibrators, this 1973 Ford rides as quietly as ever.

Quiet is the sound of a well-made car.

You probably saw it on television. This '73 Ford Galaxie 500 took hour after hour of torture on special vibrators designed to test missiles, then rode away not one decibel noisier than before. How did Galaxie do it? Some engineering advances helped: a strong new frame, a new suspension geometry and computer-tuned body mounts.

Yet there's more to Galaxie 500 than quiet ride. There are power front disc brakes, power steering and Cruise-O-Matic transmission, standard. And outstanding options to please the most demanding driver. Like a rear window defroster, and new power vent windows.

See the new '73 Galaxie at your Ford Dealer's now.

The 1973 Ford Galaxie 500 shown above with optional deluxe bumper group, white sidewalls, full wheel covers, vinyl insert bodyside moldings and radio.

FORD GALAXIE 500

FORD DIVISION

Get a taste of what it's all about. Get the full taste of Viceroy.

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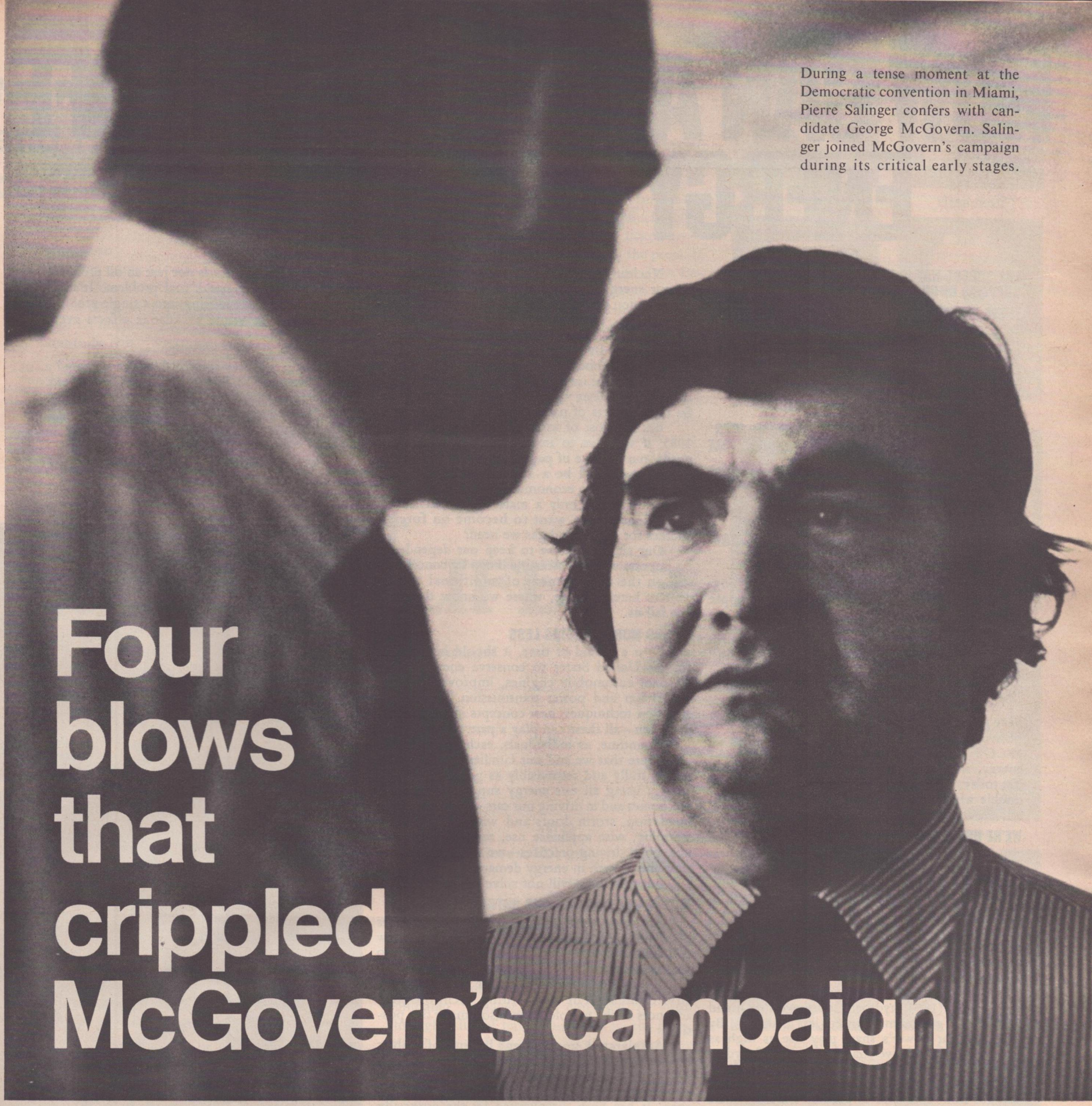
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size, 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Long Size, 19 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 72.



During a tense moment at the Democratic convention in Miami, Pierre Salinger confers with candidate George McGovern. Salinger joined McGovern's campaign during its critical early stages.

Four blows that crippled McGovern's campaign

by PIERRE SALINGER

It was the Saturday afternoon before the election when I finally permitted myself to believe what was all too clear to any unbiased political observer—that Senator George McGovern was going to suffer a shattering defeat.

The United Airlines jet which was taking me from Minneapolis to Boston was sitting in a driving rain at the Buffalo terminal. Since early February, I had crisscrossed the country campaigning 16 to 18 hours a day for Senator McGovern and I was on my way to a group of final appearances in Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

Peering out of the window of the jet at the pelting rain it came to me with a rush that it was all over, and what made it all the more depressing was the haunting feeling it could have been different.

I am not here going to advance the theory that without mistakes George McGovern would have defeated Richard Nixon. The President had a lot of things going for him—some real, some spurious. But for those of us who had worked long and hard for Senator McGovern, the political miracle had become the rule, not the exception.

I remembered something else as well that day. Just before the Wisconsin primary, when it appeared that Senator McGov-

CONTINUED

HOW CAN AMERICA HEAD OFF ENERGY SHORTAGES?

THE SUREST WAY IS TO INCREASE OUR DOMESTIC SUPPLIES OF OIL AND NATURAL GAS.

THESE TWO FUELS FURNISH 77% OF OUR ENERGY.

THEY WILL BE OUR MOST IMPORTANT ENERGY SOURCES FOR YEARS TO COME.

TODAY, AMERICA'S DEMAND FOR OIL AND NATURAL GAS IS MUCH GREATER THAN DOMESTIC PRODUCTION.

TO AVOID THE "ENERGY SHORTAGES" YOU'VE BEEN READING SO MUCH ABOUT, WE'RE DEPENDING MORE AND MORE ON IMPORTS OF FOREIGN OIL.

WE NEED IMPORTS, BUT WE SHOULD NOT BECOME OVERLY DEPENDENT ON THEM.

EVERY AMERICAN SHOULD KNOW THE FACTS ABOUT THE ENERGY SUPPLIES ON WHICH HIS WAY OF LIFE DEPENDS.

Energy is the power to keep machines working.

Thousands of kinds of machines: people machines like home furnaces, kitchen ranges, air conditioners, light bulbs, automobiles; public machines like planes, trains, television networks, water purification plants; all the complex machinery modern industry uses to make the things we use in our daily lives.

Abundant and low-cost supplies of energy have given Americans one of the highest standards of living in the world.

Oil and natural gas furnish 77% of all our energy, including nearly 40% of our electricity. Yet today, with energy demand expected to almost double within the next 15 years, production from known domestic reserves has reached a peak.

WE'RE USING MORE, FINDING LESS

In 1971, domestic natural gas production was 96% of what we used. By 1985, unless we take steps now to encourage exploration for new supplies, domestic production will meet only 40% of estimated demand.

Domestic oil production in 1971 took care of about three-fourths of demand. By 1985, domestic supplies will provide less than half of our needs—unless we start now to increase these supplies.

Our other domestic sources of energy at present are coal (18%), hydroelectric power (4%), and nuclear and geothermal power (less than 1%). By 1985, nuclear power's share may rise as high as 17%, while the relative shares of coal and hydroelectric power are expected to decline slightly.

We have learned how to make synthetic oil and gas from coal, and to produce oil from shale and tar sands. But it will be many years before these sources can make a significant contribution.

Some day we may even get power directly from the sun. But solar energy is still a long way off.

For the next critical decade or longer, the great share of our growing energy burden must be borne by oil and natural gas.

WHERE CAN WE GET ENOUGH?

Experts believe there are substantial resources of oil and natural gas still to be discovered in America, particularly offshore. But environmental concerns and economic factors are postponing their development.

Nuclear power and coal could contribute more to our energy supply but have not because of a combination of economic and environmental considerations.

"Imports" are one obvious answer to the supply problem. But that answer is not as simple as it may seem to be.

In 1971, we imported about one-fourth of the oil we used. That share will rise, year after year. So may imports of natural gas.

But the cost of imports is rising steeply. By 1985, if we have to import more than half our needs, our balance of payments deficit for oil and natural gas could be a staggering $25 billion a year, according to economic analysts.

And it's not only a matter of dollars. How dependent do we want to become on foreign sources for the oil and gas we need?

Our aim should be to keep our dependence on imports within reasonable limits by concentrating on the development of additional energy sources here at home, where we know they will not fail us.

SAVING MORE BY USING LESS

Over a period of time, it should be possible for the United States to conserve energy. More efficient automobile engines, improved thermal conversion and power transmission, better construction techniques, new concepts in mass transportation—all these can play a part.

Meantime, as individuals, each of us should make sure that we and our families use energy as thoughtfully and responsibly as possible.

By using all our energy supplies wisely—in our homes and in driving our cars—through proper insulation, storm doors and windows, weather stripping, wise appliance use, regular auto tune-ups, good driving practices—we might be able to slow the growth in energy demand.

But this alone will not solve the problem.

HOW TO GET MORE OIL AND NATURAL GAS

Above all, we must increase domestic supplies of oil and natural gas. And we'll have to build new refineries and other facilities to make them into useable products.

We must do so with proper regard for the environment. The continuing technological advances of the petroleum industry make this possible.

Accelerated government leasing of public lands, both inland and offshore, for exploratory drilling is urgently needed.

Exploration for natural gas should be encouraged. It has been discouraged by the artificially low prices that have been imposed by the Federal Power Commission for the past 18 years.

A healthy economic climate should be provided to stimulate investment and help meet the huge capital requirements of the petroleum industry—an estimated $175 billion or more during the period from 1970 to 1985.

THE REAL SHORTAGE IS TIME

The United States will not "run out" of energy in the near future. But, right now, we are running out of time to make wise decisions about our energy supplies. Because of the long lead time required to develop new petroleum supplies, today's delays could haunt and plague us for at least the next 15 years.

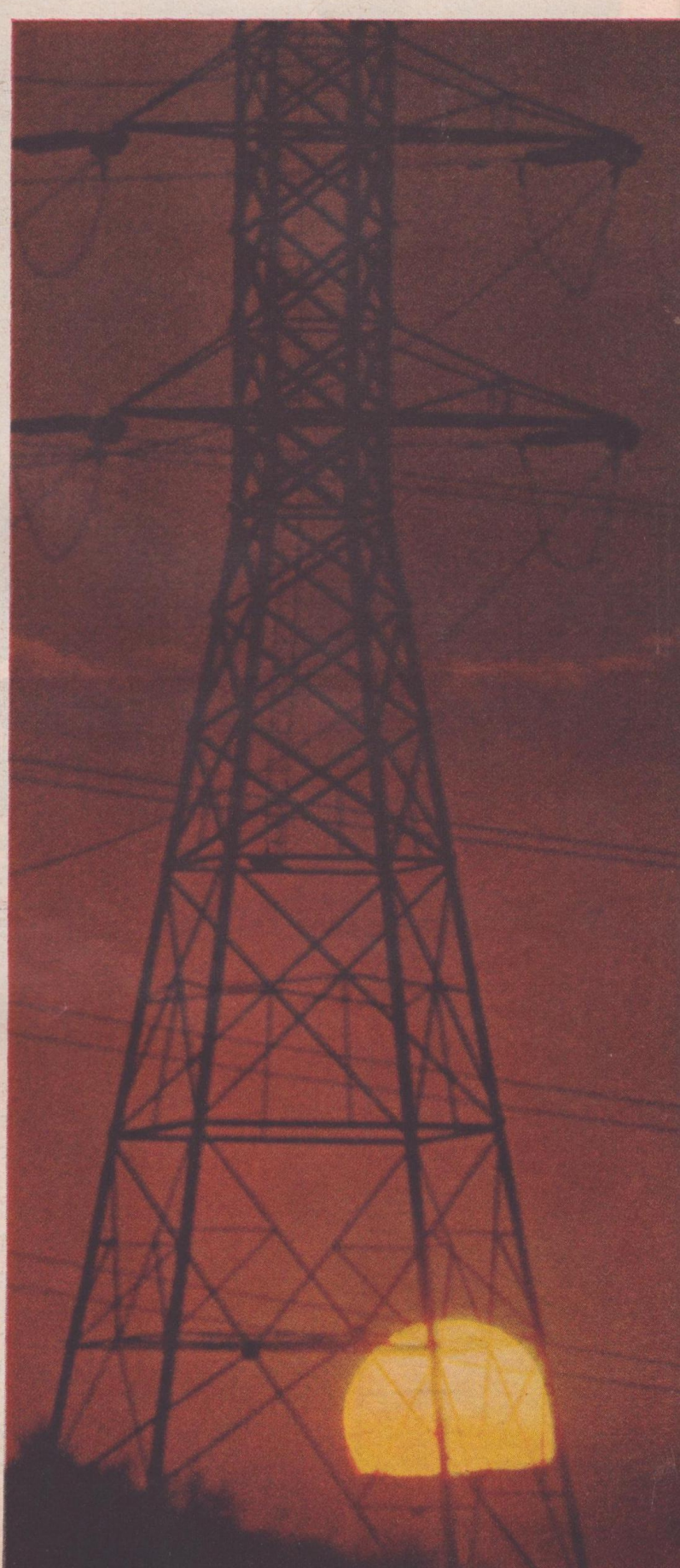
Energy for America is not just an oil problem, not a gas problem, nor a coal problem. It is all these and more, interlocking into a single problem that demands solution because it affects every citizen.

And you can help solve it.

To help you stay informed, we've prepared a basic booklet, "The Energy Gap." Write to Dept. K, American Petroleum Institute, 1801 K Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006 for your free copy.

With your understanding and help, America can head off energy shortages.

THE OIL COMPANIES OF AMERICA



A COUNTRY THAT RUNS ON OIL... CAN'T AFFORD TO RUN SHORT.

Names like Cronkite and Hesburgh were considered for VP

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ern was going to win, I said, partly in jest, to Frank Mankiewicz, "You know, this campaign is not prepared psychologically for victory." We had all laughed, but that wry prediction turned out to be true.

I want to say at the start that by the time election night came around, my faith in George McGovern was restored, my admiration for his courage unlimited, and my sorrow at his defeat profound. I write this article not to exacerbate unhealed wounds but because two of the principal events of the McGovern campaign involved me as an unwilling participant. Before time dims my memory I wanted to state for the record these events as I saw them. I also feel that although some of these events may reflect on Senator McGovern's judgment, they do not diminish his deeply felt commitment to deal with the fundamental and divisive problems of America.

Between May 15 and July 15, four things happened to Senator McGovern's presidential campaign that made it impossible for him to win. The first of these four crises I will deal with briefly. It consisted of the successful effort of some of Senator McGovern's Democratic adversaries, notably Senator Hubert Humphrey and the high command of the AFL-CIO, to paint Senator McGovern as a dangerous radical. They succeeded beyond their wildest expectations.

In California, under the prodding of his close friend, Beverly Hills lawyer Eugene Wyman, Humphrey decided on the hard line against McGovern. Defense workers were deluged with literature telling them that a McGovern presidency would deprive them of their jobs. Jews were handed pamphlets saying that McGovern would sell out Israel, and in three TV debates Humphrey himself punched home the argument that McGovern's plans to end welfare would instead put half the nation on welfare. His economic program was labeled as irresponsible and his tax program confiscatory. McGovern's positions were shamelessly distorted beyond recognition and the damage was done. I am not saying that the Nixon campaign would not have done the same thing, but Hubert Humphrey had credibility with Democrats which Nixon never possessed.

Those attacks alone would not have completely undermined the McGovern candidacy without parallel events. The South Dakota senator's prime asset had been his credibility. And it was precisely that asset that was destroyed in the three other crises of the campaign: the selection of Senator Thomas Eagleton as his vice-presidential nominee; the selection of the leadership of the Democratic party the day following the convention; and the so-called Salinger Affair—the events surrounding my trip to Paris to see the North Vietnamese.

I am convinced that once Senator Eagleton had been selected as vice-presidential nominee and the facts about his health problems became known, George McGovern could not have won whether he kept the senator on the ticket or dropped him. The 1,000% support statement proved very damaging to McGovern's credibility, but I cannot believe the senator would have been much better off if Eagleton had remained on the ticket, given the ferocity of the attacks on him in the press. It is therefore crucial to understand how Tom Eagleton was chosen. It is not hindsight to say that Eagleton was the candidate of last resort, chosen under pressure circumstances that should not have been allowed to occur.

The day the convention opened, it was clear to me no deep thinking had gone on about the vice-presidency. The McGovern high command had been preoccupied with fighting the California challenge. But more important still was the mystical belief of Senator McGovern and some of his top aides that once the nomination was nailed down, Senator Edward Kennedy would accept the second spot. This feeling existed despite Senator Kennedy's many disavowals of intention to run, particularly because of the impression caused by an article in the *Boston Globe* indicating that under certain circumstances the Massachusetts senator might accept the nomination.

Even with the California challenge won the first day of the convention, the Kennedy factor held up any serious discussion of the vice-presidency until just after McGovern was nominated in the early hours of July 13. From his room at the Doral Hotel in Miami Beach, McGovern made the final call to Kennedy—and Kennedy turned him down.

A brief and, as I remember, rather cheerless (for so happy an event) party took place at the Doral after the nomination and a meeting was called for 8 a.m. to start considering a running mate. With the convention set to start the vice-presidential nomination at 7 p.m. that same day, the pressure to produce a name urgently was enormous. Most of the participants in the meeting went to bed around 6 a.m.

There were some 22 participants, mostly men and women who had played key roles in the nomination drive of Senator McGovern. The meeting was presided over by Gary Hart, the national campaign manager, and consisted of sifting through a list of names provided by the participants. We each had been asked to submit four names. (My list included Sarge Shriver, Senator Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut, Governor Pat Lucey of Wisconsin and Leonard Woodcock, president of the United Automobile Workers union.) As each name was read off by Hart, discussion went around the table. If no one present was willing to make a case for the potential candidate, his or her name was dropped. Not all the names were politicians. Included were Walter Cronkite of CBS (who had been named in a recent Oliver Quayle poll as the "most trusted man" in America) and Father Theodore Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame and then chairman of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission. Both were thought to be fine gentlemen but impractical candidates. The finalists from this meeting were Shriver, for whom I made a strong case, Governor

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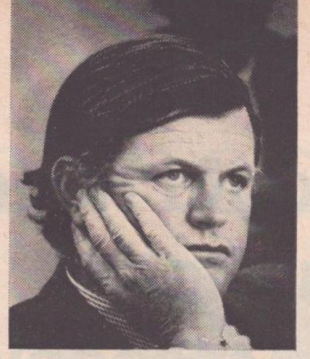
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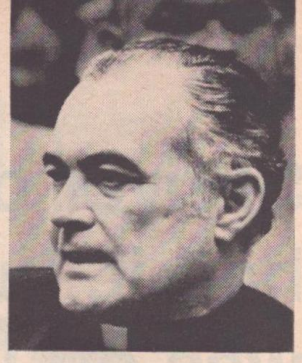
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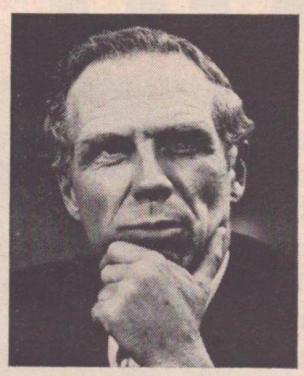
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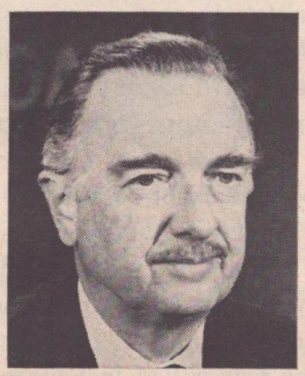
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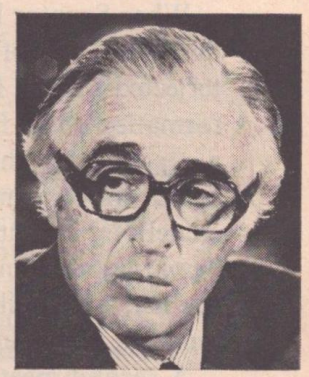
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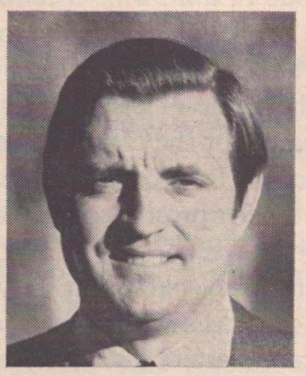
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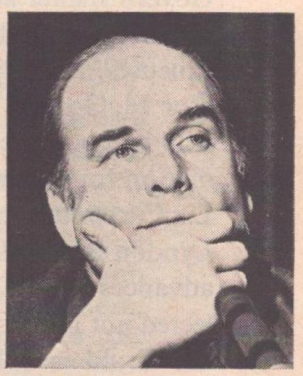
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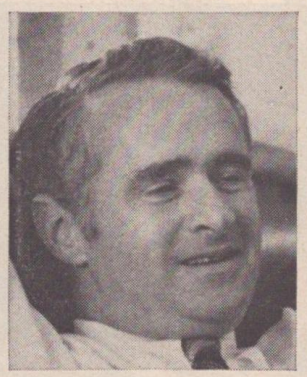
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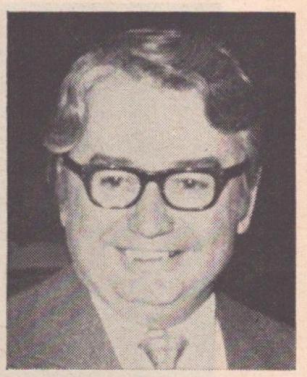
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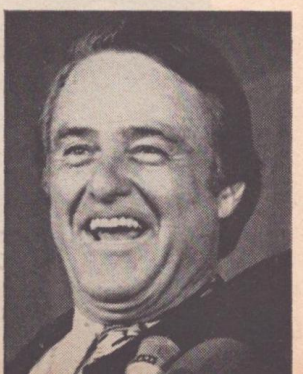
AND FINALLY, NOMINEE SHRIVER

Shriver could have had it, but he was off in Moscow

CONTINUED

Lucey, Senator Walter Mondale of Minnesota, Mayor Kevin White of Boston, Senator Ribicoff and Senator Eagleton.

I don't remember precisely who pushed Eagleton's nomination. It is more my impression that he had no real champions in the room but it was the general feeling of everybody there that he should be on the list.

When Senator Eagleton's name came up, Gordon Weil, one of McGovern's closest aides, interjected that he had heard some disquieting information about Eagleton from Thomas Ottenad, a reporter for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. He could not remember the exact details but it was something about Eagleton having a "serious drinking problem." Eagleton's name was left on the list, but Weil was instructed to contact Ottenad to get additional details.

A second meeting was called in Senator McGovern's suite about 11 a.m. This meeting was with leaders of the black, Chicano and women's caucuses. During this meeting, attended by Senator McGovern, the name of Sissy Farenthold, who had been defeated for the Democratic nomination for governor of Texas, was advanced by Liz Carpenter, the former press secretary to Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson. It was a sign of the political advances in the Democratic party that she was rejected not because she was a woman but because she would complicate matters politically in Texas, a state Senator McGovern had hopes of carrying. At that meeting, the only names which elicited much support were Shriver and White.

About 12:30, we went into the final meeting, which started out with a small group made up of Senator McGovern, Gary Hart, Frank Mankiewicz, Mrs. Jean Westwood, who was to become Democratic national chairwoman, and myself.

Abe Ribicoff had already told McGovern he did not want to run. At 62, Abe, having been a governor, member of the cabinet and senator, having lost his wife four months earlier and preparing to remarry, felt no need for higher political office. Everyone agreed Senator Mondale would make an excellent candidate, but we all feared that a choice between a chance for another six years in the Senate (he ran and won) and an uncertain shot at the vice-presidency would result in a turndown. It did.

It was then that I pressed home my case for Shriver. My arguments were that he was strongest where McGovern was weakest. He had substantial administrative experience as head of the Peace Corps and the poverty program, he was a Catholic, he was attractive. He was an indefatigable campaigner and had good credentials with Democratic regulars.

Senator McGovern appeared impressed with my arguments and I was strongly supported by Frank Mankiewicz. McGovern halted the meeting and told me to get Shriver on the phone.

I telephoned his office in Washington from the other living room in the suite.

"Could I speak to Mr. Shriver?" I asked.

"I'm sorry, but Mr. Shriver is out of the city."

"Is there anywhere he can be reached?"

"Well, he's in Moscow."

I mumbled a thank-you and put the phone down. Shriver, who had made an active effort for the vice-presidency in 1964 and 1968, feeling that he had no chance in 1972, had gone to Moscow with Dr. Armand Hammer of the Occidental Petroleum Company to help him negotiate his accords with the Russians.

When I reported to the meeting that Shriver was in Moscow there was a moment of silence. It was already 1:30 in the afternoon in Miami. Everybody agreed that if you couldn't get the candidate back to Miami Beach in time to appear before the convention that evening there was no use pursuing his name.

I am absolutely convinced that if Shriver had been in the United States at the time, however, he would have been the nominee in the first place.

With Shriver's name out, Gary Hart pressed his case for Mayor White of Boston. The meeting finally decided that though he was relatively unknown nationally, he would fit the bill—a Catholic, a big-city mayor, an easterner. I was told to locate White so that Senator McGovern could speak to him. I found him at his summer home on Cape Cod.

McGovern had a brief conversation with White during which he told him that he was being considered for the vice-presidential nomination. He ascertained that White would accept if asked and said he would call back in five or ten minutes.

McGovern then put in a call to Senator Kennedy to discuss the White nomination with him. While that call was going on, I was asked to go into another room and call White back to get his biography so that a press release could be prepared with the announcement of Senator McGovern's choice.

When I returned to Senator McGovern's suite he had finished talking to Senator Kennedy. Senator Kennedy had praised Mayor White but had said that others would serve the ticket just as well. His first choice was Wilbur Mills. The consensus in the room was that the delegates would not go along with the choice of Mills. Senator McGovern interpreted Kennedy's remarks as indicating a lack of desire to see White on the ticket. Gary Hart and Jean Westwood stressed the advantages of White and Senator McGovern decided to call Senator Kennedy again, telling him he was going ahead with the White nomination.

When he came back into the room to report the conversation, Senator Kennedy's response was a bombshell.

"He says if we want to go ahead with White, he'll have to reconsider his own position. He's asked for half an hour to think it over," Senator McGovern reported.

There was a look of incredulity on most of the faces in the room. The original meeting had now been expanded by the arrival of John Douglas, a former Justice Department aide of Senator Robert Kennedy's; Fred Dutton, a former aide of President Kennedy's; Dick Dougherty, the senator's press secretary, and Lieutenant Governor Bill Dougherty of South Dakota.

During the almost 40 minutes that elapsed, the room was full of speculation. Was it possible that after saying no so firmly to the vice-presidential nomination, Senator Kennedy was about to change his mind? Those in the room who knew the senator considered that a remote possibility.

There was also news during those 40 minutes of a revolt in the Massachusetts delegation. Ken Galbraith called to say that he and Father Robert Drinan, the head of the Massachusetts delegation, were against White's nomination because of the mayor's adamant opposition to McGovern during the Massachusetts primary, and that if his name were submitted to the convention their delegation would walk out.

The telephone rang. It was Senator Kennedy calling. Senator McGovern took the call. It was a brief, one-sided conversation and the presidential nominee put down the phone.

"He still thinks Mills would be better. I don't think if we go ahead with White we'll have Senator Kennedy campaigning for the ticket with any

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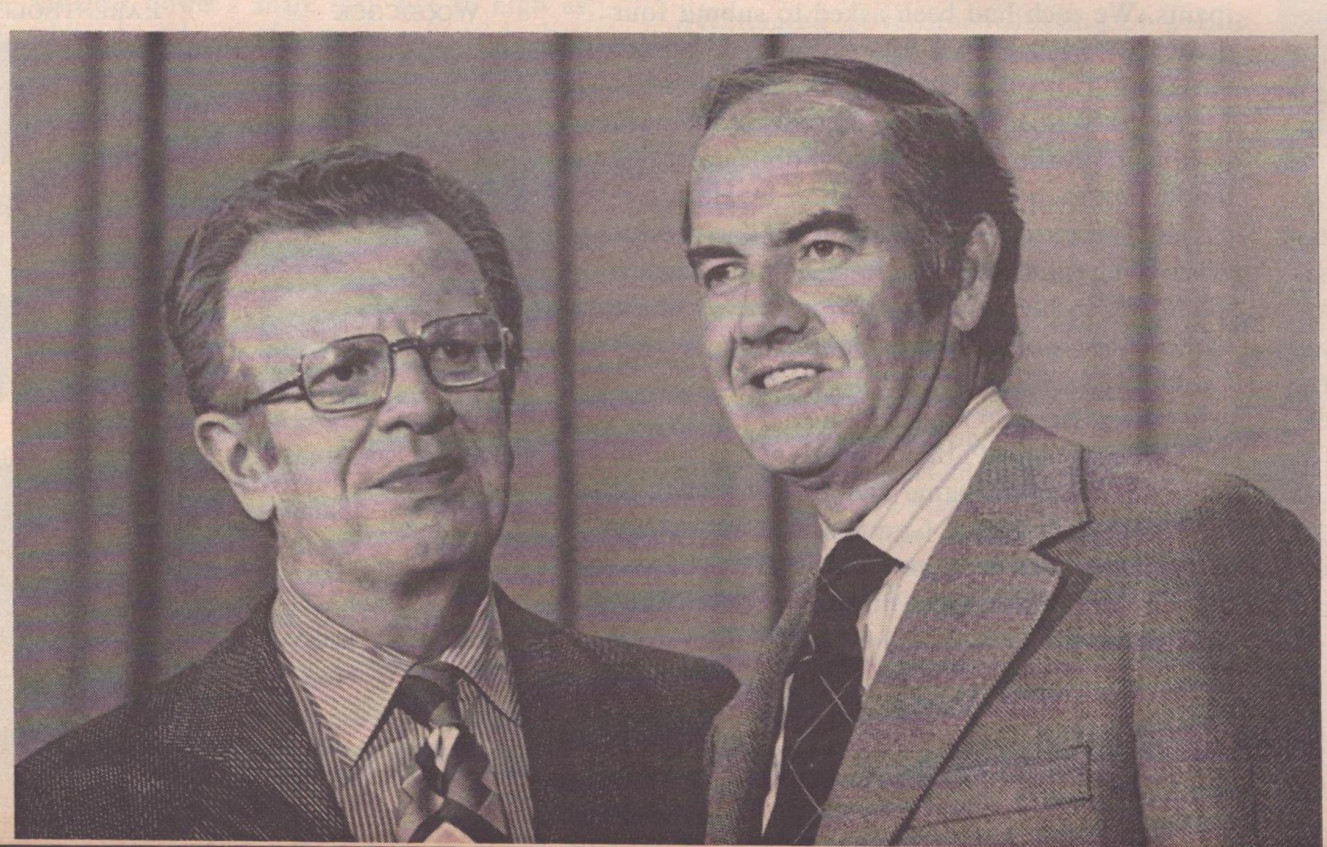
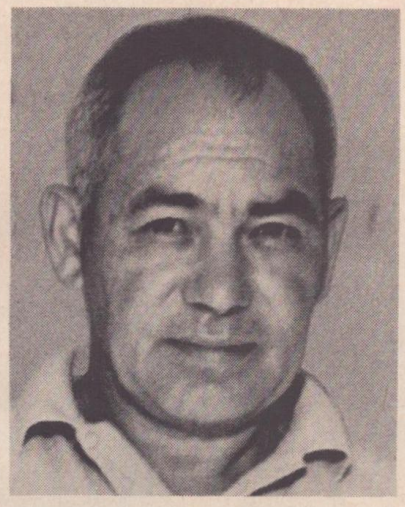


In an emotional speech, Larry O'Brien tells the Democratic National Committee he will not serve again as chairman. McGovern had asked him to resign in favor of Mrs. Jean Westwood.

when I planned to **retire before fifty**

this is the business that made it possible

a true story by John B. Haikey



Starting with borrowed money, in just eight years I gained financial security, sold out at a profit and retired.

"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it on a little over a thousand dollars of borrowed money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise offered me exactly what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount—a little over a thousand dollars—and that amount I could borrow. I could work it as a one-man business while getting a start. No salaries to pay. I could operate from my home. No office or shop rent or other overhead. For transportation I could use the trunk of my family car. (I bought the truck later, out of profits.) But, best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume. I could make a profit on every man working for me. And, I could build this little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible—I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And, what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning upholstered furniture, rugs, and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but it enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing of carpeting does. Instead it *lifts out* the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

"Furniture dealers and department stores refer their customers to the Duraclean Specialist. Insurance men say Duraclean can save them money on fire claims. Hotels, motels, specialty shops and big stores make annual contracts for keeping their carpets and furniture fresh and clean. One Duraclean Specialist recently signed a contract for over $40,000 a year for just one hotel.

"Well, that's the business I was able to start for a little over a thousand dollars. That's the business I built up over a period of eight years. And, that's the business I sold out at a substantial profit before I was fifty."

Would you like to taste the freedom and independence enjoyed by Mr. Haikey? You can. Let us send you the facts. Mail the coupon, and you'll receive all the details, absolutely without obligation. No salesman will ever call on you. When you receive our illustrated booklet, you'll learn how we show you STEP BY STEP how to get customers; and how to have your customers get you more customers from their recommendations.

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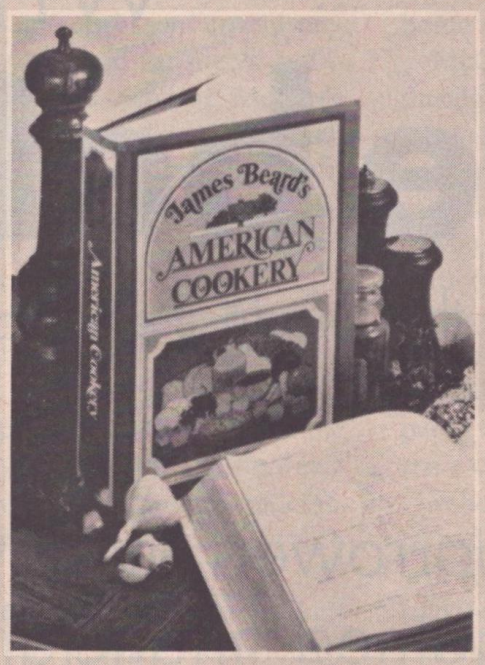
James Beard is America's "Passionate Pasha of Food."* Here are 1500 reasons why.



Here, in one beautiful volume, are 1500 recipes (plus variations) that come straight from James Beard's own kitchen. They're the culmination of everything he has learned about cooking in his long career, plus a dash of the inimitable Beard wit. And the result? JAMES BEARD'S AMERICAN COOKERY. "The big book that lovers of American cooking have been waiting for," says John Barkham of the *Saturday Review Syndicate*. "A definitive work on the subject."

Says *New York* Magazine: "An amorous masterwork...A lifetime of joy in the kitchen and ecstasy at the table is bound between the pages...Here are memories of his mother's kitchen, a legacy from the earliest journals of American cuisine, the mutations of the American melting pot... There are 100 pages on vegetables alone, and even flowers to nibble on, all handsomely illustrated with drawings of old iron stoves and antique cooking implements."

"A masterpiece...a superb compendium—a book to be read and savored as well as to be used by everyone from novices to *le chef de cuisine*."—*Chicago Daily News*

"The newest and most monumental of Beard's 15 best-selling cookbooks...a giant hymnal to what he calls 'the gastronomic voices of the hinterland'...Spanning two centuries of native cuisine, *American Cookery* is the most important cookbook we've had since Irma Rombauer's original *The Joy of Cooking*."
—*Life Magazine**

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Over 1500 recipes, plus variations
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Little, Brown and Company
PUBLISHERS

Finally only one name was left—Eagleton

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enthusiasm, and we need him." That and the incipient Massachusetts revolt brought an end to the White candidacy.

It was close to 3 o'clock in the afternoon and still no choice in sight. McGovern was exasperated. "I'm going to offer the vice-presidency to the man who is closest to me in the United States Senate," McGovern said with an air of finality. "I'm going to call Gaylord Nelson."

He stalked into his bedroom and closed the door behind him. Ten minutes later, the door opened. "Gaylord says he can't do it. He says he has made a pact with his wife he wouldn't run for the vice-presidency if it were offered to him."

"Who's left on the list?" someone asked. There were still Governor Lucey and Tom Eagleton. Somebody brought up the recent incident in which Governor Lucey had locked his wife out of the bedroom of the governor's mansion in Madison, Wis. A short discussion eliminated him. And then there was only one name—Senator Thomas Eagleton.

All eyes centered on Gordon Weil. "I called Ottenad and he told me there was nothing serious in Senator Eagleton's past," he said. "Apparently the story about his drinking problem is false."

It was all over in a matter of minutes. No further investigation was made into Eagleton's medical history. Senator McGovern asked for someone to get Senator Eagleton on the phone. While he was in the other room talking to Eagleton, Mrs. McGovern walked into the room. She leaned over me and whispered, "Who is it?" I told her Eagleton.

"That's not possible," she cried out, hurrying from the room to find her husband. But it was too late. McGovern had already asked Eagleton and he had accepted. Frank Mankiewicz was on the phone talking to him and McGovern was in one of the bedrooms when she found him. I never did find out what had caused that uncharacteristic outburst by Mrs. McGovern. Throughout the campaign her political judgment was frequently the best.

The fact that the selection of Tom Eagleton was going to turn into a major disaster was not yet evident on Friday, July 14, the day that the chairmanship of the Democratic party was decided.

As early as April, in conversations with Frank Mankiewicz and Gary Hart, I had expressed a desire to be considered for the post of national chairman of the party should Senator McGovern win the nomination and not want to continue Lawrence O'Brien in that post.

I told both of them I was only interested in the job for the duration of the 1972 campaign. It was my feeling that it was going to be a mean and tough contest against President Nixon, that he would campaign very little and that the principal attacks would be launched by surrogates acting for him. I felt that from the strength of national chairmanship I would be in a position to blunt some of those attacks as well as launch some of my own. Both Frank and Gary encouraged me to talk to Senator McGovern about this, and my opportunity came on June 9 when I flew with the senator from Washington to New York.

I explained my feelings about the job, adding that I was interested in the chairmanship if he decided to replace Larry O'Brien. Senator McGovern said he had not made that decision yet. But our conversation terminated when he said: "You have my commitment that if we decide to replace Larry you'll be my choice for the job."

June 10 was a busy day. I spoke all over the state of Utah at various county conventions. I was accompanied from place to

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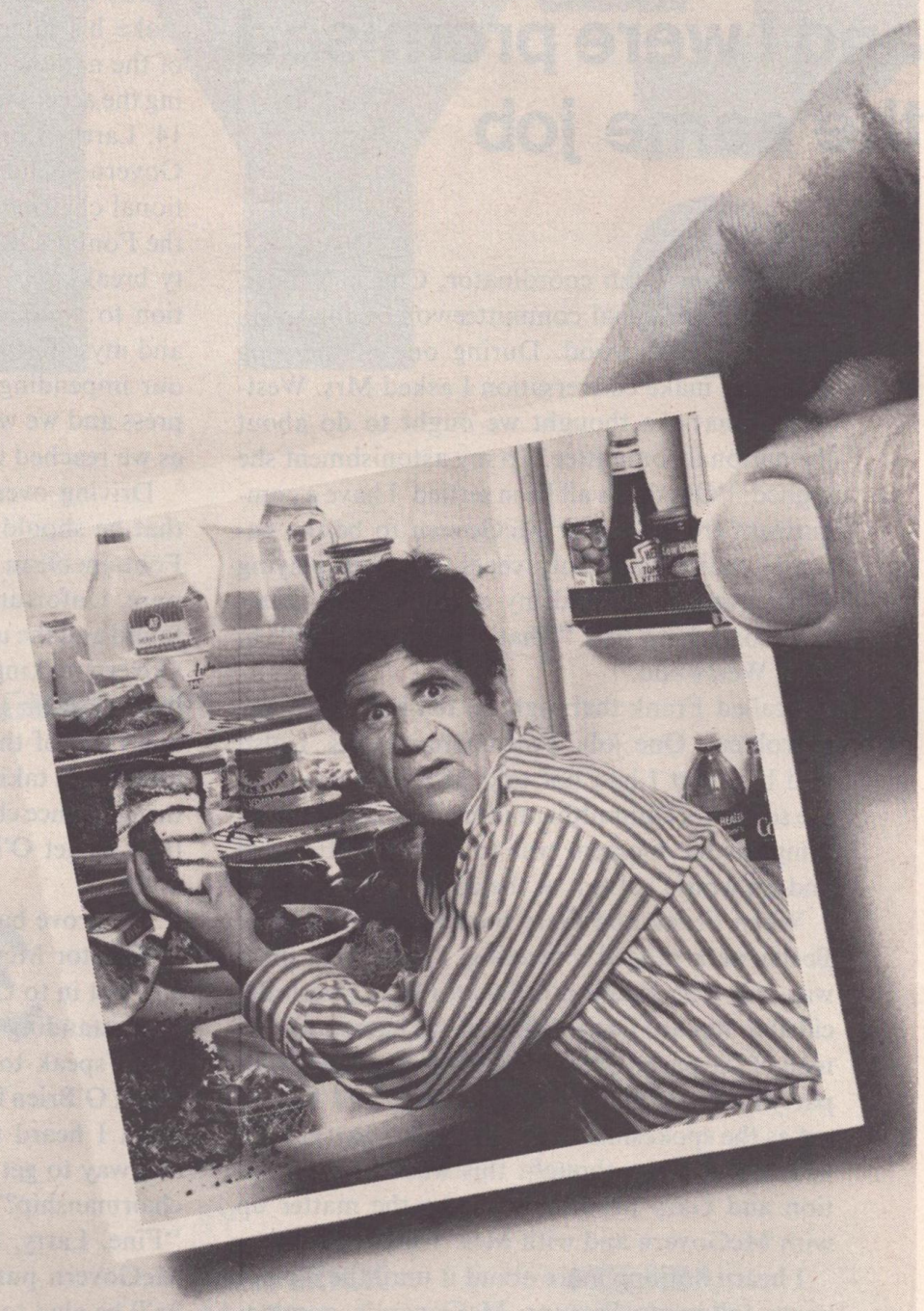
Sylvania Lighting Center, Danvers, Mass. 01923



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GTE SYLVANIA

Jean Westwood and I were promised the same job

CONTINUED

place by our Utah coordinator, Chuck Nabors, and by the national committeewoman for Utah, Mrs. Jean Westwood. During one of the long drives, to make conversation I asked Mrs. Westwood what she thought we ought to do about the national committee. To my astonishment she replied: "Oh, that's all been settled. I have a commitment from Senator McGovern to be the national chairman." Only years of poker playing allowed me to conceal my emotions as I mumbled something like "That's good to know" to Mrs. Westwood.

I called Frank that night to tell him there was a problem. One job. Two commitments. I also told him that I had not told Mrs. Westwood of the senator's commitment to me and that the best thing for the moment was to let the matter ride and we would solve it at the convention.

When Frank and Gary both arrived in Miami Beach we arranged a meeting. I told them there was only one solution if Senator McGovern decided to replace Larry O'Brien—to name cochairmen of the party. Mrs. Westwood could deal with party affairs throughout the country and I could act as the spokesman for the national party. Both Frank and Gary thought this was a good solution and Gary promised to take the matter up with McGovern and with Mrs. Westwood.

I heard nothing more about it until the victory party following Senator McGovern's nomination, when Mrs. Westwood came up to me and said she was happy to hear we would be "working together" at the national committee. We had a brief meeting with Senator McGovern after the selection of Tom Eagleton, where the arrangement was confirmed.

The traditional time for the party nominee to make his intentions known about the direction of the national committee is the morning following the acceptance speeches. This was Friday, July 14. Larry O'Brien had already told Senator McGovern he did not want to stay on the job as national chairman. I piled into a car to go over to the Fontainebleau Hotel for the Democratic unity breakfast. It was Senator McGovern's intention to announce his choice of Mrs. Westwood and myself at this breakfast. In fact, the news of our impending appointments had leaked to the press and we were surrounded by photographers as we reached the hotel.

Driving over, Senator McGovern told Frank that he should call O'Brien when we got to the Fontainebleau to tell him who his successors were. Unfortunately, O'Brien was nowhere to be found and the unity breakfast passed without McGovern making an announcement. We piled into the car again to drive to another hotel where a breakfast of the Democratic party finance committee was taking place under the direction of retiring finance chairman Bob Strauss. Again Frank tried to get O'Brien on the phone and again he failed.

We drove back to the Doral and went directly to Senator McGovern's suite, where again a call was put in to O'Brien. This time he was reached. I was standing by Senator McGovern as he started to speak to O'Brien. I had expected him to thank O'Brien for his loyal service to the party. Instead I heard the senator say: "Larry, is there any way to get you to change your mind on this chairmanship?" He listened for a few minutes. "Fine, Larry, I'll get back to you right away." McGovern put down the phone. "O'Brien says he'll be glad to serve again."

Trapped by his own question, it now took two hours to unravel the situation. First, McGovern proposed to O'Brien that he accept Mrs. Westwood as his cochairman. O'Brien refused and said that besides, party regulations did not provide for a cochairman. There had to be a chairman of one sex and a vice-chairman of the other. The meeting of the Democratic National Committee, which was waiting for the choice of the nominee, had to adjourn for lunch while O'Brien came to McGovern's suite for further conversations.

Gary Hart and Mrs. Westwood were adamant that O'Brien could not continue. It was suggested he be offered the campaign chairmanship with the same financial deal he had at the national committee. O'Brien refused the offer. Finally, McGovern told O'Brien he had to resign, that he hoped he would play a key role in the campaign which they could discuss in several days, and that he was going to name Jean Westwood as chairman of the national committee and me as vice-chairman.

We drove back to the Fontainebleau, where the national committee had reconvened. After a short speech, Senator McGovern proposed his choice for chairman, Mrs. Westwood. She was quickly nominated, seconded and elected. Now McGovern said he wanted my election as vice-chairman. I was standing by the back wall of the room next to Gary Hart. My name was put in nomination and seconded and the chair asked for any other nominations. In the room's gloomy light, I saw Charles Evers, the mayor of Fayette, Miss., rise.

He put into nomination the name of Basil Paterson of New York.

Aaron Henry, the head of the Mississippi Democratic party, rose and asked if he could pose a question to Senator McGovern.

"Has your choice of Mr. Salinger been cleared with the black leadership?" he asked. Senator McGovern replied that all of the decisions he had made at the convention had been cleared with the black leadership.

The chairman then asked if either of the nominees wanted to pull out of the race. When no one answered, Senator McGovern rose.

"I just wanted you to know that these are both fine men and I would be pleased to have either of them."

I couldn't believe my ears. The man who had made a commitment to me to be the national chairman was not even supporting my nomination for vice-chairman. I tried to control my amazement and I put up my hand and demanded recognition. I was determined not to get involved in a contest for the job unless I had the wholehearted support of the senator. In a short speech which stressed party unity I pulled my name out of contention and left the hall.

I took a cab back to the Doral, packed my bags and headed for the airport to take a plane for Boston and then to Hyannis Port, where I planned to spend the weekend as a house guest of Mrs. Robert Kennedy before going back to France. I was totally exhausted and my legs were numb from the long hours of standing with a bad back on the convention floor.

CONTINUED

An angry Salinger stands beside Jean Westwood as he withdraws from the race for party vice-chairman because George McGovern failed to give him promised support for the job.

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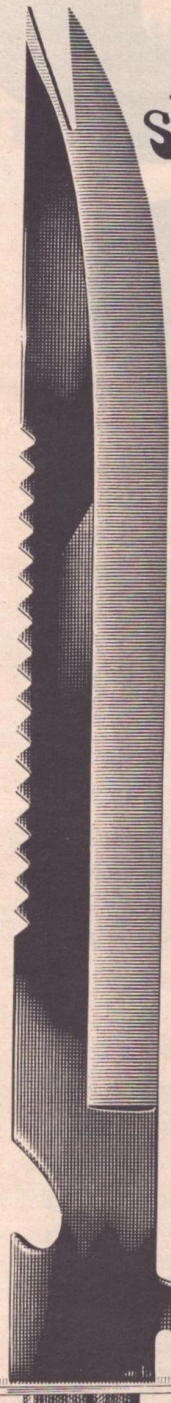

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We hoped to get Hanoi to free some POWs

CONTINUED

By the time I reached Cape Cod it was after 8 p.m., and after a short dinner I went to my room to go to bed. I had barely dozed off when someone knocked at my door. It was Mrs. Kennedy. She told me Senator McGovern was on the telephone wanting to speak to me.

I picked up the phone and heard the senator: "Pierre, I'm sorry about what happened in Miami today. But you know I had no choice." I mumbled something about understanding his problem.

"Pierre, I'd like you to undertake a delicate mission for me," he continued. "We've gotten word that the North Vietnamese have asked us to send a representative to Hanoi. You're going to Paris next week. Would you mind exploring the matter with them?"

I replied that I would go. "It's very tough politically, but if we could get them to release some prisoners it would be worth the risk," McGovern added. I agreed and he asked me to fly to Washington Monday morning to be briefed by his assistant, John Holum, who specialized in Vietnam problems.

I met with Holum for some four hours on Monday. The message to Senator McGovern had come to Holum from a well-identified figure in the peace movement. The North Vietnamese wanted a representative of Senator McGovern to take a first-hand look at the damage they claimed had been wrought by U.S. bombers on their flood-control dikes. Holum suggested that I propose to the North Vietnamese that I take a highly qualified engineer with me.

Both Holum and I agreed—and he told me it was Senator McGovern's view as well—that a trip to Hanoi would be inopportune if it did not include the release of a number of American prisoners of war. We agreed that I would not go to Hanoi unless there was a prior commitment for such a release. In addition, I told Holum that it was important to tell the North Vietnamese that my visit had nothing to do with any peace efforts which might be under way at the time, and that Senator McGovern preferred peace in Vietnam to having it as an issue in the campaign, even if it meant his defeat. Holum agreed that such a declaration would be important.

I caught the evening plane to Paris from Washington and at 9 a.m. next morning, July 18, I called a number in Paris given to me by Holum and asked for Mr. Pham, a member of the North Vietnamese delegation. Mr. Pham expected me. I suggested a meeting in the afternoon, but Mr. Pham said it was urgent we meet immediately. "We have important meetings this afternoon," he said. Our meeting was fixed for 11 a.m.

I drove across Paris to the suburb of Choisy-le-Roi, where the North Vietnamese delegation lives and works in a series of houses surrounded by a high stone wall. There I met Mr. Pham and Mr. Nguyen Mai. I had seen both of them nine months earlier when I had attended a meeting between Senator McGovern and the North Vietnamese.

Mr. Mai opened the meeting by saying he was pleased to see me and that, as he had told "our American friends" in the peace movement, he hoped I or some representative of Senator McGovern could go to Hanoi.

Mr. Mai said his government was particularly interested in showing us the damage to the dikes. I said that if I went I wanted to take along a hydraulic engineer of our choosing.

I then told Mr. Mai that things had changed since our meeting nine months earlier. Senator McGovern was now the candidate of the Democratic party. For me or any other representative of the senator to go to Hanoi at this time would be extremely difficult politically. Despite the difficulties, I went on,

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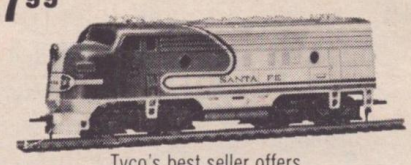

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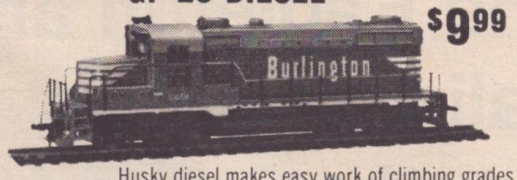

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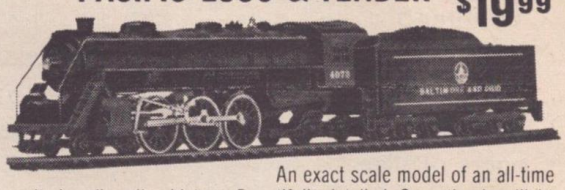

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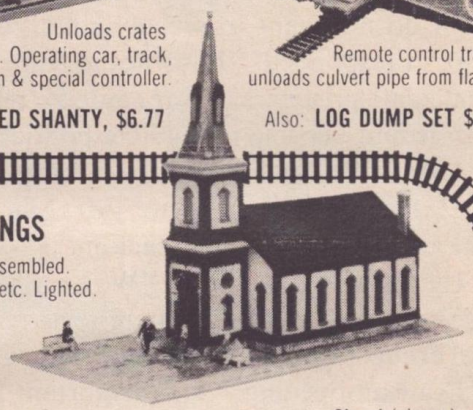

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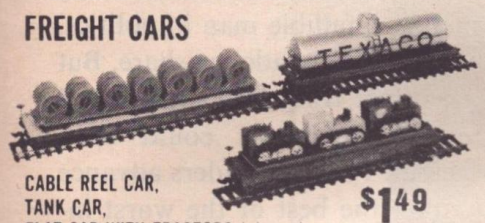

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The Eagleton and Salinger affairs together were fatal

CONTINUED

I was prepared to go to Hanoi and Senator McGovern was willing to send me if such a trip would result in the release of a number of American prisoners of war.

"How many?" Mr. Mai asked.

"Thirty or forty," I responded. I privately did not hope for any such number, but I thought I would start high.

"Is the release of the prisoners a condition of your visit?" Mr. Mai pursued.

"I do not want to set any conditions on the trip," I responded. "But without some assurance that some prisoners of war could be released, my trip would become impossible politically."

"We will take up the matter with our friends in Hanoi and let you know," Mr. Mai said without any hint of his own reaction.

He changed the subject. "We have been watching with a great deal of interest the recent political events in your country," he said with a smile.

I saw an opening. "It is important for you to know that Senator McGovern's primary interest is peace. If there is any way you can make peace with the current administration, you should do so without regard to the political events in our country," I told them. "Senator McGovern would prefer peace in Vietnam today to being President, if that is the choice."

The meeting came to an end on that note. It had lasted about 40 minutes. I told Mr. Mai I was going to take a short rest with friends in St. Tropez and he should call me if he had word from Hanoi. I would return to Paris immediately.

Two days later, as I headed for St. Tropez, I picked up the morning Paris *Herald Tribune*. There was a big headline. Secret talks had begun the previous day between the North Vietnamese and Henry Kissinger. Now I understood what Mr. Pham was talking about when he had mentioned "important meetings" in my first conversation with him.

On Aug. 2, Mr. Mai called me and said he had word from Hanoi. Could I meet with him on Aug. 9 in Paris? We fixed a time for 5 p.m.

After tea, Mr. Mai said he had heard from Hanoi and they would welcome me there at the earliest opportunity. I asked when and he said immediately. Mr. Mai stopped talking. I waited, expecting him to say something else, but there was a quiet in the room.

"What about the prisoners?" I asked.

"I'm sorry, but we can't do anything about the prisoners except in the context of a full settlement of the war. When we have previously released prisoners, the U.S. government has used them for propaganda against us. We don't want that to happen again."

My decision was made. I told them there was no way I could go to Hanoi under the circumstances, particularly since the conversations were going on with Dr. Kissinger. And that was it. Several hours later I reported by telephone to Frank Mankiewicz and John Holum that I had aborted the trip and the reasons for the decision. Little did I know when I hung up the telephone that just a week later the two short visits with the North Vietnamese would erupt into another major issue of the campaign affecting George McGovern's credibility.

On Aug. 16 I took my leave of Paris to go back to the U.S. to rejoin the campaign. I was still annoyed by the national chairmanship incident but, having played a role in nominating Senator McGovern, I was not going to sit out the campaign in a fit of pique.

When I emerged from customs at the New York airport an AP reporter was waiting for me.

He told me there was a UPI story out saying I had met with the North Vietnamese on George McGovern's instructions to tell them to settle immediately with the Nixon administration.

I told him no comment and hustled into a car a friend had sent to the airport.

When I reached the Carlyle Hotel half an hour later, I put through a call to Senator McGovern in Springfield, Ill. Fred Dutton answered. He told me the senator had just gone out.

"What is he going to say about the UPI story?" I asked.

"He's just gone out to deny it."

I exploded into the telephone: "That's not possible!" Dutton promised me he'd have Senator McGovern call me the minute he got back.

When the senator called 15 minutes later I was reassured. He told me he had not denied sending me to Paris, but merely the tenor of the UPI story. In other words, he said he had only denied giving me instructions to tell the North Vietnamese to make peace with Nixon. We agreed on a two-paragraph statement dealing with my efforts to bring about the release of prisoners of war. I told him I would not talk to the press until the statement had been released.

Some 40 minutes later, press aide Kirby Jones phoned me that the statement was out and I replied to the number of press calls which had piled up by then and held a small press conference.

It was while watching the television news shows that night that I became aware of the fact that McGovern's first statement had been worded in such a way that it indicated Senator McGovern had never sent me to Paris. "Pierre Salinger had no instructions whatsoever from me," he said. "He told me he was going to Paris and he said while he was there he might try to make some determinations of what was going on in the negotiations. But there wasn't the slightest instruction on my part to him." I know from my conversations with the senator in the weeks that followed that such a sweeping denial was never his intention. But the damage had been done. On top of the Eagleton 1,000%, the Salinger affair became another destructive blow to the McGovern credibility. Without the Eagleton affair it might not have mattered much, but the two of them together were fatal.

With this recital, it can be fairly asked why I persisted in working for George McGovern and considered him the best candidate for President.

I have never met an infallible man in politics. They all make mistakes. I've made my share. But in a time when there are truly two Americas, I still believe George McGovern could have brought them together. Political leaders advance by appealing to either the best or the worst instincts of men. I believe George McGovern was one of the former and Richard Nixon one of the latter. That was the choice. And it reminded me many times of something Franklin Roosevelt said in his second-nomination acceptance speech:

"Better the occasional faults of a government living in the spirit of charity than the constant omissions of a government frozen in the ice of its own indifference."

In happier days, the inner circle of advisers, fund-raisers and speechwriters gathers in McGovern's suite in Miami Beach to discuss strategy for the convention. Seated to Salinger's right is Frank Mankiewicz, McGovern's political strategist.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Filter Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 19 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report August '72

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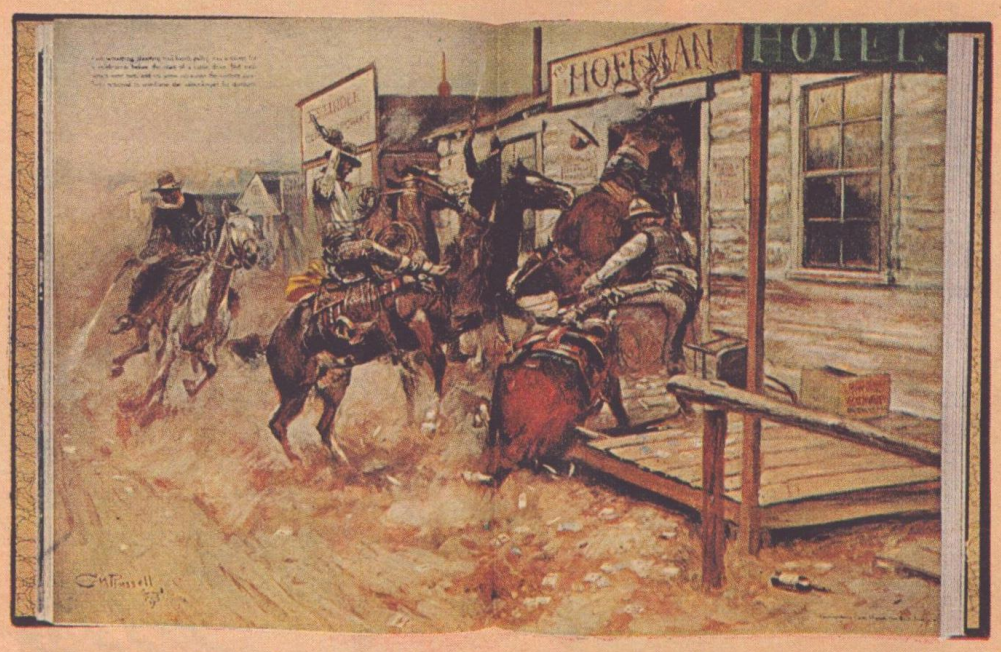
Beyond the wide Missouri is where TIME-LIFE BOOKS is going; to a country so big it makes you gasp and a time so high-spirited and freewheeling you'll wish you had been born 150 years earlier. ALL OF IT — the prairies, the mountains, the people, their achievements and escapades will be recaptured in a series of lively, informative books . . . THE OLD WEST.



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KANSAS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, TOPEKA

Wild Bill Hickok

He was a fast-drawing marshal who called himself Wild Bill Hickok, and he helped to bring law and order to the West's first big cowtown, Abilene. In *The Cowboys*—a big, beautiful book brimming over with engrossing facts, amusing anecdotes and brilliant illustrations—you'll come face to face with Wild Bill and a host of other fascinating people and places: Charlie Goodnight, the cowboy who made it up the ladder to cattle baron and died ruling 20 million acres of Texas rangeland; "Connie the Cowboy Queen," a colorful floozie, who wore a $250 dress embroidered with brands of every ranch between Yellowstone and the Platte; Baron von Richthofen, land promoter and uncle of the infamous "Red Baron." You'll trail the beeves to Abilene, Dodge City and up north; encounter the hazards of Red River, the high jinks of wicked Newton, Kansas; you'll find out how stampedes started, how to break a bronc, how saddles were rigged, how lariats were twirled. In every possible way, *The Cowboys* captures the pungent flavor of life on the range—the cowboy's rugged, often dreary and lonely existence, his habits and dress; the enormous power and wealth of the cattle barons; the western code of justice.

Books That Tell The Story of the Old West As It Really Was

The Cowboys, which you can look over now without cost for 10 days, is a perfect stage-setter for the provocative drama that awaits you in future volumes of THE OLD WEST: authoritatively written books that crackle with the excitement of men and women pushing out beyond the frontier, raising children and Cain, busting sod and staking out ranches in a land as wild and hostile as the open sea. Hard on the heels of *The Cowboys* will come *The Indians*—a thought-provoking and sensitive book that will be a revelation for most of us because it portrays the first inhabitants of this continent as they really were: men and women with complex cultures thrown into conflict with strangers who took their land and livelihood and left them beaten, bewildered and bitter. Later on you'll trek with *The Explorers* . . . encounter *The Great Warriors* . . . follow the exploits of *The Gunfighters* . . . travel with *The Pioneers*. . . .

So you see, there's a wealth of knowledge and enjoyment awaiting you and your family in THE OLD WEST. To find out for yourself, why not take this opportunity to examine *The Cowboys* for 10 days as our guest. In 240 pages, 40,000 words and over 250 fascinating pictures, it will plunge you into a part of our past that's well worth poring over if you take any interest at all in those long, lean men who spoke so little and accomplished so much. The order card bound into these pages will bring you *The Cowboys* for 10 days free. (If the order card is missing, please use the convenient coupon. If both are missing, write to TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Dept. 0418, Chicago, Ill. 60611.) Send no money. There's no risk, no gamble, just the promise of some good down-to-earth, hearty adventure.

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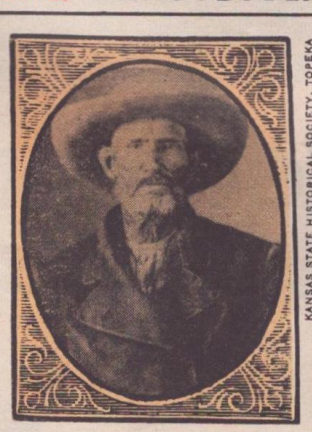
There's So Much To Find Out About The Old West . . .

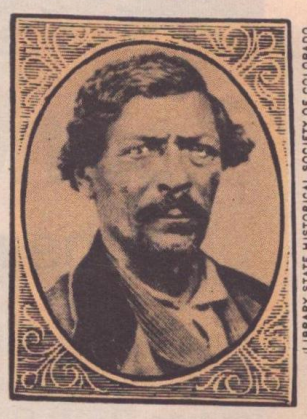


KANSAS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, TOPEKA

JIM BRIDGER answered an ad in 1822 for "enterprising young men" to trap furs near the sources of the Missouri. For the next 46 years he trapped, explored, guided expeditions and eventually established Fort Bridger on the Oregon Trail. He had three Indian wives and knew the West as well as any man.

KANSAS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, TOPEKA

SQUIRREL TOOTH ALICE was a demure Dodge City lady of the evening, and a little prettier than most. Her pet squirrel, which sat perched on her lap or draped around her neck, explains her nickname. Like most members of her profession in the West, she eventually quit to get married.



LIBRARY STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF COLORADO

JIM BECKWOURTH was a black man who, in his 68 years, was a blacksmith, game hunter, farmer, trapper, army scout and trader. He fought the Indians, yet later led the Crow as Chief Red Arm. He discovered a break in the Sierra Nevada, still called Beckwourth Pass.

THE OLD WEST

See and Feel It Come Alive

DETAIL FROM THE COWBOY BY FREDERIC REMINGTON, COURTESY AMON CARTER MUSEUM, FORT WORTH, TEXAS

TIME LIFE BOOKS

ANNOUNCING

THE COWBOYS

Just Off Press and Available for a 10-Day Free Look-over

HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME BOOKS

Individually hand-rubbed for look of antique leather; hardbound in brown padded cover; tooled and embossed in Western saddle design; spines heavily ribbed and stamped in gold. 8½ by 11 inches; 240 pages with some 40,000 words of text; 250 unique, lavish illustrations.

A SUPERB PICTORIAL REFERENCE

Each volume in THE OLD WEST is filled with about 250 illustrations, including numerous reproductions of paintings by such famous painters of the old West as Frederic Remington, Charles Russell and George Catlin. In addition, there are rare and previously unpublished treasures from archives, family albums and historical societies; paintings, drawings, etchings, woodcuts, vintage photographs, maps, newspaper clippings and posters.

Another unique pictorial distinction is the large amount of art that has been specially commissioned for this series—step-by-step diagrams, original line drawings and details.

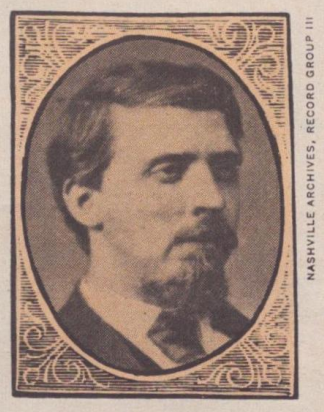
And So Many Fascinating People To Meet . . .

BELLE STARR was a liquid-eyed, black-haired siren who seemed to infect men with banditry. She bore two illegitimate children and was arrested for arson, horse-stealing and bootlegging—and she was killed one wintry day over eighty years ago by a shotgun blast in the back. They say her own son did it.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

RED CLOUD, greatest of the Oglala Sioux warriors, was not only the best military tactician and strategist among western Indians, but he was also a brilliant diplomat. He was sufficiently skilled to cause the commissioners of the United States to capitulate to his terms in 1868 in the treaty of Laramie.

NARCISSA WHITMAN, a gentle, courageous missionary wife, was the first white woman to cross the continent (1836). She settled among the hostile Cayuse Indians to teach them reading, 'riting, 'rithmetic and religion—and was shot by them when they thought her husband's "white medicine" was killing them off.



NASHVILLE ARCHIVES; RECORD GROUP 111

"HANGING JUDGE" PARKER ruled western Arkansas with a Bible and a 12-man gallows. Stern, stiff-backed and bewhiskered, Parker in 21 years sentenced 172 men and women to their deaths. The multiple hangings were sometimes attended by as many as 5,000 onlookers.

TIME LIFE BOOKS

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Yes, I would like to examine *The Cowboys*. Please send it to me for 10 days' free examination and enter my subscription to THE OLD WEST. If I decide to keep *The Cowboys,* I will pay $7.95 ($8.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling. I then will receive future volumes in THE OLD WEST, shipped a volume at a time every three months. Each is $7.95 ($8.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling and comes on a 10-day free-examination basis. There is no minimum number of books that I must buy and I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you.

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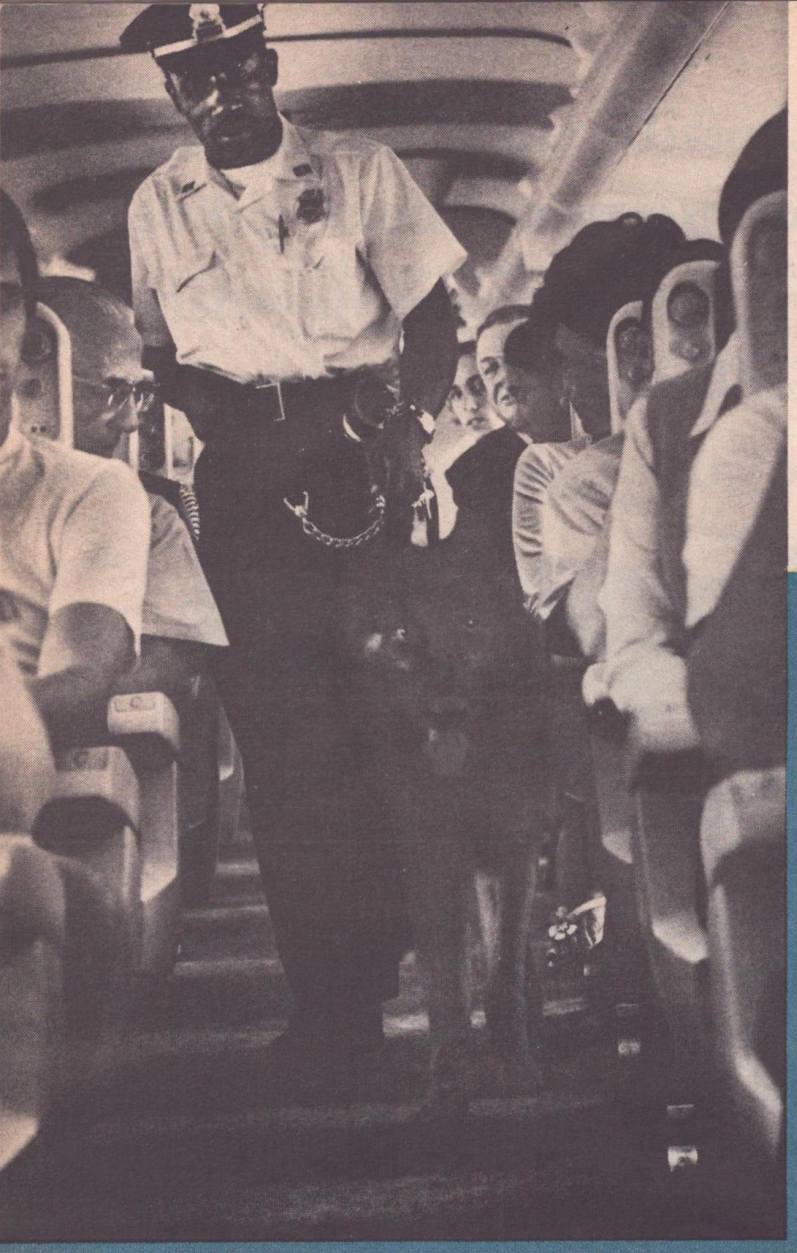
0419

The year in pictures **Skyjacking**

Fruitless war against



A trained dog sniffs for explosives aboard a plane. Severe preboarding screening procedures also went into effect.

crime in the air

The yawning rear hatch of a 727 symbolized the increasingly bizarre character of skyjacking. Officials desperately searched for workable deterrents as pilots went on strike and psychiatrists argued that the measures merely encouraged the skyjackers. Skyjackers themselves turned to more novel techniques, from bailing out of the aircraft to bicycling onto the field. Most of them were caught and dealt with severely (below). Yet incidents continued, with 31 in the U.S. alone. Even the Cubans seemed to be getting upset.

Skyjackers who were tried—and what they got

Robb Heady
30 years

Ronald Bohle
20 years

Frederick Hahneman
Life

Juan Borges-Guerra
20 years

William Greene
20 years

Del Lavon Thomas
20 years

Frank Sibley
Life

Ricardo Chavez-Ortiz
Life

Glen Riggs
20 years

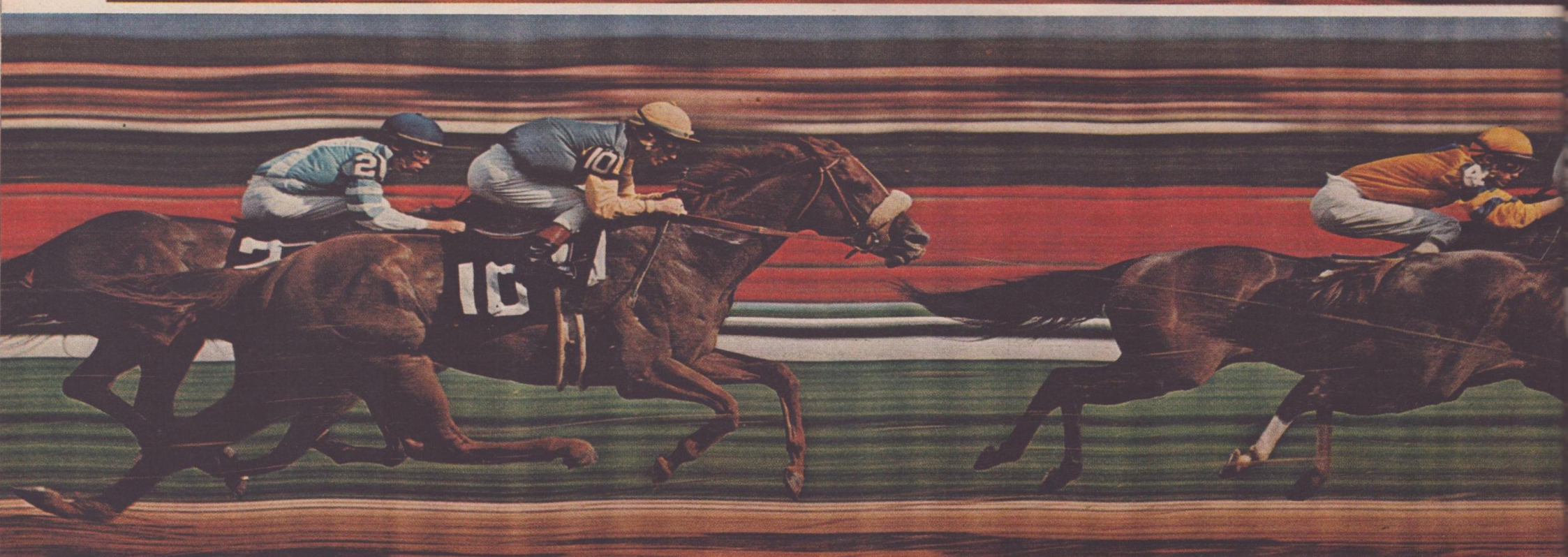
Richard McCoy
45 years

Richard LaPoint
40 years

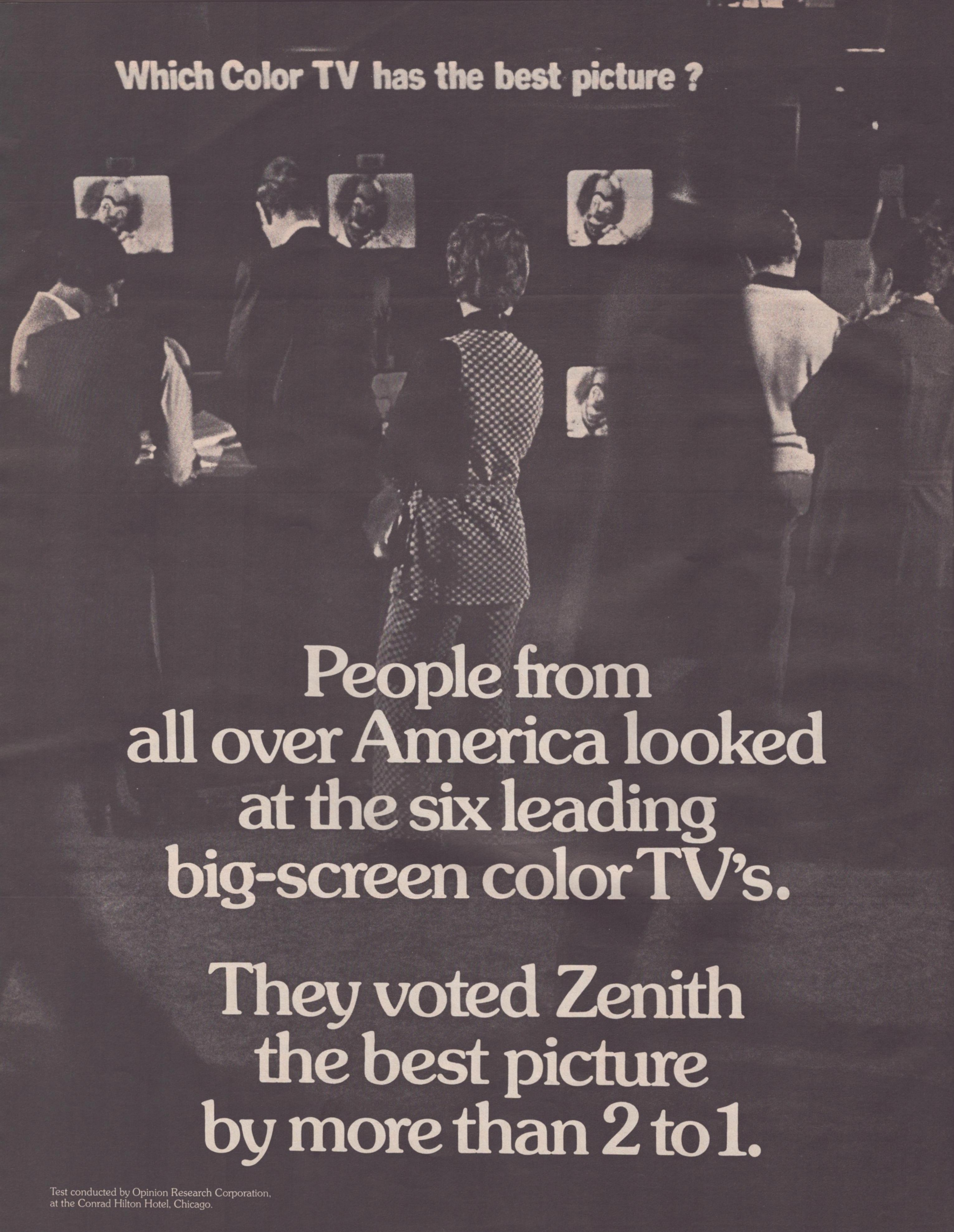
Melvin Fisher
Life

The year in pictures **Kentucky Derby**

A champ called Riva Ridge and 15 also-rans



What weighs approximately 19,000 pounds and can run a mile and a quarter in less than three minutes? Why, the entire field in the Kentucky Derby, of course. Last May, sports photographer Neil Leifer captured the action of the race on a single frame, above, as the country's top Thoroughbreds whizzed past the crowd of 130,000 at Churchill Downs. Leifer used a 250-exposure Nikon converted by LIFE's chief technician, Al Schneider, to operate as a photo-finish camera by having the film move across a fixed slit. In the enlargements of the strip, below, the tension and drive of the year's biggest race are minutely portrayed. The winner was favorite Riva Ridge, who led the field wire-to-wire in checkered silks.


Which Color TV has the best picture ?
People from
all over America looked
at the six leading
big-screen color TV's.
They voted Zenith
the best picture
by more than 2 to 1.
Test conducted by Opinion Research Corporation,
at the Conrad Hilton Hotel, Chicago.

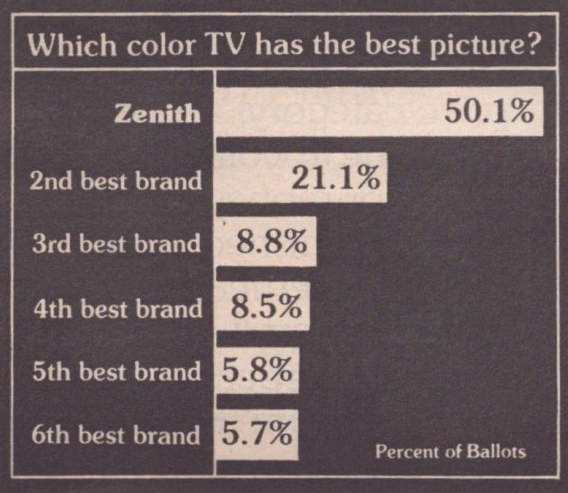
How the test was made

The entire test was conducted by a leading independent research organization, Opinion Research Corporation, of Princeton, New Jersey.

Opinion Research purchased six new color television sets directly from retail stores. All sets were 25-inch (diagonal measurement) solid-state, full-featured models representing the six largest-selling brands in the United States.

The test was set up in the lobby of America's largest hotel, the Conrad Hilton in Chicago, to reach people from all over the country.

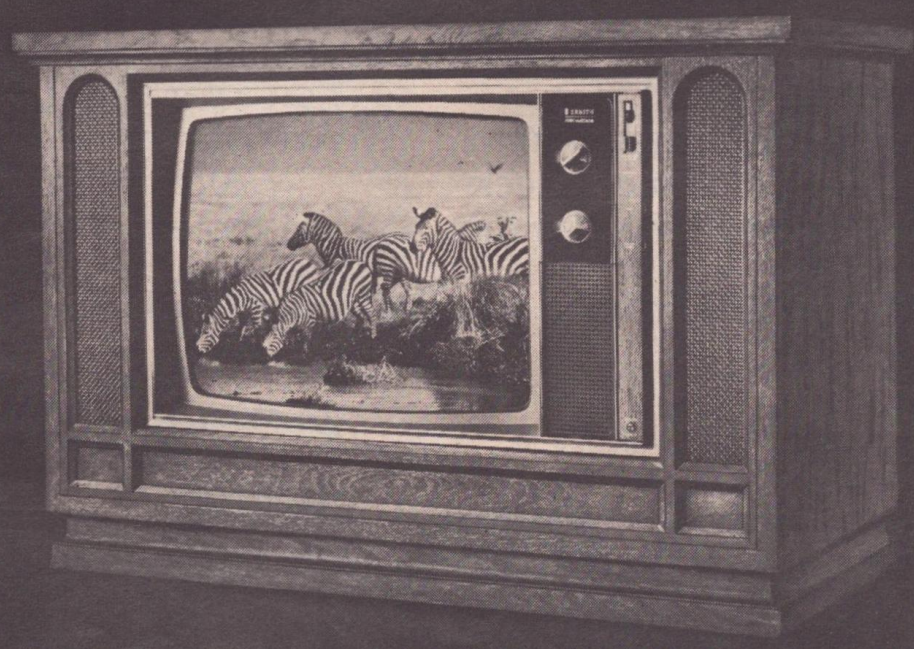
All six sets were masked so they couldn't be identified. Only the pictures were visible. Each picture had a number above it. Viewers were asked to vote, by number, for the best picture. At the end of each day of voting, the sets were rotated to new positions. Different independent TV servicemen, selected by Opinion Research, were brought in each day to readjust the sets after they were rotated. These servicemen, who monitored the performance of all sets continually, had authority to replace components or make any alteration necessary to maintain all sets at peak performance.



By the end of the test, 2,707 people had voted. The ballots were compiled and tabulated by Opinion Research.

As shown in the table above, Zenith was picked by more than 2 to 1 over the next best brand.

See the difference for yourself at your Zenith dealer.



ZENITH® SUPER CHROMACOLOR®

The quality goes in before the name goes on.®

Test details are available on request. Write Zenith Radio Corporation. 1900 N. Austin Ave.. Chicago. Illinois 60639. Simulated TV picture.

How much car should you expect for a couple of thousand bucks?

You should expect a whole car. Not a stripped-down model that could cost you another two hundred in options before you get it out of the showroom.

At Toyota, we don't call things "options" that should come on your car in the first place. And then advertise a lower sticker price. And then charge you extra when you buy the car.

Even our most inexpensive models come with a long list of standard equipment including such things as whitewalls, reclining bucket seats and full carpeting.

In other words, when our suggested retail price is $1998 (as it is on a '73 Toyota Corolla 1200), then you know that that price, plus local taxes and freight, includes those kinds of things. Things some others charge extra for.

You should expect a dollar's worth of car for every dollar you lay out.

For a couple of thousand bucks, you should expect a roomy, comfortable car. Not one that requires sitting in the knee-chest position.

That's why we design the inside of our cars before the outside. So although we make "small" cars, you'll find them surprisingly roomy inside. Even our smallest models are big enough for four adults.

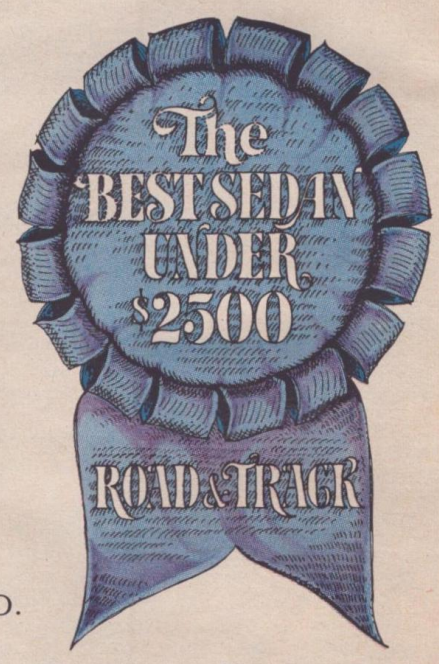
And you should expect a car that'll last without costing you an arm and two legs in repairs.

That's why we build our cars so that under normal driving conditions, they require maintenance check-ups only twice a year. Or 6000 miles. Which, by the way, is one of the longest intervals between check-ups in the industry. About as often as you're supposed to see your dentist.

Maybe the best way to find out about a car before you buy it is to ask a friend who bought one. He'll be quick to tell you what he thinks of it. Or doesn't think of it.

Roughly every four years, the editors of *Road & Track* magazine select what they think are the finest cars in the world by category.

Here's what they said in 1971 when they chose the best sedan sold in the United States in their lowest price category.



"The Toyota Corona is value for money; nice looking, well finished, quiet, smooth overhead-cam engine, good 4-speed gearbox, carpeting, tinted glass, vacuum-assisted front disc brakes.

"Features alone don't make a car though. It's the driving and living-with that do.

"The Toyota Corona succeeds here too..."

"The Toyota Corona is the best sedan sold in the U.S. under $2500".
–The editors of Road & Track 1972 Annual

Now we can't be sure they would say the same thing about our '73 Corona. We have changed all our cars since. We, of course, think they're even more car for the money.

Whether you're buying a new car or a half dozen oranges, make sure you're getting your money's worth. And when you spend two thousand dollars or more on a car, you should expect to get your dollar's worth.

After all, inflation or no, a couple of thousand bucks is a lot of money.

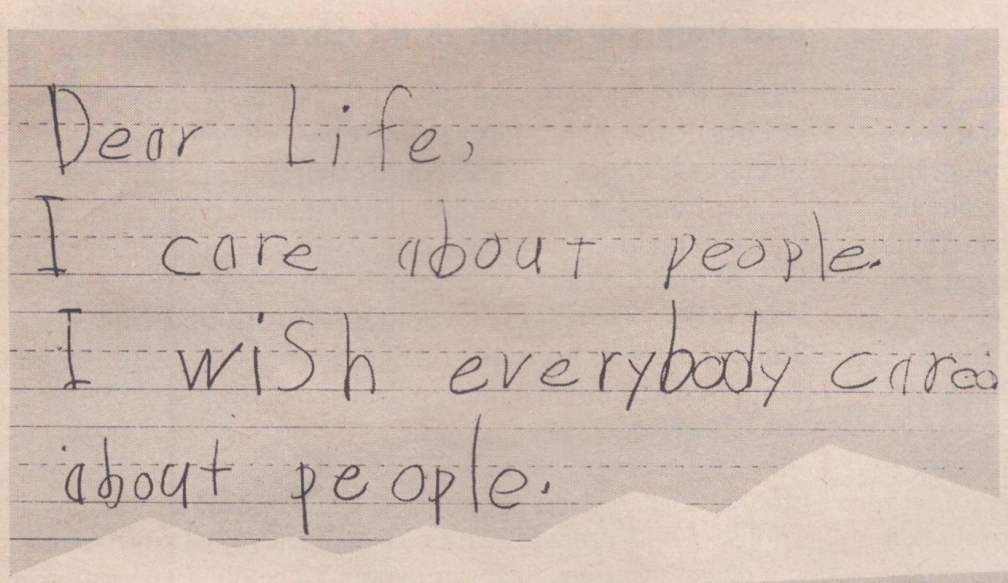
If everyone wanted the same thing from a small car, we'd only make one small car. From l to r: Toyota.

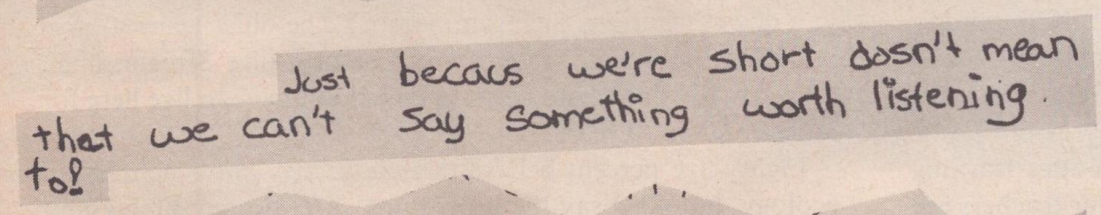
See how much car your money can buy.

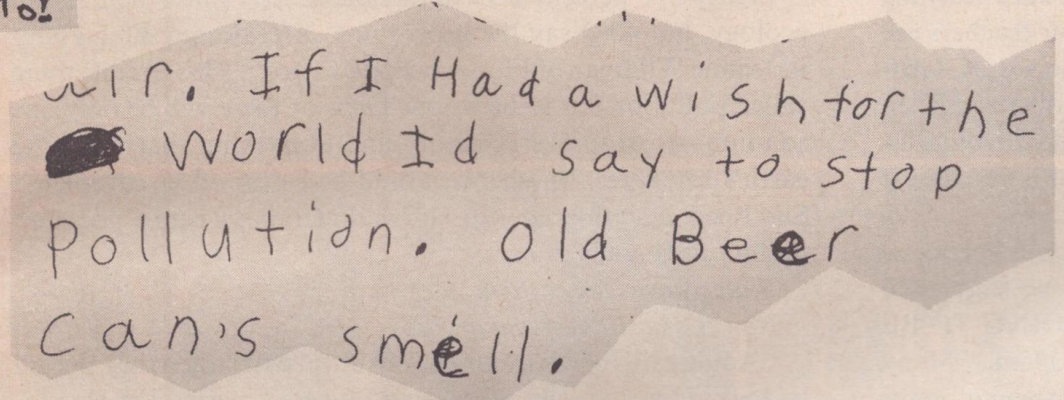
TOYOTA

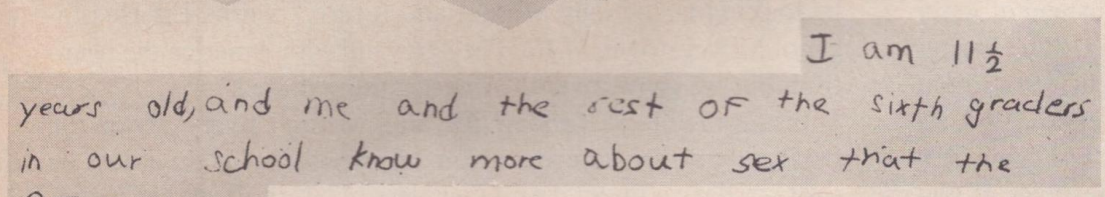
'We don't want to rebel, just be heard'

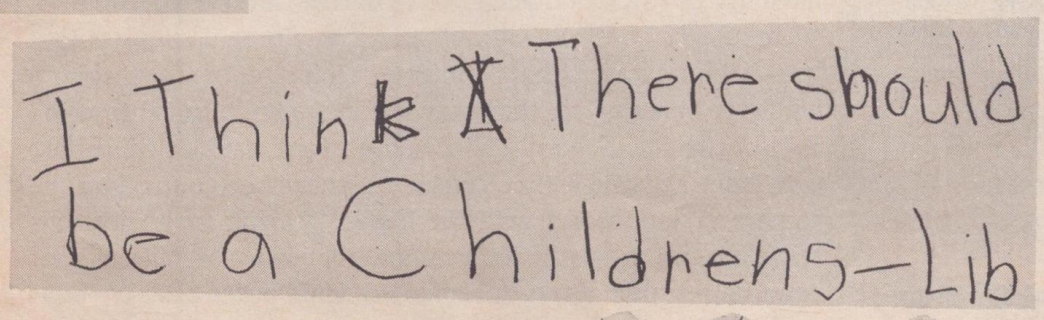
250,000 CHILDREN HAVE THEIR SAY

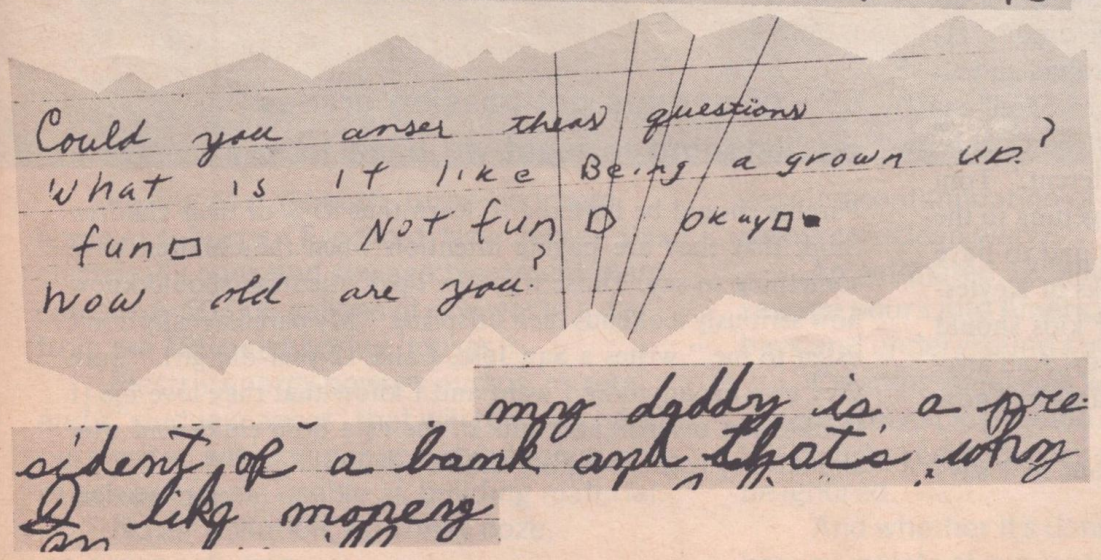











Could you answer these questions
What is it like Being a grown up?
fun
Not fun
Okay
How old are you?
my daddy is a pre-
sident of a bank and that's why
I'm like money

In the October 20 issue, LIFE *published a special section on the 6-to-12-year-old "middle-age child." We included a reader questionnaire "for children only," inviting youngsters to make their own voices heard on issues important to them. To our astonishment, more than 250,000 children responded, both individually and from 2,000 schoolrooms. Almost 5,000 children wrote letters to expand their answers and to tell us of their problems, hopes and frustrations. The results have been tabulated by the polling firm of Don Bowdren Associates.* LIFE *is happy to present them here.*

by TOM FLAHERTY

Too often adults don't listen to us because they feel we can't really have opinions," wrote Nan Sutter, 12, of Munster, Ind., whose letter reflected literally hundreds of others. "Thank you, LIFE, for believing we do." Mace Pratt of St. George, Utah added, "We don't want to rebel, just be heard." Susan Taylor of Kitchener, Ontario said, "I often wonder if adults even know we are here. I feel like screaming, 'We *are* here, you can't overlook us.' " Heather McIlreath, 11, of Northbrook, Ill. offered a formula: Kid Power equals a Beautiful World. "I think you understand how horrid it is to be the middle-age kid," complained 10-year-old Mary Vukasin of Cresskill, N.J., who stayed up past her 9 p.m. bedtime to write her letter. "You are too young to do the nice things that grown-ups do, but you are big enough to do all the jobs a grown-up does." From San Diego, 11-year-old Barbara Elizabeth Tucker agreed: "The middle-age child is tied down. Can't marry, can't go steady (not that I'd want to, understand), can't vote, can't stay out late. We can't even make our own money, except allowance which makes you feel (like at Christmas) that your parents just gave you the money to buy them something." A 12-year-old in Manhasset, N.Y. summed up a widespread feeling: "My parents said I can't change the world so why should I try. But if you get enough people to write in, you may be able to change some things (I hope)."

Given the chance to be heard, the children overall express a strong affection for their parents, contentment with school and blunt, concise, often poignant opinions on the issues of our time. Of the 250,000 children who responded, 57% were girls, half were under 11 years old and a small fraction (though not specifically invited to take part) were older than 12.

80% enjoy going to school but they like it less as they grow older

Eighty percent say that they enjoy going to school. But the number who say they don't enjoy school rises steadily from 9% at age 6 to 21% at age 12. The big jump, to 19%, comes at age 9. Eighty-five percent of the children say they learn something new in school every day. But again, the number of those who say school is "the same old thing every day" more than doubles

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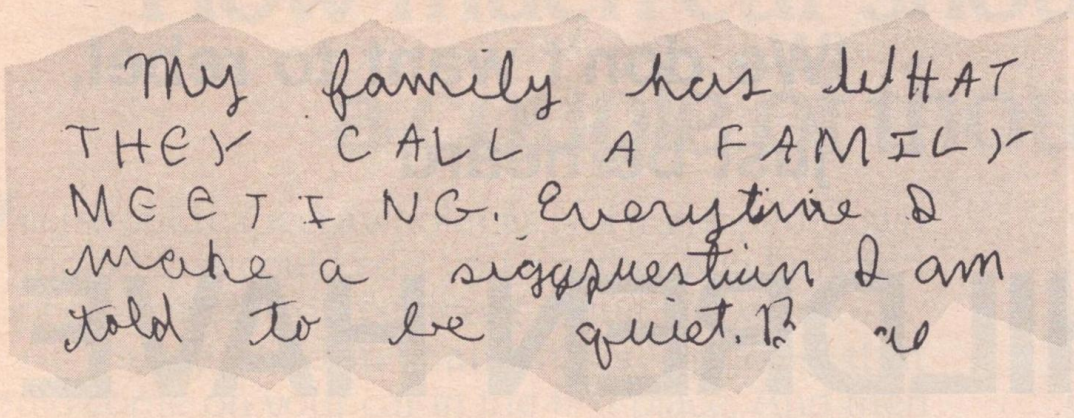


CONTINUED

from age 6 (6%) to ages 11 and 12 (14%). All but 3% say they get grades in school and a large majority approved of that. More than half say they get very good grades and four out of five say their teachers grade them fairly, at least most of the time. But the percentage of those who don't approve of grades doubles between ages 6 and 12. And the percentage of students who think their teachers always grade fairly shrinks from 65% at age 6 to 25% at age 12.

"I'm in fourth grade and it's great!!!" writes Dana Starks of Rockford, Ill. "I'm 9 years old and don't want to get any older." Mari Boge of Bloomington, Ill. takes a practical approach: "School is like work. If you get a D on your report card it sticks, you can't change it. When you go to get a job and they look back at your grades and see a D, it could mean losing that job." A 7-year-old in Richton Park, Ill. agrees: "If you didn't go to school every day you'd be very dumb. You learn how to read and write and with a mean teacher like mine, you learn how to behave." An older view comes from 12-year-old Leslie Fratkin of Schenectady, N.Y.: "Every day, besides learning something new, I learn something interesting. Our teachers are not always nice, but they are fair." Like many others, J. K. Griffiths of Richmond, Va. says she's "usually bored to death" in summer when school is out, and an anonymous 12-year-old Chicagoan writes: "The only reason I enjoy school is because it fills up my day."

Not everyone approves of traditional grading. Jon Perricone of Vestal, N.Y. contends that "many kids become frightened when they hear a teacher say, 'THIS TEST IS GOING TO BE GRADED.' When the test comes, their minds go blank." Many children recommend a detailed progress report instead of letter grades like A and B. "I feel very strongly about this," writes Jim Borton of Lynnfield, Mass. "A person might get straight A's but get along terribly with his or her classmates. With a progress report you can tell about all that stuff." "For some people, grades hurt their ego," comments Marie Dieringer of Cypress, Calif., "and that makes them angry at everybody." Christy Voges of Tell City, Ind., who has had experience with grades and without, recommends her present school's system of conferences between parent, teacher and child.

66% say they should be allowed to dress any way they like, except for bare feet

Two-thirds of the children think they should be allowed to dress any way they like for school, and the percentage among 11- and 12-year-olds is even higher. Their reasons are sound and almost always modified by restraint. "Dressing is a form of self-expression," argues Michele Markowitz. "With different colors and shapes, it is a way you can prove you are different." Tom Quan, 12, of Grand Junction, Colo. says, "We're getting to the age that we are capable to choose what we want and to have our own responsibilities." Ten-year-old Bully Parks of Keytesville, Mo. reasons that "some people think their kids should dress very fancy. I think this is not fair to poor kids. And anyway it doesn't prove anything because most of the time we know who the rich people are."

"Uniforms make me feel embarrassed to go out in," says Kathy Terenick, who goes to private school in Randallstown, Md. "I could see them not letting us wear pants, but the least they could do is let us wear a dress." Elizabeth Gourlay of Lyme, Conn. is luckier: "I get to wear pants but they have to look good. I don't think you should wear just anything." Neither does Sally Karbonik of Calmar, Alberta. "At our school some kids had bare feet and it was hard to do arithmetic with toes crawling around you."

Pollution bothers children the most, and they say adults don't care enough

"There's this thing I have about life," writes Rachelle Palnick of Little Rock, Ark. "If it's living, I love it. Dogs, cats, horses, sheep, grasshoppers, beetles, birds, but not mosquitoes." To the question, what two or three things interest them most, more than half the children answer pets. An equal number (including 72% of the boys) answer sports. Girls put sports and music on a par (41%). These favorites hold steady with advancing years. School does not. More than half the 6-year-olds name school as one of the things that interest them most. Only 17% of the 12-year-olds do.

Pollution, mentioned by 71% of the children, is the world problem that bothers them most. Close behind are killing of wildlife (63%), drugs (50%) and Vietnam (37%). Only one child in a dozen mentions the atom bomb. "The older generation is polluting the world," says Karen Lee of Valley Stream, N.Y. "They really don't care because they don't have to live here for another 60 or 70 years."

Eighty-five percent believe the adults they know care about ecology, but 40% say the grown-ups don't do anything about it. Jeanne Wildman of Flossmoor, Ill. writes: "This terrible thing called pollution has to be stopped *now* or there will be only one solution—to stop every factory and everything that taxes the earth's resources. Maybe we would be better off as cavemen." Sue Reed, a sixth grader in Norwalk, Conn., wrote a poem on pollution. It reads in part:

Water was clean, I think
Now it's hard to have a drink.

"Adults still look back on the beautiful past, when they should be looking at the ugly present and future," warns Liz Hassinger of Moorestown, N.J. "They grew up with America the beautiful, but we grow up with America the polluted."

Lisa Radcliffe of Kendallville, Ind. writes, "Every day on the front page a man or even a woman proudly holds up a deer he shot—a beautiful, wild and harmless creature. It makes me almost literally sick." Vickie Enos of Bartlesville, Okla., who says, "I am never going to kill anyone or anything," suggests that "since animals are unhappy in zoos, the best thing for them is a big fenced area where they may not be killed." Students at the Willson Middle School in Bozeman, Mont. are not concerned with hunting, which they consider a means of controlling the game population, but with the loss of grazing land, clean air and clean water on which the animals depend. "Wildlife is a renewable resource," the Bozeman students point out, "habitat is not."

85% of parents get passing grades on 'listening to what we have to say'

Parents should be flattered to learn that 85% of their children think that they are paying attention when the children have something to say. Those who *don't* pay attention should know how seriously it offends their offspring. "My parents really don't listen to me," writes a San Jose, Calif. 12-year-old girl. "Sure they give me anything I want and I know that they love me (I think). But my parents think of me as a little child, and why should they listen to a little child's opinion, right?"

CONTINUED

The one without a doorbell is the sewage plant.

Posing as a 1½ bath, three-bedroom home in suburban Freehold, New Jersey, this electrically operated sewage treatment plant can purify 50,000 gallons of raw waste a day from the 125 neighboring houses.†

Electric energy powers pumps, mixers and a "sludge magnet" that will turn out nearly pure water, water vapor and about ten pounds of ash per week, usable as building material.

No air pollution, no stinky ooze, no water pollution.

The one without a doorbell (topmost photograph) may be one answer to the growing contamination of a precious resource—clean water.

An estimated 17 billion gallons of raw sewage pours into America's rivers, lakes, bays and underground streams every day.

Cleaning America's waterways and keeping them clean could cost $30 billion in the coming years. But it's a job that can't be ignored.

And whether it's done with lots of little houses, or lots of conventional plants, lots of versatile electric power will be needed to make them do their stuff.

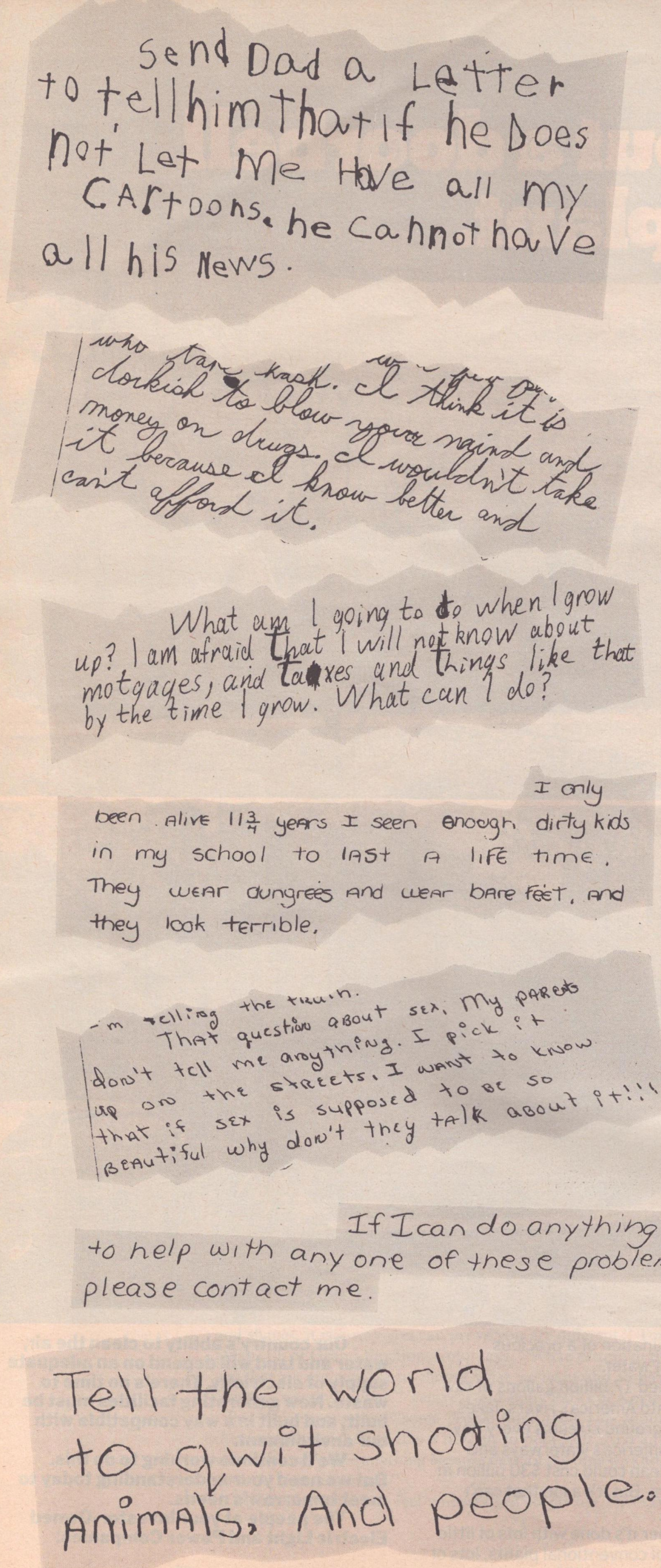
Our country's ability to clean the air, water and land will depend on an adequate supply of electricity. There's no time to waste. New generating facilities must be built, and built in a way compatible with our environment.

We'll continue working to do this. But we need your understanding today to meet tomorrow's needs.

The people at your Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies:

*For names of sponsoring companies, write to Power Companies, 1345 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019

†Concept by Levitt & Sons, Inc. System designed and constructed by AWT Systems, Inc.


Send Dad a Letter to tell him that if he Does not Let Me Have all my CARtoons. he Cannot have all his News.
who stare back. I think it is dorkish to blow your mind and money on drugs. I wouldn't take it because I know better and can't afford it.
What am I going to do when I grow up? I am afraid that I will not know about motgages, and taxes and things like that by the time I grow. What can I do?
I only been alive 11 3/4 years I seen enough dirty kids in my school to last a life time. They wear dungrees and wear bare feet, and they look terrible.
-m telling the truth. That question about sex. My parents don't tell me anything. I pick it up on the streets. I want to know that if sex is supposed to be so Beautiful why don't they talk about it!!!
If I can do anything to help with any one of these problems please contact me.
Tell the world to qwit shoting Animals. And people.

CONTINUED

"My parents only listen when they're mad at me," complains a boy in San Bernardino. "Only when I'm being funny," says a Lafayette, La. girl. "Why do parents act as though you're a kid and they are grown-up, like they are a different creation?" asks one 11-year-old reader. "My parents *say* they listen," says another 11-year-old, "but they never comment, so how can you tell?" A frustrated 12-year-old complains that if he wants to talk to his dad after a family fight, "all he says is, 'I don't want to hear it.' " A Louisiana 12-year-old says, "I agree with my parents for sometimes not listening, but they shouldn't take it out on us if they had a hard day." A New York City girl asks, "Did you know that parents and teachers can scream at you, but you cannot scream at them? We have feelings too." But a boy in Staten Island beautifully expresses the feelings of many when he writes: "Until I was 12 I never really understood what a parent was. Now I'm glad I know, because I love mine so much. Every child in America should be proud and happy to have one, because you are very lucky if you do."

50% have moved at least twice and it often makes them unhappy

Despite their tender years, 50% of the children report that they have moved at least twice in their lives. Only one in five never has moved at all. Of those who have moved, 30% were unhappy about it. Yet an overwhelming number, 86%, like the place where they live now. A Kansas City girl counsels, "It's hard to leave your friends when you move, but still it is fun to sleep in a new room, cook in a new kitchen, and when you wake up in the morning it's fun exploring your new house." A boy in Des Moines, who still writes letters to old friends in Council Bluffs, adds, "My feelings are that a kid can like where he is as long as he has a good friend, whether he lives a hundred miles away, or two inches."

Like moving, music is a subject that can divide parents and children. But more than half the children said that parents also enjoy the kind of music their kids do. Only 15% say their parents don't like it. The others say their parents don't care. "They like some of my music but some drives them up the wall," explains Cory Bricker of British Columbia. "They like the soft kind but not the screaming," says Donna Lisberger of Massapequa Park, N.Y. A Brooklyn girl confides, "My mother tries 'to be young again' and listens to all our records, but my father is honest and only likes the good folk music." A Claremont, Calif. 12-year-old challenges, "You probably assume all children like pop rock. In my case you are wrong. I *hate* rock music and so do my parents." Carolyn Sparks of Dalton, Ga. is more versatile: "I like the new styles, but don't knock Mozart till you've tried him."

65% turn to parents for sex information, but many have no one to ask

LIFE asked the children, "What adult answers your questions about sex?" A number of schools censored that question before responding. A fifth-grade teacher in Illinois explained, "Any whisper of sex is not allowed in our classroom. A few very vocal parents forced this stand on the school board. Sorry."

Two-thirds of the children say their parents answer their questions about sex. A small fraction receives its information from teachers or older brothers and sisters. But almost one child in four says no one at all answers his questions. "My mother thinks that if the child is big enough to ask these questions, he's big enough to get honest answers," writes a 12-year-old from Kensington, Conn. A 9-year-old in Brockport, N.Y. says, "In our family sex is not a big thing. Grown-ups usually don't mind those kinds of questions, but children do. They make faces and giggle." One girl who didn't sign her letter responds, "I think I know more about sex than my parents because it takes my moth-

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King: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine.
Extra Long: 18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Aug. '72).

Put some more flavor in your life

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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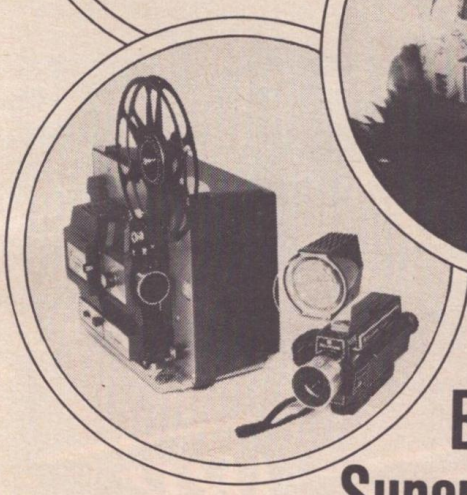

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CONTINUED

er and father so long to answer my questions. So I just go outside and ask the teen-agers." But a Denver 11-year-old worries because "my friends answer my questions about sex, but they have as many questions as I do." A 12-year-old girl writes, "When I want to know, I find a quiet time, maybe when Mom is kissing me goodnight, and ask. She listens. There's no need to ask anyone else." And a Detroit girl spoke for many when she wrote, "The reason nobody answers my questions about sex is that I never ask any."

65% are satisfied with their allowance, but one in four doesn't get any

All children have an *opinion* about money. "When I have money, I feel like I rule the world," says Melita Schaechter of Moline, Ill. One-fourth of the children get no allowance at all, but many of that group wrote to explain that parents or grandparents do give them money when they need it. Boys and girls appear to be treated equally on allowances. The most common weekly payment is $1 and a lucky 6% receive more than $2 a week. Though allowances vary widely within each age group, they can be charted roughly like this:

Age	Amount
6	Zero to 25¢
7	25¢
8	25¢ to 50¢
9	50¢
10	50¢ to $1
11	75¢ to $1
12	$1 or more

A surprising 65% majority (including half of those who get no regular payments) say that their allowances are fair. An 11-year-old in Jersey City who received $2 a week frankly admits he gets too much. A New Jersey girl confesses, "My parents take away my 25¢ allowance for bad behavior. This has caused me to take money from my parents without them knowing." Some children complain about discrimination; they work as hard as older brothers and sisters but get far smaller allowances. "My brother in senior high used to get $10 for doing the lawn," argues a Manhasset, N.Y. 11-year-old. "Now I do it just as good as him and I only get paid $1. He's 17 and my parents are always paying attention to him anyway."

But more than one child, we're happy to report, shared the experience of Clarke Wilson of Cleveland. "I did jobs but I never got an allowance before I read your article. So I talked to my parents and they have decided that they should give me an allowance. Thanks, LIFE."

Conclusion:
Children are lively and sensible
and we ought to listen to them more often

P.S. I am writing a book called Search for Serenity would you be interested?

Once and for all, American Motors wants you to judge which one of these companies has the best new car guarantee.

THE FOLLOWING PARTS AND SERVICES ARE GUARANTEED AGAINST FACTORY DEFECTS AND REPLACEMENT DUE TO WEAR FOR 12 MONTHS OR 12,000 MILES.					
PARTS FIXED OR REPLACED FREE.					
	AMC	GM	FORD	VW	CHRYSLER
Engine/Drive train	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
Spark plugs	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Points & Condenser	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Shock Absorbers	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Brake linings	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Clutch lining	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Wiper blades	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Light bulbs	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Hoses & Belts	YES	YES	NO	NO	NO
SERVICES PROVIDED FREE.					
Wheel alignment	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Wheel balancing	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Align headlights	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Adjust carburetor	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Adjust distributor	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Adjust brakes	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Adjust clutch	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Adjust transmission bands	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Adjust & tighten belts	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Tighten nuts & bolts	YES	NO	NO	NO	YES
Free loaner car	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Trip Interruption Protection	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO

Last year American Motors introduced the Buyer Protection Plan.

Now everyone's trying to get on the bandwagon.

So, once and for all, we'd like to set the record straight. Who does back their cars the best?

Well, notice the proliferation of "NO's" in every one but the American Motors column.

Why a Buyer Protection Plan and not just a guarantee?

Most companies feel that a guarantee is backing enough for a new car.

But American Motors wants to do more.

Item: A simple, strong guarantee.* In fact, the only guarantee that expects every part to last for 12 months or 12,000 miles, or we'll fix it free.

*When you buy a new 1973 car from an American Motors dealer, American Motors Corporation guarantees to you that, except for tires, it will pay for the repair or replacement of any part it supplies that is defective in material or workmanship. This guarantee is good for 12 months from the date the car is first used or 12,000 miles, whichever comes first. All we require is that the car be properly maintained and cared for under normal use and service in the fifty United States or Canada, and that guaranteed repairs or replacement be made by an American Motors dealer.

Item: American Motors is the only manufacturer that has a plan to provide a free loaner car if guaranteed repairs take overnight.

Item: Special Trip Interruption Protection. If your car needs guaranteed repairs more than 100 miles from home, American Motors will pay all reasonable expenses for food and lodging—up to $150.

Item: A free hot line to Detroit. If you want to get mad at us, we'll listen.

Our dealers make it possible for us to run this ad.

No manufacturer's guarantee can be successful without the cooperation of its dealers.

And like us, our dealers' dedication to the Buyer Protection Plan has become a way of life.

They know that we'll back them in their commitment to you, the customer, under the terms of the Buyer Protection Plan.

Besides, they're finding out what we've suspected all along: Build a good strong car with a good strong guarantee and the world will beat a path to your door.

AMC

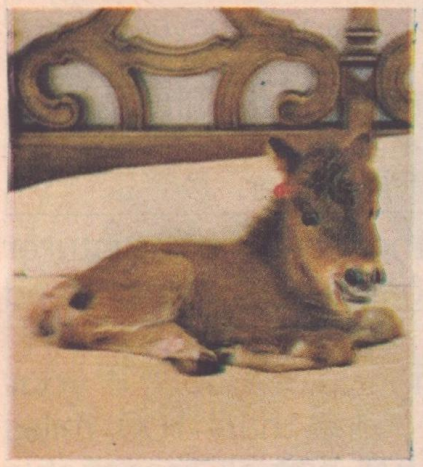
We back them better because we build them better.

Whatever became of —? Follow-up on a few faces

Each year thousands of faces appear in the news, generally at some point of crisis or humor or significance in their lives—or in ours. Some of them are famous and of lasting interest. For others, fame turns out to be exceedingly transient. On these six pages we offer a second look at a few of the faces that have appeared in LIFE during the past year along with the issue dates in parentheses. What has happened to them since their stories were published is reported in the captions.

His enigmatic, memorable song *American Pie* made Don McLean famous (Jan. 14). Since then he has made another album and an hour-long movie about himself. He is also an ecology activist and is currently working on an ecology documentary film, for which he has written several original songs.

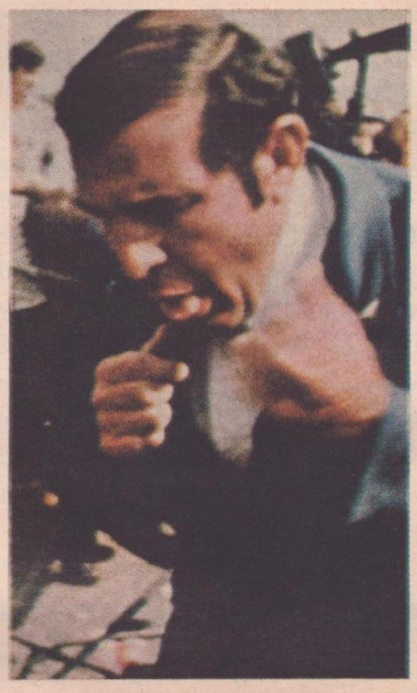
The pampered pandas from China (July 7) continue their sojourn at the National Zoological Park in Washington. Ling-Ling and Hsing-Hsing (below) have gained weight and, to the delight of their keepers who hope for offspring, have lost their air of mutual indifference.



Coco, the world's smallest horse as of April 7, was still the world's smallest horse halfway through December, but at 25½″ high, she would no longer fit life-size on a LIFE spread. Her owner, Rayford Ely, estimated that by New Year's she might be the second smallest horse in the world: her half sister, Cricket, is fully grown and only 26″ high. Coco, her mane and tail now pure white, still has the run of the Elys' Oakland, Calif. house and, says Mrs. Ely, "has never had an accident—and we have wall-to-wall white carpeting."

"Mike" and "Tammy," the twin children found by police in a Long Beach, Calif. alley (May 5), were finally identified—after their case had been given national publicity—as Tamara and Brian Woodruff. They had been abandoned by their mother and are now in a foster home. Their mother is under psychiatric observation.

Amateur belly dancer Cassie Kernan (Feb. 4) found she enjoyed the art so much she enrolled in intensive training. After a few months, the New York socialite and mother of two had refined her gyrations to the point she was asked to teach the subject.



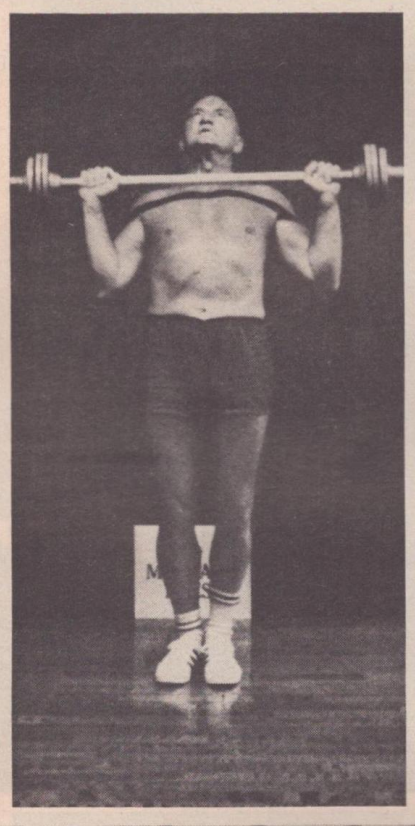
Shot in the neck during the attempt on Governor George Wallace's life (May 26), Secret Service agent Nicholas Zorvas has recovered fully and is currently assigned to the Atlanta field office.

For Wanda Lee Adams, the Seattle housewife who dropped out of a marriage (March 17), her new freedom has been exhilarating—and dangerous. Plagued with phone threats and obscene letters, beaten up by an intruder, she is living in the Midwest, seeking a new job to match her new life.

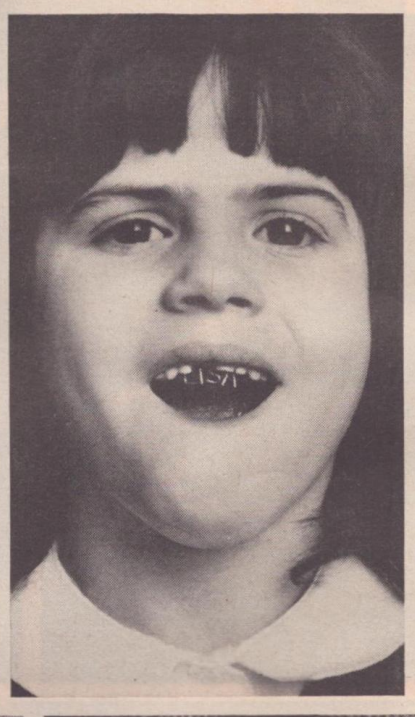
Shortly after oldest American Charlie Smith (Oct. 17) celebrated his 130th birthday, he was invited to visit his native Liberia. He declined, but did accept a NASA offer to view the Apollo 17 lift-off, even though retaining his skepticism about space travel. "I don't believe that stuff about men walking around on the moon," he snorted.

It was a year of tribulation for likable television actress Sandy Duncan, and the loss of the sight of an eye in surgery (Feb. 18) was just the beginning of it. Later, her marriage of four years ended in divorce, and her TV show has been canceled.

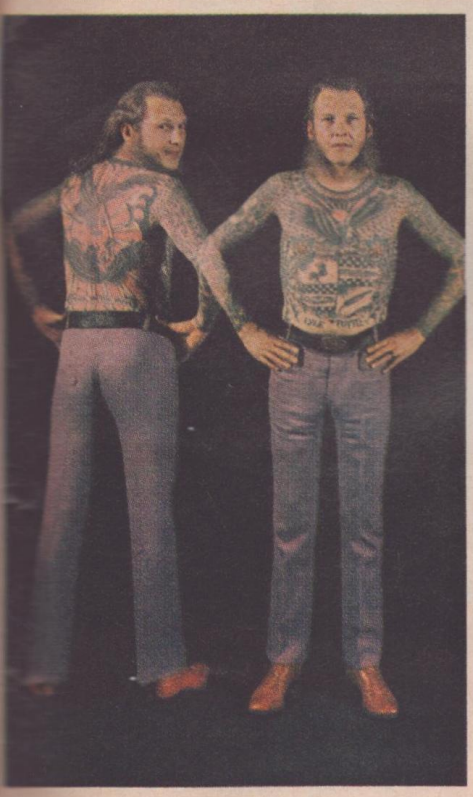
Acting FBI Director Patrick Gray (Oct. 12), who took over after J. Edgar Hoover died, made some major changes at the bureau—including the introduction of women agents. During the fall, ex-submarine skipper Gray underwent surgery to relieve a World War II condition, and the bureau came under fire for becoming entangled in national politics.



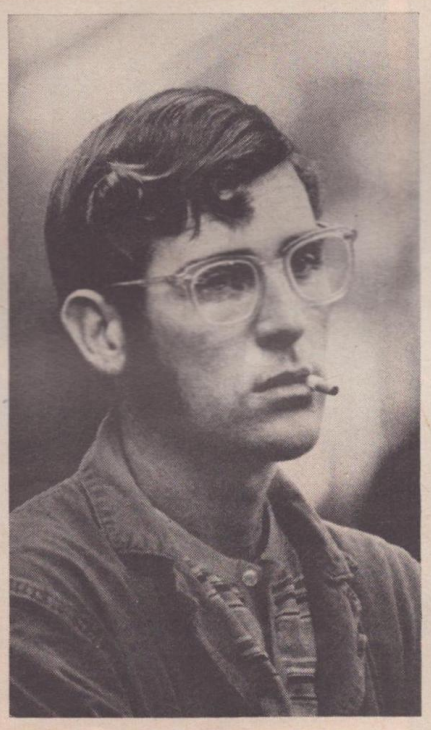
The sharp-pronged stainless steel dental device that spelled her name apparently worked for 8-year-old Lisa Gorniak (Feb. 25). She stopped sucking her thumb and thrusting her tongue forward, bad habits the gadget was supposed to arrest, and in June her orthodontist took it out. Lisa is going to have it made into a necklace.



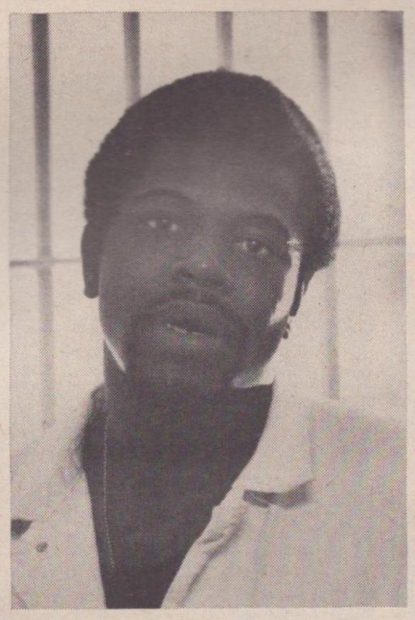
Jill Kinmont, a ski champ paralyzed in a racing mishap 18 years ago, spent a hugely satisfying summer (Sept. 1) directing a reading program among Paiute Indian children in Bishop, Calif. She then returned to her regular job teaching in an elementary school and broke more new ground by making an HEW TV spot in behalf of the handicapped. She also learned that a film company was planning a movie of her life.



San Francisco tattooist Lyle Tuttle (March 10) has opened a branch office in Los Angeles and this summer visited Western Samoa, where the ancient craft still flourishes. Native practitioners managed to find an untattooed portion of Tuttle's leg and promptly filled in the blank space with a design of a sacred fruit-eating bat.



A specimen of boredom on the job (Sept. 1), fender-fitter Larry Walker finds things a little livelier these days. A new child arrived, he moved to a new home and changed the nature—though not the place—of his employment. He works as a general utility man in the Ford plant, filling in for absent workers in a variety of jobs. "It's rough," he admits, "but it's not just the same old grind, doing the same thing on and on."



"Bobby," the pseudonym for a 21-year-old mugger who admitted committing as many as 1,000 street robberies in three years to support his heroin habit (Jan. 28), went to jail in Michigan for larceny. Released early for good behavior, he got a job, kicked his addiction and is now otherwise "trying to keep things together."

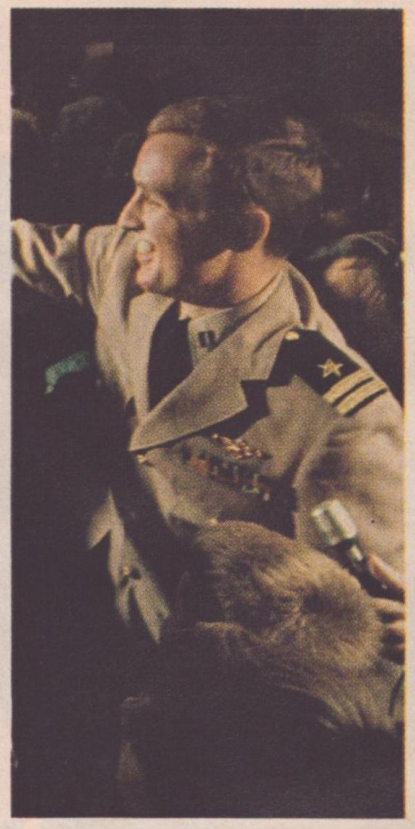
A year ago Judge Julius Hoffman (Jan. 14) was semiretired but fully confident of his courtroom handling of the Chicago Seven: "They got a fair trial." But in November an appeals court reversed the convictions and chided Hoffman's "deprecatory and often antagonistic attitude."

After a virtuoso performance in the dance solo *Cry*, Judith Jamison (March 31) has felt the blush of stardom. She received great critical acclaim and now, for the first time in an 11-year career, she can afford her own Greenwich Village apartment. But there are penalties as well. "Now everybody applauds *before* I go on," she says. "It scares me. I know I'm going to trip and break a foot."

Evelyn Kuhn, the highest-paid model in the world (June 30), is still number one. Her $150,000-a-year face has brought her a flurry of movie offers, all of which she has declined. She would rather, she says, be a mother.

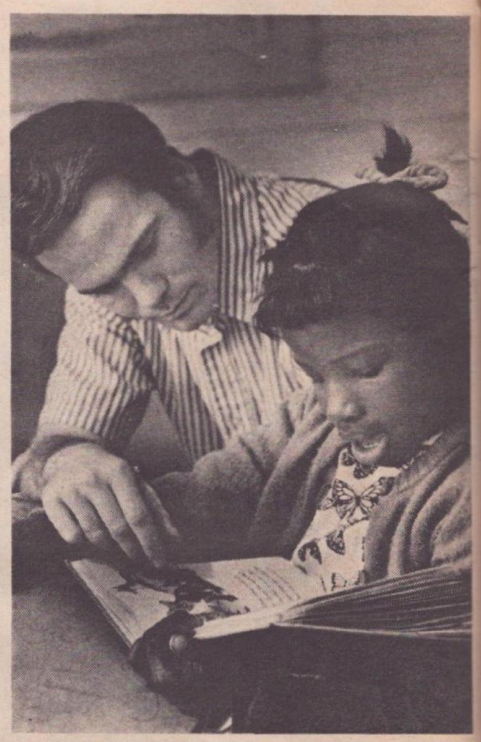
Undercover cop Robert Leuci (Aug. 4) remains well under cover. Currently a witness in cases involving official corruption in New York City, Leuci is under 24-hour protection by two bodyguards. He sees his family —hidden far away from New York—only on weekends. When all the testifying is over, he plans to rejoin them for good—in another city.

After four years as a POW in North Vietnam, navy Lt. Mark Gartley returned to his hometown of Greenville, Maine (Oct. 27) and then went hunting. The 28-year-old bachelor shot a big buck in less than 40 minutes. Since then, he has been visiting POW families around the U.S. He will return to active duty early this year.



Rodger McAfee, the Caruthers, Calif. farmer (March 10) who went bail for Angela Davis, has fallen on hard times in the ten months since —never mind that she was acquitted. He says he's been sued, discriminated against by the courts, vandalized and threatened with death 278 times, that his cows have been poisoned and that he's broke. Even Communists and blacks have no use for him. "Angela should have been martyred," he says now.

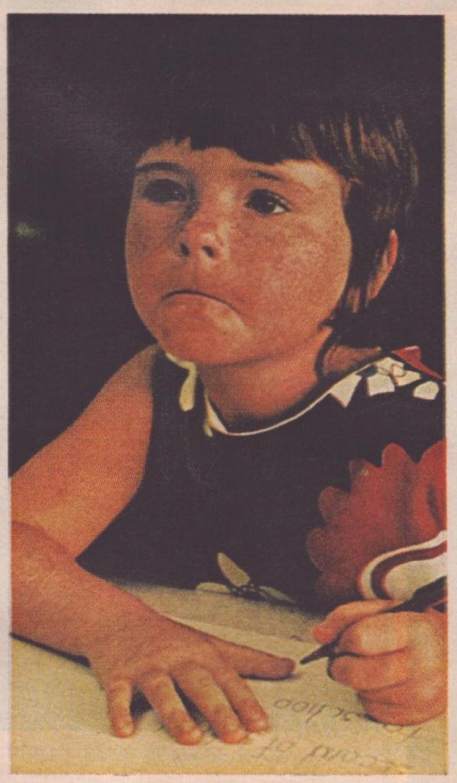
Pat Conroy (June 2), who volunteered to teach school on an island off the South Carolina coast and found a bunch of kids who didn't know the name of their own country, still lives on the mainland nearby. He published a book on his experience and set aside 25% of the proceeds to give each of his 21 former pupils $1,000 at age 18. Filming of his book is slated to start in February.



Olympic bronze medal winner Janet Lynn, who proved she could keep a smile despite a spill (Feb. 25), arrived home in Rockford, Ill. to find 15,000 fan letters. They still arrive at the rate of 40 a day. She has resisted temptations to turn pro, and practices five and a half hours a day with an eye toward the '76 Olympics.

Sheila Horowitz (May 26) has kept in touch with the old black women with whom she lived for several days as part of a Kent State sociology class. Poor and sick, the women, Mrs. Evie Bellamy and her sister, Earlie Atchison (above), finally gave up their house and moved into a senior citizens' complex. Sheila herself intends to follow a crusading spirit she discovered in the ghetto. After graduation next year, she wants to spend a year on a kibbutz in Israel.

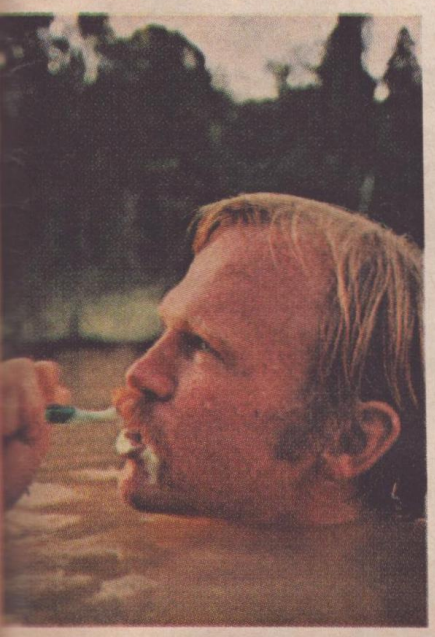
Hollywood found him in the gutter. And to the gutter he may yet return. But in the meantime, Ben the Rat (Sept. 15) has starred in two animal-oriented movies and has capped his career by winning a coveted "Patsy" award for being the "Picture Animal Star of the Year."



Lori DeWilkens, 6, is doing fine in the first grade, taught by a man teacher (Oct. 20). She's also learning to live with the fame of being that issue's cover subject. When her class one day was asked to define "celebrity," Lori piped up: "A celebrity is getting your picture on the front page of LIFE magazine." Go to the head of the class, Lori.

On one terrible Sunday in February, George Diener put a fatal bullet through the heart of his 17-year-old son, Richie, who was threatening him with a knife—the tragic climax to a family war over the boy's use of drugs (May 5). Diener received hundreds of letters, most in support and sympathy. But at year's end, Diener and his wife, still torn by memories of the killing and its aftermath, put their Long Island house on the market. "I can't stand to live here anymore," he said.

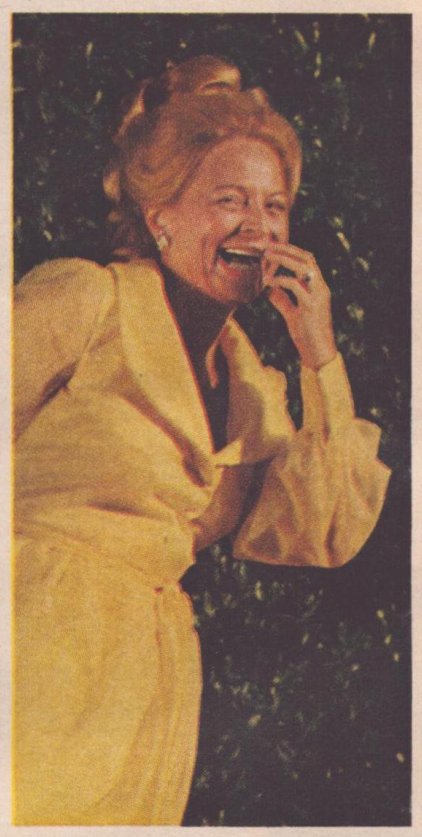
Returned from 16 months in the Kalimantan jungles where they studied primate behavior (Jan. 14), Peter and Carol Rodman moved from campus to campus with all the speed of a macaque monkey swinging from branch to branch back in Borneo: first perch was Harvard, now it's the University of California at Davis, next Johns Hopkins, where they will prepare for two more years in another remote spot: Katmandu, Nepal.



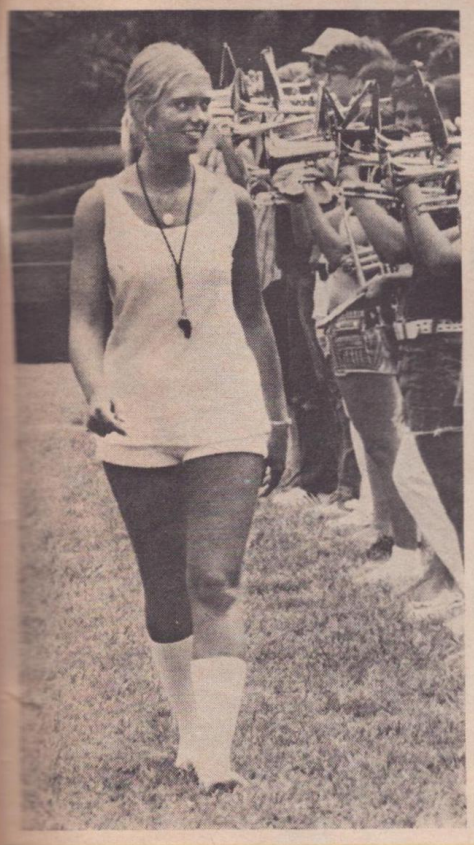
Phyllis Obernauer's malformed, mongoloid baby was surgically "saved," over her protest, from what she thought would have been a merciful death (Jan. 14). At 2, Tara can push herself about on her backside, but the outlook is still hopeless. The baby still gasps for every breath from grave damage to the septum of her heart.

Flyweight boxer Bobby Lee Hunter (March 3), serving a prison term for manslaughter, was defeated in the Olympic trials and did not compete at Munich. But he is the subject of an upcoming movie, and stands a good chance for parole in June.

After four giddy years in the circle of presidential power, Martha Mitchell (July 7) and husband John returned to New York, where they have bought a 14-room apartment and he again practices law. "I wasn't right for Washington," she says, "and Washington wasn't right for me."

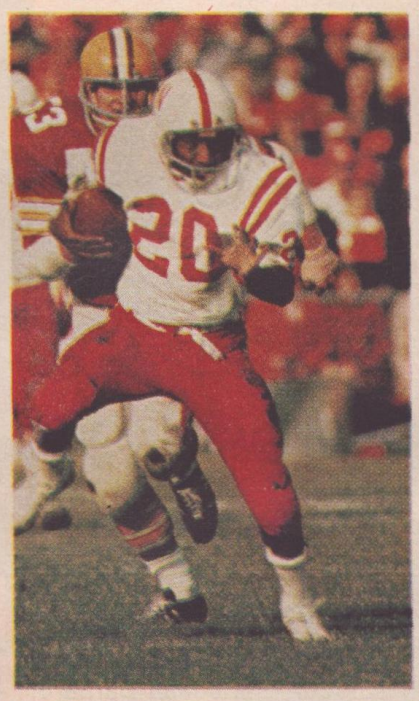


Judy Strickland had put in two years as the dedicated, compassionate and harried head nurse of a general medical ward in New York Hospital (April 7). Last spring she quit to become Mrs. Donald Resnick, of Solana Beach, Calif., the wife of a radiologist she met in New York. When she gets her household in order, she wants to go back to nursing.



Beauty contest winner Becky Marshall got her preacher dad fired when a "fetching" photograph of her appeared in the local Athens, Ala. paper (Sept. 22). Undaunted, Becky has since won another beauty crown, raising nary a puritan brow amongst her father's new flock across town.

John Goddard, who had achieved (March 24) 103 of the 127 goals he had set himself at age 15, has now checked off two more, one a three-parter. In September he cruised in a balloon in California, and shortly before Christmas he flew a blimp. Since he had already piloted a glider, that checked off goal 76. He visited the Galapagos islands (#58) and iced the cake by flying an F-111 at 1,500 mph, a goal that was an added starter.

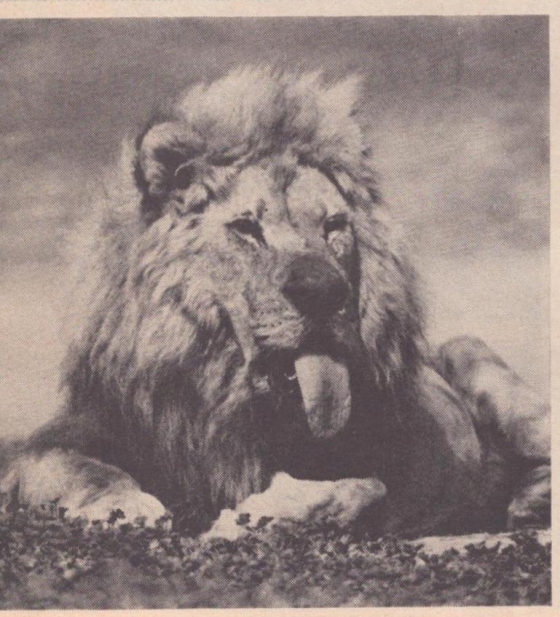


Nebraska's great back Johnny Rodgers wanted two things just before Thanksgiving: to beat Oklahoma and to win the Heisman Trophy (Nov. 24). An upset denied him the first, but two weeks later he got the Heisman, winning it handily despite opposition to him because of his frequent past troubles with the law. Now he wants to hear the pros' money talk.

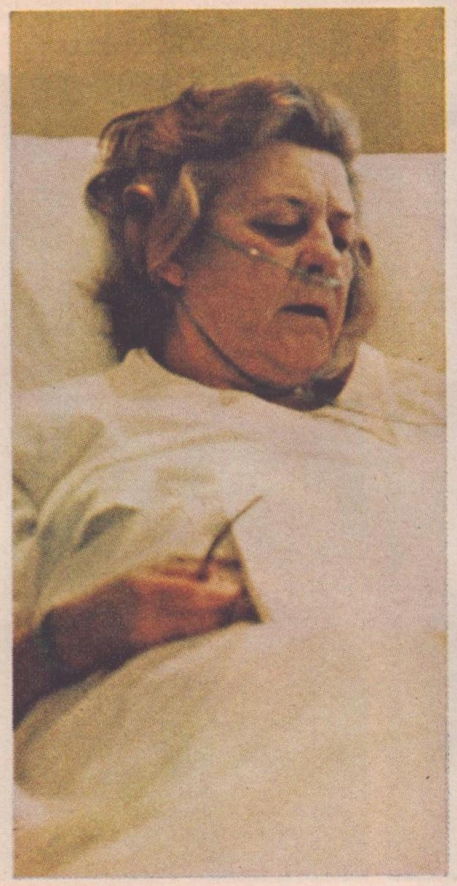
Stan Schuerman, the Seattle aircraft engineer who was jobless in SST-less Boeing's mass layoff (Feb. 18), is back on the payroll. He was rehired at his old salary to work on the B-52 in Wichita. Now Mary sews for fun again, not to save money.

Nothing has happened in the past year to persuade unmarried parents Marjorie McCann and David Estridge (April 28) that their union is not a happy one. David writes free-lance articles on sports, Marjorie takes pictures, and their daughter Juliet, now almost 2, already talks, composes songs, and sports waist-length blond hair that reminds her mother of a "midget albino."

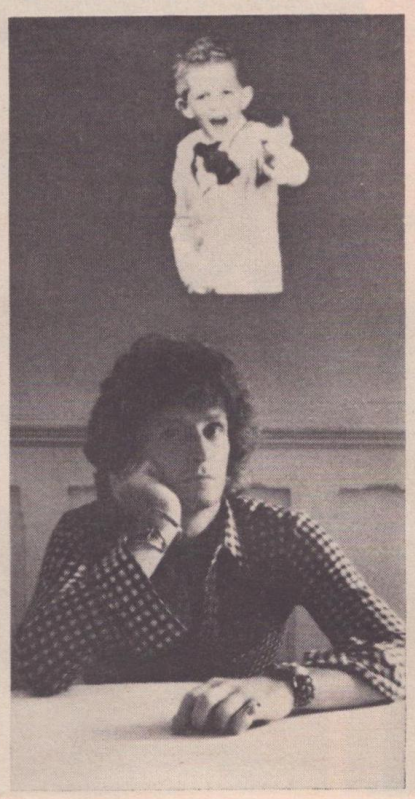
Frazier, a 19-year-old circus castoff (May 5) with exuberant mating habits—he sired 35 cubs in slightly less than two years—died July 13. He was buried on a hillside on the Lion Country Safari near Los Angeles, his last domain. The service consisted of a brief reading from Robert Ardrey's *African Genesis*. Frazier sweat shirts and lapel pins still sell briskly. His successor, Old Rufus, inherited the pride but not the passion.



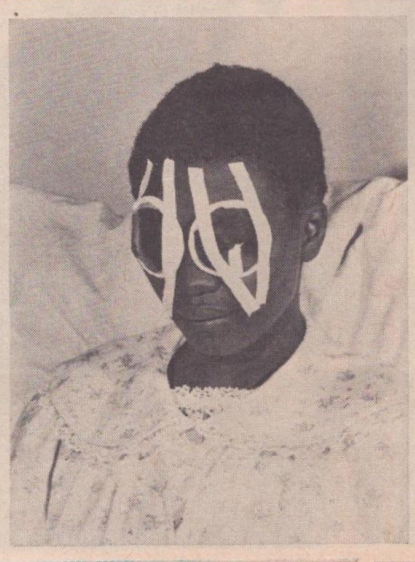
To find whether Dita Beard did or didn't write a memo linking ITT and the GOP convention, Senate probers converged on her Denver bedside (April 7). Still a semi-invalid and an ITT employee, the former lobbyist now lives in Denver, "perfectly happy," with "no bitterness" about the whole affair.



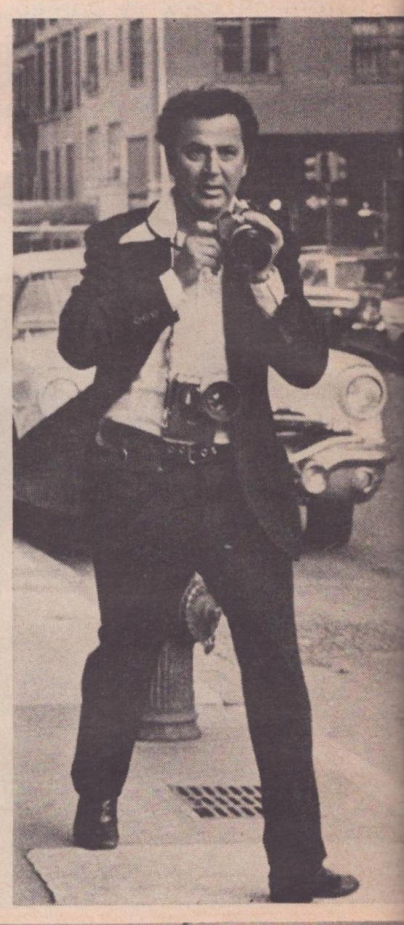
When Marjoe Gortner blew the whistle on himself as a hustling evangelist in the movie *Marjoe* (Sept. 8), he admitted that "50 percent of the film is self-promoting to get me started as an entertainer." It seems to have worked. Marjoe has cut an LP and is now at work on another movie, based on a celebrated New York murder case. Once again, Marjoe is the villain of the piece.



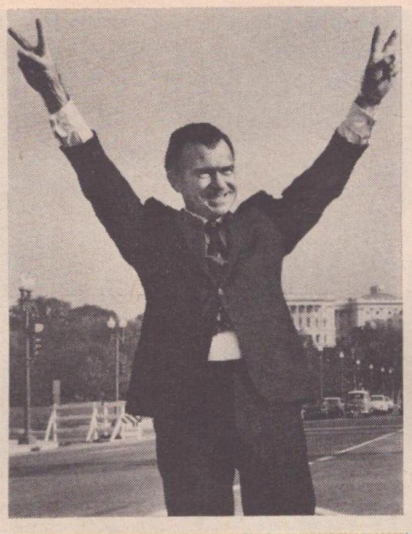
Wilma Chestnut, blinded by an assailant who was trying to rob her (June 23), is in her sophomore year at the Missouri School for the Blind, to which her mother drives her daily. She studies with the help of Braille and recordings, and is learning sculpture. "I'm still hanging in there," she says cheerily.



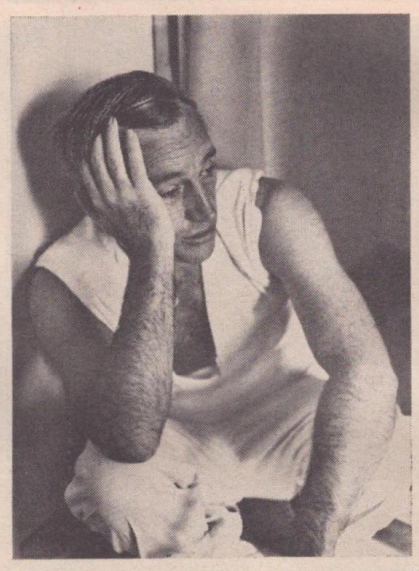
After a lengthy and sometimes silly court battle, photographer Ron Galella (March 31) was ordered to stay at least 150 feet away from Jackie Onassis, who had complained he bothered her. Galella says that the restriction hurts his profession. He will appeal.



Bernice Gera, the Queens, N.Y. housewife who was bucking to become the first professional baseball umpire (Jan. 28), won a triumph for women's liberation—kind of. Supported by the courts, she won the right to umpire in the New York-Penn League. In her debut she ruled a player safe at second, changed her decision, threw out the protesting manager, and after the game tearfully announced her resignation.



Actor Richard M. Dixon (Feb. 18), whose real name is James LaRoe, converted his presidential profile into a full-time job. During the campaign he appeared on TV, posters, in magazines, books and a feature-length movie. Dixon supported no candidate, but his career seems assured of Four More Years.



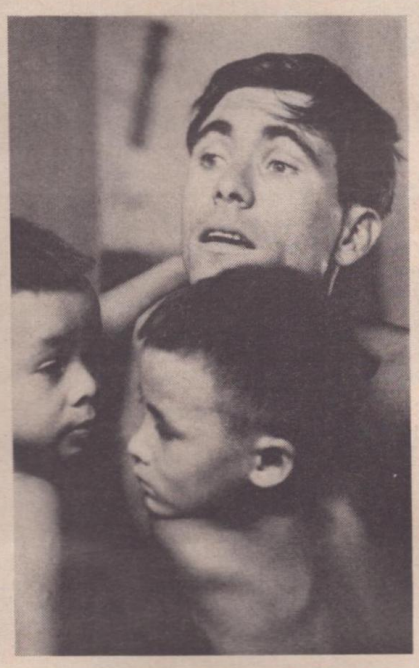
Early in the year Dr. Marius Barnard (Feb. 25), brother of surgeon Christiaan Barnard, transplanted a human heart, making them the only brothers in medical history to have both performed that operation. Marius and his brother now seem to be leaning toward an even more delicate pursuit: opposition to the apartheid policies of South Africa's government. Christiaan has announced he will run for parliament on an opposition ticket; Marius says he may join him.

After winning America's first skiing gold medal in 20 years (in the special slalom), Barbara Cochran (Feb. 25) returned home to Vermont to be showered with honors, including U.S. Skier of the Year. With snow on the ground again, she and the rest of her skiing family are back in training, and Barbara hopes to be in the 1974 world championships. She thinks, however, that she'll be "too old" for the '76 Olympics.

Lisa Shae, 8, who underwent extremely delicate surgery at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore to mend a congenital hole in her heart (Aug. 4), has recovered from the operation to the satisfaction of her doctors. As her parents are pleased to report, she is happier, heavier, "and a whole different child all around."

Even without Galella's coverage, Jackie has been getting plenty of photographic exposure. She looked radiant at her fourth wedding anniversary party (Nov. 3), and late in the year an Italian magazine published 14 photographs of what it said was a nude Jackie sunbathing.

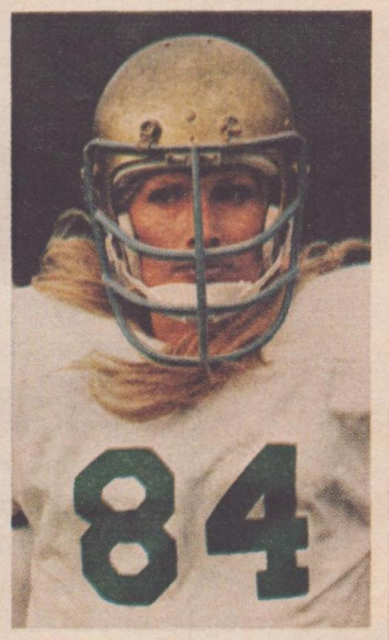
Dick Hughes, protector of Vietnam's street urchins (Jan. 28), believes a cease-fire will mean little to his Shoeshine Boys Foundation. "The kids won't go home until they believe their villages are secure," he says. Next month, Hughes comes home briefly to be named one of ten U.S. Jaycee Outstanding Young Men of the Year.



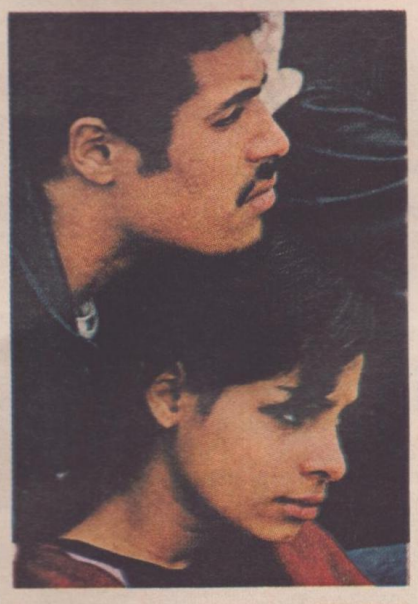
The ivory-billed woodpecker, which may be extinct and for that reason is perhaps the most sought-after creature on earth (April 7), continues to elude bird watchers in the swamplands of the South. Naturalist John Dennis, the bird's most persistent hunter, received scores of reported sightings. But always the ivory-bill has turned out to be the pileated woodpecker, a bird of a different feather.

British Marine Corporal Alan Bell (Feb. 18) left combat duty in Northern Ireland and is planning to marry soon. He says he'd gladly return to the perils of Ulster ("We do our job"), but he has applied for a job with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police as a weapons instructor.

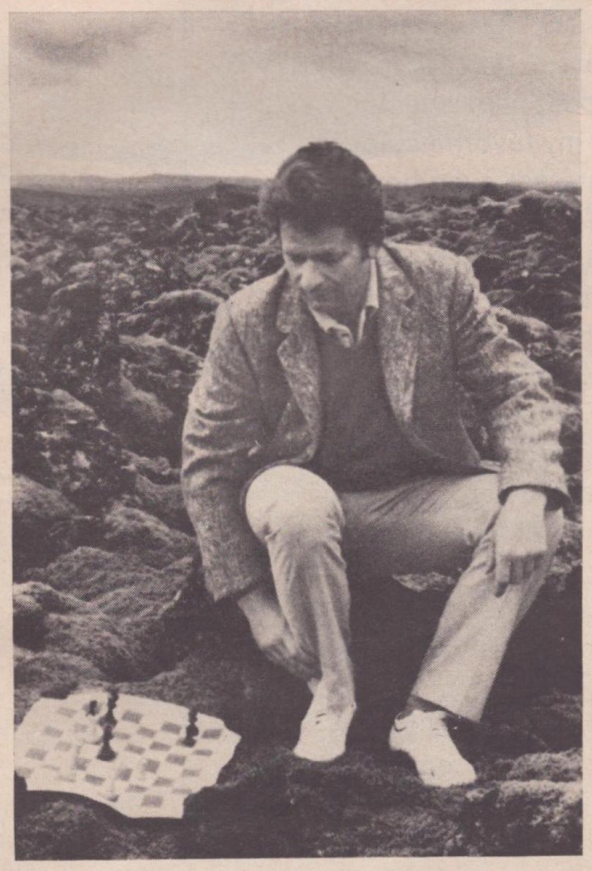
Wide receiver Gail Dearie, who somehow managed to combine the rigors of motherhood with the rough and tumble of professional football with the all-girl New York Fillies (June 23), has gone on to write a sports column, model for TV commercials and conquer Dick Cavett in arm-wrestling. But in a similar test of strength with another male chauvinist, she fractured her right arm.



As an experiment to break mental patients out of the "institutional mold," 17-year-old Teresa Samford spent 16 days in the Oregon wilderness, camping and mountain climbing (Oct. 27). Last month she ran away from her Portland school and hitched to her grandparents' in L.A.



Eddie Cuevas, president of the Reapers, a New York street gang (Aug. 25), was jailed for attempted homicide but has since been released on bail and thinks he can beat the rap. He's dropped out of the Reapers but still insists on getting a white wedding dress for his girl friend Yvette. Singer Robert Goulet, after reading LIFE's story, sent Eddie a $100 check to buy the dress.



He endured a crushing defeat from Bobby Fischer (Sept. 1) with quiet grace. Back in Russia, these qualities still serve dethroned chess king Boris Spassky well. So far, he has played in only a minor tournament and made few public appearances. But he's analyzing his games with Fischer, bracing for an inevitable rematch.

The doctors still don't know when David Phillip, the Houston baby born without immunological defenses, can leave the germ-free plastic bubble he has lived in since birth (Jan. 21). The baby, now 16 months old, is healthy in both body and mind. Over 37 pounds—the scale he is weighed on goes only that high—and 31 inches tall, David has outgrown his original bubble and plays in a larger version. He has never had a cold or a sick day.

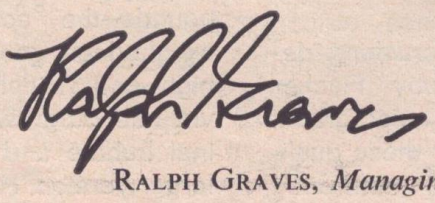
With pride and affection

This last page of LIFE's last issue is devoted to the people who will miss it most—to the many readers who have told us of their sense of loss, and to the people who worked here. Many of the latter are listed at right on our traditional masthead, but many others, just as professional and dedicated, are not. Last week, 320 people were working for LIFE, half on the editorial side and half on the publishing side. In LIFE's very difficult last years, this was a splendid group of people to be associated with. They thoroughly enjoyed putting out this magazine, and they also enjoyed each other. We will all miss that experience, but we'll remember it with pride and affection.

The response from readers to the closing down of LIFE has been large and generous. But the letter that touches me most was written before the news of LIFE's end. It is from an 11-year-old girl named Marta Flanagan, who lives in Little Neck, N.Y. She was one of 250,000 children whose answers to our questionnaire appear in this issue. Marta Flanagan sent us this letter with her answers:

> Dear Sirs: I have adored your magazine for two years. It has always been my favorite magazine. It has articles which interest everybody in the family. Right now I am making a scrapbook of all LIFE Magazine articles which were my favorites. I am making it because then my children will know about my childhood.
>
> P.S. I hope LIFE Magazine is still around until I die.

I had hoped so too, and am sorry it cannot be. As a magazine, we tried to talk to you across all barriers and special interests. We didn't want to reach you as skiers, or teen-agers, or car-owners, or TV-watchers, or single women, or suburbanites, or inhabitants of New York City, or blacks, or whites. Instead, we wanted to talk to you as people, who share the common experience of humanity. I still believe that such talk is important to our country. I am sorry with all my heart that LIFE can no longer make that contribution.



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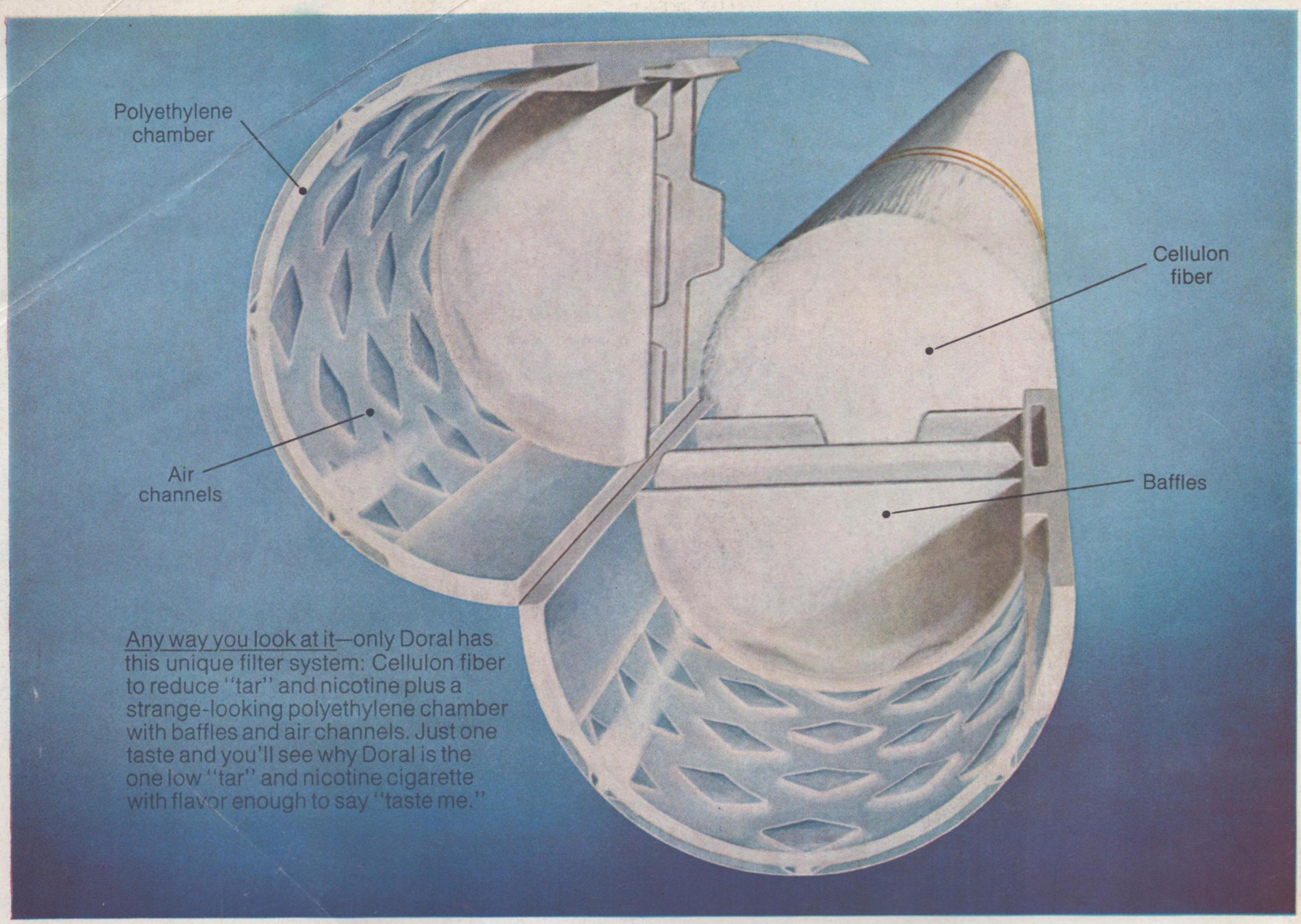

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